

# FORES'S SPORTING NOTES & Sketches



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ILLUSTRATIONS



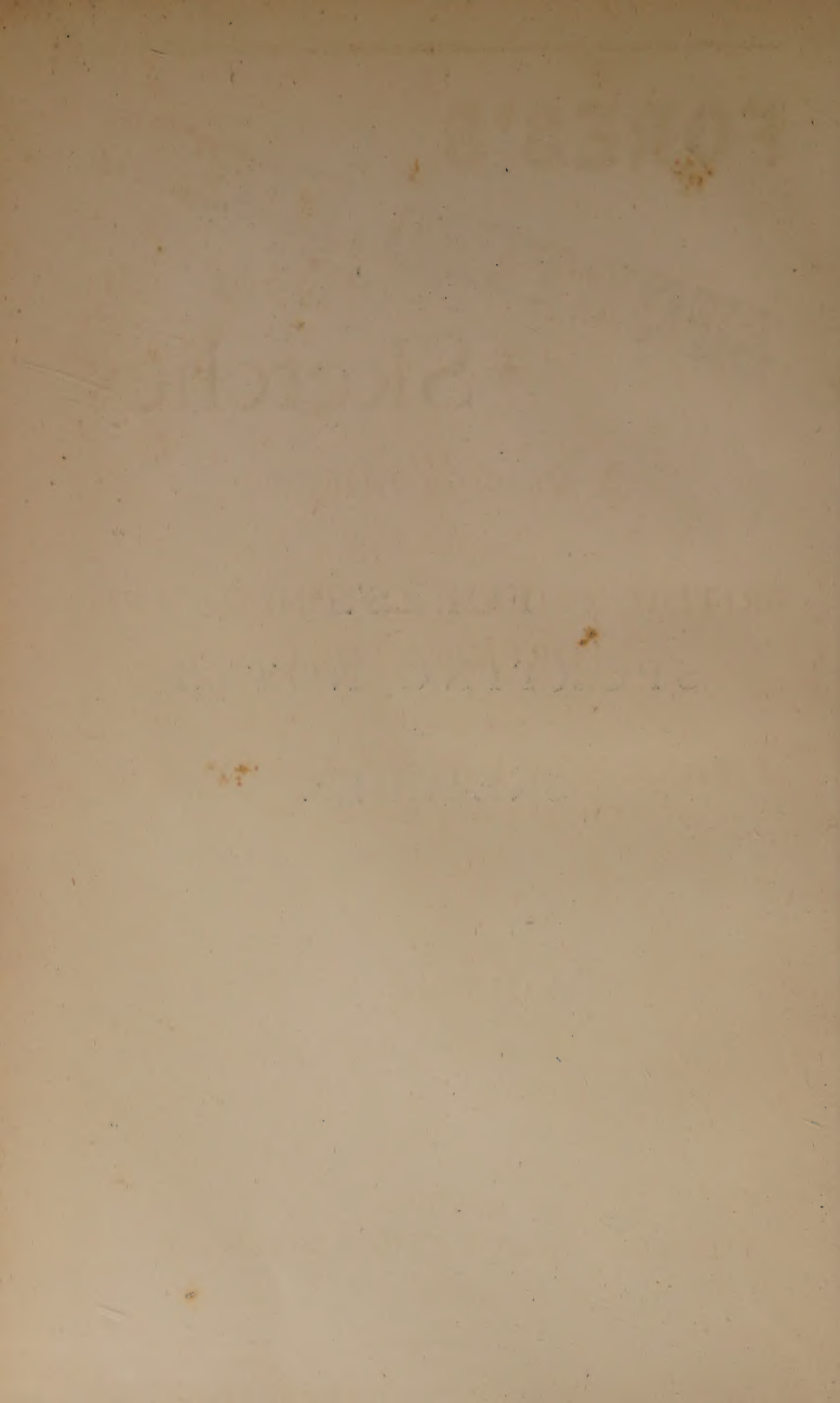








FORES'S  
SPORTING NOTES  
AND  
SKETCHES.



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**FORES'S**

**SPORTING NOTES**  
**&**  
**Sketches**

**A Quarterly Magazine**

DESCRIPTIVE OF

**BRITISH, INDIAN, COLONIAL, AND  
FOREIGN SPORT.**

ILLUSTRATED BY

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AND OTHERS.

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# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A BAD DAY'S WORK . . . . .	I
<i>By</i> FINCH MASON.	
A MISTY MORNING WITH THE IBEX . . . . .	12
<i>By</i> BURRA WALLAH.	
THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.—IN MEMORIAM. . . . .	19
<i>By</i> TOM MARKLAND.	
HIS FIRST AND LAST STAG . . . . .	21
<i>By</i> 'ROCKWOOD.'	
CHARLEY SYMONDS . . . . .	26
<i>By</i> CUTHBERT BEDE.	
ORKNEY SKERRIES.—SPORT WITH THE SEAL . . . . .	35
<i>By</i> H. C. BENTLEY.	
BADGERING IN THE WEST . . . . .	41
<i>By</i> 'DOOKER.'	
FOOTBALL . . . . .	47
<i>By</i> FREDERICK GALE.	
A HAPPY THOUGHT . . . . .	54
<i>By</i> MAURICE NOEL.	
TOO NEAR NOTTINGHAM . . . . .	55
<i>By</i> 'LEATHERHUNTER.'	
THE STRAIGHT TIP . . . . .	62
<i>By</i> 'FUSBOS.'	
TROTTING TOM . . . . .	71
<i>By</i> G. H. JALLAND.	
OLD DAYS AT ETON . . . . .	77
<i>By</i> 'AN OLD ETONIAN.'	
TREMBLING IN THE BALANCE . . . . .	88
<i>By</i> H. S. LOCKHART ROSS.	
THE REEKS OF MACGILLICUDDY . . . . .	93
<i>By</i> 'BIJOU.'	
ASSHETON SMITH . . . . .	102
<i>By</i> TOM MARKLAND.	
VIGILIÆ VIGORNIENSES . . . . .	104
<i>By</i> 'TRIVIATOR.'	
WHY CHANTICLEER CROWS IN THE MORN. . . . .	112
<i>By</i> 'A WISEACRE.'	
RACE CARDS . . . . .	115
<i>By</i> 'FUSBOS.'	
MY LAST FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVE . . . . .	126
<i>By</i> 'A ROADSTER.'	
'GOOD-BYE!' . . . . .	130
<i>By</i> MAURICE NOEL.	
AUSTRALIAN BUSH TRAVELLING . . . . .	131
<i>By</i> 'DARLEY.'	
A RACE FOR LIFE . . . . .	138
<i>By</i> 'BOOMER.'	
THE TRITON OF ALLEN WATER. . . . .	145
<i>By</i> 'KINGFISHER.'	

	PAGE
THE FEN COUNTRY . . . . .	147
By 'A FENMAN.'	
NOTES ON NOVELTIES . . . . .	151, 227, 303
RACING FOR PLEASURE . . . . .	153
By 'FUSBOS.'	
JOSEPH ANDERSON.—IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	162
By H. H.	
OUR OPENING DAY . . . . .	167
By TOM MARKLAND.	
CAPTAIN BARR'S FIRST YACHT RACES . . . . .	169
By 'ROCKWOOD.'	
THE PETTICOAT POLO CUP. . . . .	173
By CUTHBERT BRADLEY.	
THE BEST ON RECORD . . . . .	183
By WALTER HELMORE.	
BRAVO, LEICESTERSHIRE ! . . . .	195
By 'PROPERTY SHORT.'	
A SHOT AT CHAMOIS . . . . .	197
By C. P. W.	
A GOSSIP ON PIKE . . . . .	204
By J. HARRINGTON KEENE.	
SHOOTING STARS . . . . .	212
By 'SNAPSHOT.'	
VERY MUCH BENIGHTED . . . . .	218
By J. E. AYLMER.	
THE BOBTAIL FOX OF THE COTSWOLDS . . . . .	225
By 'A WISEACRE.'	
THE HUNTING PARSON . . . . .	229
By CUTHBERT BEDE.	
BUFFALO BILL'S TOUGHEST RIDE . . . . .	237
By WILF POCKLINGTON.	
THE COST OF A TROPHY . . . . .	241
By G. H. JALLAND.	
TOM KING, EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND . . . . .	247
By 'A WISEACRE.'	
SOME SWEET THINGS IN BONNETS . . . . .	250
By FINCH MASON.	
SIR HARRY GOODRICKE . . . . .	256
By TOM MARKLAND.	
AN INTERDICTED PASTIME. . . . .	258
By 'CHANTICLEER.'	
A MUFF ON A MOUNTAIN . . . . .	264
By COULSON KERNAHAN, F.R.G.S.	
ALLEN McDONOGH.—IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	273
By 'LARKY GRIGG.'	
THE MAN WITH THE YELLOW GIG . . . . .	279
By 'FUSBOS.'	
SENSATIONAL CRICKET OF 1888 . . . . .	289
By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.	
FROM THE PAST . . . . .	294
By H. CUMBERLAND BENTLEY.	
A REMINISCENCE OF PUNCHESTOWN . . . . .	296
By W. McIVOR MORISON,	



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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	PAGE
'WOH!' . . . . . <i>To face</i>	1
'LADY BAB AND THE NABOB' . . . . .	12
'THIS ONE MEANS MISCHIEF' . . . . .	24
CHARLEY SYMOND'S GREY HORSE OBLIGES AFTER DINNER' . . . . .	32
'"OVER HIM!" SAID JANSEN' . . . . .	38
'HANG IT ALL! IT'S STOPPED!' . . . . .	44
'AND SO HE TURNED TO RUN AWAY,' &c. . . . .	54
'WINS BY A GOOD LENGTH' . . . . .	74
'EN ROUTE TO SALT HILL, 1863' . . . . .	76
'I FOLLOWED SUIT WHEN THEY ROSE' . . . . .	100
'HE HAD A NICE TASTE IN DOGS AND HORSES' . . . . .	108
'THE ROAD WAS SIMPLY LINED WITH LOOKERS-ON' . . . . .	112
'CARDS OF THE RACES SKETCHED FROM MEMORY' . . . . .	124
'AT LENGTH DOWN WE PLUNGED INTO A RIVER' . . . . .	136
'BE JABERS! HE'S NEARLY DONE' . . . . .	144
'A SHARP FIGHT FOR A MINUTE OR TWO' . . . . .	148
'I THINK I'VE JUST WON' . . . . .	152
'THE TAN GALLOP' . . . . .	162
'OUR OPENING DAY' . . . . .	168
'THE OLD QUAD' . . . . .	178
'THE WINNING TEAM' . . . . .	182

	PAGE
'HIS GRACEFUL FORM SANK GENTLY INTO THE SNOW' . . . . . <i>To face</i>	202
'PROFESSOR SWIZZLE ( <i>loq.</i> ) "WELL! AND HOW MUCH HAVE WE SHOT UP TILL NOW, EH?"' . . . .	216
'HE WENT THROUGH THEIR MIDST WITHOUT HARM TO HIS SKIN' . . . . .	226
'THE HUNTING PARSON AT BREAKFAST, 1789' . . . .	228
'THE PARSON AT HIS PARISH MEET, 1889' . . . .	236
'HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CARVED IN STONE' . . . .	244
'PINK BONNET SHOWS THE WAY' . . . . .	256
'AVANCEZ, SIL VOUS PLAÎT, MONSIEUR' . . . .	268
"LAY HOLD OF HIM!" SHOUTED THE SQUIRE' . . . .	286
'OUT!' . . . . .	292
THEN THE HIGHLANDERS GAVE A TEARIN' HOWL'	300







Woh!

Am 11/02

# FORES'S SPORTING NOTES AND SKETCHES.

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## A BAD DAY'S WORK.

A TALE OF WOH!

By FINCH MASON.

HAVING constituted myself for a considerable time past—longer, indeed, than I care to think about—heir to my uncle, Sir Daniel Dribbler, a retired Indian Judge, possessed of very considerable property, and who ‘shuffled off this mortal coil,’ as Shakespeare (or Bacon) has it, but a short time since; it would be idle of me were I to pretend that I was not annoyed—horribly annoyed, indeed, not to say hurt—when, on hearing, after the funeral, my departed relative’s last will and testament read by the family lawyer, I gathered that, so far from making me the recipient of his vast wealth, as I had confidently—alas! too confidently—hoped he would have done, the perverse old file had left me entirely in the lurch, and, with the exception of sundry small legacies to old servants, and a hundred pounds to his doctor (the latter, I thought, looked rather blue, by the way; I fancy he expected a thousand), had bequeathed every copper he possessed to different charities.

‘Eccentric old gentleman! Very hard case, I must admit, my dear sir,’ said the family lawyer, as we shook hands at parting.

‘Infernal old screw! Dashed hard lines! Never mind, old feller, have a brandy and soda, keep up your pecker, and forget all about the old “warmin!”’ said my friends at the club, by way of consolation, when I arrived there some ten minutes afterwards and related the sad news.

They were quite right, these friends of mine. It *was* hard lines, after (as we used to elegantly express it at school) ‘sucking up’ to that bad tempered old man for all these years, killing the

fatted calf for him on every possible occasion, even naming my eldest boy Daniel after him on purpose to please him—such a beastly name as it is, too! They'll chaff the poor boy's head off when he goes to Eton, and he'll curse me, his father, to say nothing of his godfathers and godmother in his baptism, for giving him such a name; and small blame to him. How plainly I can see in my mind's eye the young wretches bullying him as he goes into eleven o'clock school! 'Hallo, Dan'l!' will shout some fourth-form imp; 'how's his Majesty King *Dairys*, this morning, eh?' &c. &c. I should have been the first to have led the chaff myself, I know I should, so I speak from experience, as it were. And then to go and alter his will, which I happen to know was entirely in my favour previously, and, as I have already said, leave every halfpenny away from me!

Thank goodness, I can do very well without his money, even in these bad times, so the loss of it won't absolutely break me. But to build 'castles in the air,' as my wife and I have done for years past, and then to see the said castles come suddenly down with a run, is a trifle too much for an ordinary mortal's feelings. The small but select string of racehorses at Newmarket; the chaser or two doing their preparation for Croydon or Liverpool under the experienced eye of Mr. Arthur Yates; the moor in Scotland; the deer forest; the yacht at Cowes; the matchless team of bays; the stable full of first-class hunters (no more fifty-pound screws, but real tip-toppers); the diamonds for my wife, destined to outshine those possessed by every lady in the county, including the Marchioness of Musk, and in consequence driving all the dear creatures wild with jealousy;—all these delightful projects to be accomplished with the aid of Uncle Dan's money, and now, alas! all to be abandoned, 'for ever and for ever,' as the song says. And why? Because an old brute of a horse that I mounted nunkey on one fine day chose, first to bolt, and later on to chuck him over his head; a *contretemps* disagreeable, I must admit, but still that might have happened to *anyone*, the great Panjandrum himself even. I couldn't help it; it wasn't *my* fault—at least, I don't think it was.

The public, though occasionally erratic, are, as a rule, good judges. I will lay my case before them; and if, my Pensive Public, when you have digested thoroughly my tale of woe! put before you in plain, unvarnished language, in the pages of Mr. Fores's well-known and popular Magazine, you can look me—or rather, I should say, the Magazine—in the face, and give it as



your opinion that I am *not* a hardly used individual, why, tar and feather me, that's all.

Of course it is galling, as the horse with a sore back said, when they put a saddle on him that didn't fit, to have to refer, however slightly, to the bitter disappointment entailed upon me by that wicked old man, my late uncle; and were it not that I am a great respecter of that time-honoured saying, '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,' I fear I should, every time I think of Uncle Dan, use language in connexion with his memory more Pagan than Parliamentary.

But, no; I will *not* swear—I will be calm. A goodly swig (I love the word; a trifle slangy, perhaps, but wonderfully expressive) of whisky and Apollinaris quickly removes the chronic foaming at the mouth I am now constantly afflicted with; a cigar, a 'very fine and large' one, is between my lips; I feel better. My ink-pot, full to the brim, stares me in the face; my Waverley pen is in my . . . Deuce take the pen, and the ink, too! Is it not a most extraordinary thing that I can never dabble with writing materials without making a portable penwiper of myself? Just above the knee, too, and shepherds' plaid shows every mark. Once more, d—— the pen! No harm in *that*, I suppose? At last I am ready. Here goes!

\* \* \* \* \*

'My uncle, my uncle, he had a carbuncle.'

Now, *why*, just at the very moment when I desire to be serious, does that absurd old jingle—a reminiscence of my innocent childhood—intrude itself into my thoughts? Why? I want to know, why? Because, as a matter of fact, my uncle had *not* a carbuncle—at all events, not 'bang on the tip of his nose,' as the merry rhymer goes on to assert. No, my uncle Dan's proboscis was of the 'bottle' order of architecture, certainly, and was very beautifully coloured—a sort of mauve, gradually merging into cardinal, and in his black satin neckcloth, 'which was his constant wear,' as the showman said, he frequently sported a large carbuncle, grasped firmly in a gold eagle's claw, by way of a pin, but I distinctly deny that there was any such ornament on his nose—at all events, not as I knows on.\*

But away with frivolity, and once more to business. Early

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\* *Editor to Author*: 'I say, do cease your punning.'

*Author to Editor*: 'All right. It shan't happun again, opun my honour!'

in the spring of the year there arrived one fine morning a letter from my Uncle Dan—the Nabob, as my wife and I used playfully to call him behind his back. In it he informed us that, having at last got the upper hand of the attack of gout that had prevented his spending Christmas with us, and being, besides, heartily tired of Cheltenham, from which place he dated his letter, he now proposed to pay us a visit, if it would not inconvenience us to put him and his black servant up for a while.

Inconvenient, indeed! What if it was! (And between you and me and the post, my pensive public, it *was* exceedingly inconvenient my revered uncle turning up just then, for it knocked on the head a cheery little jaunt I had promised myself, namely, a trip—*en garçon*, of course—to the plains of Aintree, for the purpose of viewing the Grand National. Rooms secured at the Adelphi; jolly party of four; racing by day, unlimited Loo at night—and I *am* 'so fond of Louisa!) We were by no means the sort—my wife and I—I can tell you, to kill the goose with the golden eggs. Five farms unlet, and a difficulty about getting the rent for the others, makes one naturally take very great care of the goose when you've got him.

Accordingly, down to her writing-table sat my frisky but astute partner, without a moment's loss of time (she had those diamonds I spoke of in her mind's eye), and indited about the most gushing letter to her dear Uncle Dan ever seen, saying *how* delighted, *how* charmed, &c. &c., we should be to see him as soon as ever it pleased him to come to us; whilst I, not to be behindhand, retired to 'master's study,' as the servants love to call my den, and proceeded to write off to town for a whole heap of those eatables and drinkables that I knew found favour with my gormandising old uncle. Paté de foie gras from Fortnum and Mason; chutnies, pickled mangoes, Bombay ducks, curry powder, and Nepaul pepper from Stembidge's in Leicester Square; champagne from this man, liqueurs from that—such a list as never was seen, in fact.

Yes, whenever the Nabob condescended to visit us in our modest country home we *did* him well, I can tell you, and a rattling good investment we thought it. In short, as my now disappointed wife expresses it, we poor little Silly Billys lived in a Fool's Paradise.

Well, the happy day arrived, and just as it was on the wane Uncle Dan, accompanied, as usual, by Rumjumjee, his black servant (the latter half dead from the effects of his five-mile drive

from the station in the east wind), turned up. What a welcome the old man got! *Mon Dieu!* it positively makes me ill when I think of it. No sooner had my uncle set foot within doors than my wife, bursting with affection, flew into his arms and embraced him. I seized him by the right hand, and in my emotion, forgetting all about the gout, gave that member such a hearty squeeze as made him give vent to a suppressed sort of groan of agony—he could not express his bodily anguish more emphatically, seeing that his loving niece had both arms twined tight round his neck, and was busy smothering him with kisses. Not to be behindhand, Jock, the terrier, a thoroughbred Dandy, who had never seen a black man before, flew at Mr. Rumjumjee, the valet, and pinned him by the leg by way of greeting. The miserable native yelled ten thousand murders, and in his fright upset and fell over little Dan, my son and heir, who, with his best velvet suit on, and his hair nicely brushed for the occasion, was anxiously waiting to present his puggy little paw and say, ‘How d’ye do?’ to his uncle and godfather.

To see the three, the youthful Dan, poor Rumjumjee, and Jock, all rolling over one another on the floor, biting, scratching, yelling, and barking, was a treat for the eyes, and ears, too, for that matter. It was what the music-hall folk call a ‘knockabout’ performance, and one of very high character, I can assure you. The trio would have ‘brought the house down’ at the Alhambra or the Pavilion. Altogether there could be no mistake about the heartiness and spontaneity of his welcome, and I think—I say I *think*—the old man was pleased. If he was not he ought to have been ashamed of himself.

They say that after a severe attack of gout one feels, as a rule, remarkably well. As to the truth of this I can’t say; but this it is: never in the whole of my experience had I known my uncle Sir Daniel to be so amiable as he was on his arrival beneath our roof-tree that evening. He literally overflowed with the milk of human kindness. I had asked a few of the neighbours to meet him at dinner that night; all of them friends I could rely on, knowing the position in which I stood with regard to my august relative, and one and all quite ready and willing to humour the old gentleman in every possible way. The dinner, though I say it that should not, was A 1, and our Nabob pegged away at everything like a workman. The ‘vol-au-vent,’ he said, was the best he ever ate; and as for the curry, why, he had not eaten one like it since he left India. He should (with

a bow to my gratified wife) make a point of paying a visit to the kitchen on the morrow, and personally complimenting the cook. But it was when the dessert was on the table that memorable evening that my uncle achieved his great triumph, and (in his own opinion) came out in a new character—that of a humorist. The conversation turned on the merits of the different bon-bons in vogue, and one of my guests, a very urbane, soft-spoken person, with a tenor voice and ladylike manners, Adolphus Gushington by name, was expatiating to his fair neighbour, little Miss Muffet, on the virtues of 'Nougat.'

'My de-ar Miss Muffet!' exclaimed he, in apparent horror, 'you don't know what Nougat is! You've positively never tasted Nougat! Dear, dear, de-ar! Well, I really cannot describe it to you. I can only tell you that it is made of burnt almonds, and so divinely de-licious, that I should like to know that there was some waiting for me on that othar Shore.'

'I trust, Sir,' growled my uncle from the opposite side of the table, 'I trust, Sir, that on your arrival at that "other Shore," you won't find your favourite sweetmeat TOO MUCH *burnt*.'

There was a general burst of applause from all us sycophants, and my uncle himself led the laughter.

Had him there—*what!*' chuckled he, delighted with his own wit. 'Gad, Sir, it's the best thing I ever said! Sidney Smith or Joe Miller never beat that—eh, Sir?' exclaimed the vain old boy to me later on, when, over our cigars, I again, with my usual diplomacy, brought up the joke of the evening, and complimented my uncle once more on having so wittily taken the shine out of that conceited puppy, as I chose to call (although one of my dearest friends) Dolly Gushington.

My uncle had been with us nearly a fortnight, during which time everything went on in the most satisfactory manner. He ate and drank, and smoked, and drove out with my wife of an afternoon, and made himself so much at home, that we sometimes cherished the idea that he meant to stay with us for the remainder of his days. But it was not to be. The Vale of Hogwash Hunt Steeplechases were to come off on Friday—a proverbially unlucky day—and as it turned out, especially so for me on this occasion. Now the original arrangement was that I should ride to the course, as, being one of the stewards, I should have to be here, there, and everywhere, and my uncle, who expressed a wish to see the fun, should accompany my wife in the carriage. As ill-luck would have it, however, the latter found



herself at the last moment too unwell to go; on hearing which, nothing would serve our Nabob but that I should mount him on my quietest horse and he would ride along with me to the course. I tried all I knew to dissuade him, but he was as obstinate as a mule, and would take no denial. Then, by way of improving matters, that young wretch of a Dan, taking advantage of his mother's absence from the breakfast-room, must needs, after staring at my uncle for some minutes, come out with,—

‘Pa! I say, Pa! why don't you wear gold in your mouf like Unky Dan—eh, Pa?’

‘Be quiet, Sir!’ said I, frowning at him, and inwardly trusting his godfather didn't hear him.

‘What's the boy say?’ growled my uncle, looking up from his plate.

‘There! I saw it again, Pa!’ exclaimed the *enfant terrible*, this time leaving his chair and running to my uncle's side. ‘Let me get on your lap and look at the gold in your mouf, pease, Uncle Dan.’

‘What's the child mean?’ said my uncle, getting very red in the face.

I did not wait to answer him, but caught hold of Master Dan, and hustling him out of the room, carried him, yelling lustily all the way, to my dressing-room, where I eased my mind by administering ‘toco’ to him with a birch-rod, kept there expressly for his benefit.

‘There, Sir,’ said I, as Dan, hot and breathless with his struggles, plumped himself down on the floor to cool himself and get his lungs in order for a squall on a large scale, ‘you dare to allude to your uncle's gold in his mouth again, and I'll cut you to ribbons!’

Having settled Dan's hash for him, and interviewed my wife, who wanted an explanation of the row, and called me a brute for my pains when I told her all about it (did you ever know a fond mother, yet, respect the good old biblical maxim—‘Spare the rod and spoil the child?’), I wended my way to the stables to confer with my master of the horse as to which of my fiery steeds would be safest to mount my revered relative upon. We went carefully through the stud, and at last arrived at the conclusion that an old and steady Roman-nosed bay hunter named Sobersides was the one most to be depended upon. He had been steeplechased a bit, too, in his time, so that the bustle and noise of the racecourse would not, at least should not, disturb his



usual equanimity. Yes, it should be Sobersides, and no other. 'And mind you behave yourself, old boy,' said I, as I stroked his neck.

'There ain't a stiddier hanimal goin' than the old 'oss, hunless you ketches 'old of his 'ed,' observed Mr. Oates; 'and when you does that, he naterally thinks he's at his old steeplechasin' games agin, and pulls a bit accordin'. Jest to be on the safe side, 'owever, I'll send him a gallop round the park once or twice to take the bounce hout of 'im afore Sir Dan'l gits on his back.'

'Yes, do; a capital plan!' said I. 'It's as well, as you say, to be on the safe side. My uncle, I know, has not been astride a horse for years. And with that I returned to the house to find my honoured guest, and tell him what arrangements I had made for his benefit.

In an hour's time we made a start of it; my uncle, provided with a large glass of curacoa and with a big cheroot in his mouth, sitting on the ex-chaser, apparently as happy as a cock robin. I was nervous at first I must admit, but old Sobersides, after his gallop in the park, looked so 'childlike and bland,' and the Nabob looked so cocky on the top of him, that at last a feeling of confidence, aided possibly by a little stirrup-cup I took on my own account, crept over me; and having given orders for the brake to follow with the luncheon, away we sped for the scene of action, whither we safely arrived after an hour's ride, just as the bell was ringing for the first race.

The Vale of Hogwash Hunt Races are held, and have been for years, on Hoggelbury Racecourse, situated, as all sportsmen know, about a mile from the town of Hoggelbury. Being a sporting part of the world, the meeting is exceedingly popular with every one, and the result is a great county gathering. All the world and his wife, in fact, seemed to be assembled on the little racecourse as my uncle and I rode up. The day was fine, though a trifle nippy out of the sun. The card had filled remarkably well. My uncle was in the very best of humours, and already on the look-out for Dolly Gushington, to have another 'dig at him,' as he called it, about that Nougat he hoped to find waiting for him on that 'othar Shore.' The venerable Sobersides, too, was apparently as quiet as a sheep—to all appearance, indeed, half asleep. That preliminary gallop my astute groom had given him had evidently done its work. So far, so good. The next move was to get Nunky off his horse and put him in a place of safety. To my intense delight—you can't imagine what a load was off my mind—the old gentleman

readily acquiesced in my proposal that we should both dismount, have a look at the first race from the Stand, and then go over to the carriage, which I had just seen arrive, to lunch. 'After that,' said I, airily, 'we can get on the horses again if you like, Uncle Dan, and ride about a bit and see the fun.' Not that I had the smallest intention of so doing if I could possibly avoid it, as may be imagined.

Down we got accordingly; and when I had got my uncle into the Stand, introduced him to my fellow-stewards, helped him to get a fresh cheroot under weigh, and with much satisfaction watched Sobersides and his stable companion disappearing in the distance under the charge of a groom; then, and not till then, did I feel on good terms with myself, and begin to breathe freely.

Well, we watched the first race—'The Farmers' Cup'—which ended, as usual, in a wrangle. No one ever yet saw a Farmers' race that did *not* end in a wrangle. We then, as previously agreed upon, wended our way, accompanied by some friends from the Stand, across the course to the carriage, where we found luncheon all ready laid out; at the sight of which my uncle's countenance positively beamed again, for he dearly loved eating and drinking, and his ride had made him uncommon hungry. You'd have rather kept Uncle Dan a week than a fortnight I can assure you, gentle reader. We set to work at once, and it was with unmitigated satisfaction that I watched my uncle gobbling away at the good things set before him as if he would never stop. 'You won't want to get on the top of old Sobersides again this afternoon,' thought I, watching the old gentleman holding out his tumbler for more champagne—he couldn't ask for it as his mouth was crammed with a plover's egg. I reckoned, however, without my host, as it turned out. On the box of a drag hard by, attired in a trim brown habit—for she had been riding about the course all the morning—sat that lively and fascinating widow, Lady Barbara Brakespeare, or, as she was commonly called in those parts, 'Lady Bab.' No sooner did she 'spot,' as she elegantly called it, my uncle and self as, after lunch, we walked, cigar in mouth, down the row of carriages to look up our friends, than, hailing us with great cordiality, she insisted on our at once getting up on the drag and keeping her company, all the men of her party having basely deserted her, as she said, and gone off to the Stand to back a 'good thing' they know of for the next race. My uncle, who was by no

means averse to the charms of a pretty woman, jumped at the offer, and after a good deal of puffing and panting succeeded at last in planting himself on the box-seat at her side. Though this was the first time the pair had ever met, that circumstance did not matter in the least to the lively Lady Bab. In less than five minutes she and the Nabob were as 'thick as thieves ;' and consequently, when just at this identical moment a messenger from the Stand arrived, requesting me to join the other stewards at once, to help them in some dispute or other, I had no hesitation, seeing that he was in such good hands, in leaving my uncle to take care of himself for a bit.

I found the stewards busy in hearing an objection to the winner of the Farmers' Steeplechase. The stipulations were that the horses should be the *bonâ fide* property of the farmers, and be ridden by their owners, their sons, or gentlemen riders properly qualified under G. N. H. Rules.

Farmer Jowlekins in this particular race had run second, and now objected to the winner, who had been ridden by a certain Jack Atkins, on the ground that the latter was, as he expressed it, 'not a varmer nor a genelman neither.'

'Varmer, indeed !' said honest Jowlekins, with a snort of indignation. 'I should loike to know what landlord 'ud take a veller loike Jack vor a tenant ; and as vor callin' of 'im a genelman, whoy, oi look upon mar shepherd, Sammy Sheers, as a better bred 'un than wot he be !'

It was in vain to tell the angry old agriculturist that it is not absolutely necessary for a man to be of gentle birth to qualify him for a gentleman rider. He would not be convinced. Of course, the farmer was perfectly right in one sense. Jack Atkins was not a gentleman, nor did he pretend to be ; but he was properly qualified by the G. N. H. rules, and being a first-rate performer, was more than a match for Jowlekins junior, who bestrode the second horse in this race.

Thank goodness, the dispute was over at last ; and having given the race to the original winner, and cleared the room of Jowlekins and Co., I and the other stewards rushed forth like a lot of pent-up schoolboys, just in time to look on at the Hunters' Hurdle-race, the competitors for which had already started, as we were made aware by the shouts that went up from the ring as we emerged from the stewards' room.

\* \* \* \* \*

'I say, old feller,' said my friend, Tom Heycock, who was

standing at my side, looking hard at the runners through his race glasses; 'I say, old feller, what's become of that old uncle of yours that you brought here?'

'What's become of him?' responded I. 'Why, he's at this moment, I believe, sitting on the top of Fullerton's drag talking to Lady Bab. *She'll* take care of him, bless her heart!'

'Well, I don't know,' replied Jack; 'there's somebody's horse bolted and joined in with the runners, and the fat party on him looks to me uncommon like that jolly old Nabob of yours. Haven't you your glasses with you? Here, take mine and have a look. I'm sure I'm right!'

\* \* \* \* \*

I seized the glasses. I looked through them; and what I saw nearly caused my heart to jump into my mouth, as the saying is. There was no mistake about it. Well forward with the leading horses was a runaway steed, whom I had not the smallest difficulty in recognising as that old reprobate of a Sobersides: just as easy was it to perceive that his rider was my wretched uncle and no other. How he managed to stick on was a marvel, seeing that his reins were all loose, and the old horse was jumping all his hurdles as if they were haystacks. There is a flight of hurdles right opposite the Stand (for they have to go twice round), and these, having got into the straight, the horses are now making for, my uncle and Sobersides being in front. The shouts and screams of laughter that go up from the lookers-on in the Stand and carriages are quite indescribable. On they come nearer and nearer, and I can now distinctly hear my uncle's melodious bellow of '*Woh!*' I would give anything to turn my head away but that a horrid fascination roots me to the spot. The leading files, with Sobersides in the centre, rise at the hurdles, and I really believe all would have been well if it were not that just as they are in the air that mischievous little devil, Johnny Golightly, who is riding the favourite on my uncle's near side, raises his whip and gives our beloved Nabob such an awful flanker at the very moment that Sobersides jerks him up in the saddle, as causes him to give forth a yell redolent of the most intense bodily anguish. In another second my unhappy uncle was sprawling on the course, for all the world like a lively turtle.

There is little more to tell. Though more frightened than hurt, and more angry than either, no apology on my part for my horse's bad behaviour would go down with him. He drove off



the course in company with Rumjumjee ; and when I reached home after the races were over, thinking that his wrath might cool down if left to himself for a bit, I found that my uncle had departed, bag and baggage, for London, half an hour before.

It was all Lady Bab's doing. *She* persuaded the fond old fool to get on Sobersides and ride about the course with her ; and the old brute of a horse, not being able to forget old associations, and probably feeling cold with standing about, took it into his head to show off a bit on his own account, with what result the reader is aware.

My wife and Lady Bab are not on speaking terms, for which I am sorry, as her Ladyship is a good fellow. Sobersides I sent up to Tattersall's to be sold for what he would fetch—which wasn't much. I sincerely hope that his new owner will do what dear old Jorrocks was always threatening to do to Artaxerxes, viz., 'ride his tail off!'

## A MISTY MORNING WITH THE IBEX.

By 'BURRA WALLAH.'

**T**HOSE who associate India only with scorching plains and have never luxuriated in her hill forests have, we must hope, that delight to come. At 4000 feet above the sea the sting of the tropics has gone ; and while we are surrounded by a wonderful and brilliant vegetation, harbouring the infinitely varied life of the far East, the sun is not quite such a name of dread ; exertion is once more a pleasure, and life, in fact, worth living again. The pink of existence on such peaks, whether they be the lordly rhododendron-covered spurs of the Hindoo Koosh, or the teak savannas of the South, is in the flush of early dawn.

This conviction came upon me strongly one morning of a brief holiday from the tedious work of the plains, as I stood under the first gleam of sunshine in the veranda of a hill bungalow on the Travancore Ranges. There could scarcely have been a fairer sight, in its way, than that at my feet. Every gorge and valley of the hills upon which I looked down was flooded with a heavy unbroken sea of pearly mist, that linked glen and corrie in a maze of lagoons and lakes ; laying so still and silent, it was the exact counterpart of the ocean it mimicked.





Here and there points of hill-tops and ridges pierced through the white vapour, and made islands and miniature continents, crowned with dense mantles of heavy wet foliage, from whence a school of chattering parrots burst occasionally, or a heavy 'horn-bill,' with his wings just dipping in the unsubstantial water, navigated these rosy and purple archipelagos like some cormorant of the forest. As the sun rose higher, and the opal sea leaked away into the deep ravines, a wider view stretched away from the foot-hills.

My host's bungalow was situated on a lofty pinnacle of the Anummaley Range. From one side of his veranda could be seen, on a clear day, a long narrow valley, where jungle had given place in irregular patches to the clearings, some miles apart, of half-a-dozen English coffee-planters, drawn to the spot by the richness of the soil; their wooden huts, each on its little knoll of rising ground along the course of the upland stream, dotting the glen like the picket tracks of the invading army; which indeed they were. Turning one's face the other way civilisation was an unknown term; as far as the eye could reach spread a boundless wilderness of forest and precipice, miles upon miles of the noblest timber in the world, limitless tracts of bamboo, here young and green, there seeded and withered—an orange-tawny desert of giant reeds, amongst which the bison lived undisturbed and the tiger roamed at will. From this maze of wasted vegetation rose ranges of grass-covered hills, pale blue crags seamed with falling white cascades, and tall pinnacles and towers of disjointed rocks, island-like in the smooth-spreading verdure. It was truly a fair sight, and as I was lost in contemplation of the vagaries of the morning sunlight upon it a voice at my elbow startled me.

'Surely those are elephants!' said my shooting companion L——, who had joined me while thus speculating on the quiet suggestiveness of the scene, pointing to the summits of some far-away hills, over the bare tops of which a row of black specks were slowly progressing. It certainly looked like it, and our suspicions were confirmed after we had taken a long squint through a powerful pair of field glasses, that revealed the distant herd of noble beasts as clearly as though they were only a few hundred yards off; ten of them, led by an old bull with slow strides through the passages between the clumps of jungle, and out over the grass on top, where they look like gigantic brown mice, and we follow them up amongst the rocks, with our



eyes to the binoculars, until they reach the sky-line, where they loom monstrous with visibly flapping ears and swinging trunks for a moment, and then are gone 'hull down' below the horizon.

'No chance of catching them up,' I say, with a shrug of my shoulders, and L—— shakes his head.

'But I tell you what,' he adds, after a moment's reflection; 'we might take our rifles out there, and though we shall not see the elephants again, we may well come across a bison or some ibex.'

Of course I said yes, for the morning was bracing, and our larder would be the better for a little venison; and while we drank our hot coffee and got through a round or two of toast, the light repast on which the Englishman begins an Indian day, our 'boys' were busy cleaning rifles, filling cartridge pouches, and putting an edge to our hunting-knives—weapons more often used for cutting a path through the jungle, however, than at close quarters against big game.

It was for a rocky ridge, that could be clearly seen from the bungalow, and always a likely find, we were bound this time, and were soon ready for a start in our tough 'jungle-cloth' jackets and long shooting-boots, hunting-blades in girdle, balanced on the other side by revolvers, useful occasionally for giving the *coup de grâce* to a wounded animal, and not to be despised even for close encounter with a hill bear. Then we began the march, passing through the compound, fragrant with carefully tended scarlet geraniums and hedges of heliotrope, on to the wild grass slopes beyond.

It was actually cold in the blue shadows of the hills, and our bearer-coolies, destined to bring home whatever game fell to our share, huddled the brown 'cumblies' round their shoulders, leaving very thin legs bare to the wet herbage, and looked sufficiently miserable for the time being. But this was soon remedied by a little exercise. We got into a trail made by the feet of various wild beasts, and, following the curve of the hills, were soon lost to civilisation and alone with Nature. And the path, as we threaded its tortuous course, with the sweet-scented and green lemon-grass up to our shoulders, was a curious record of those that had trodden it within the last forty-eight hours. Just as in our own home meadows a tract will zigzag purposely over the greensward, and every one accepts, without thinking, the waywardness of previous travellers, so here the wild jungle-men, and the horn and hoof that shared the forests with them,

had made for themselves this path long ago, and followed it sacredly to-day. There was the fresh spoor of elephants, vast discs as big as dinner-plates, sunk deep into the vegetable humus, where a trickle of blood-red water came down from an iron vein in the rocks. Under these ponderous pads the turf had slipped away, and lumps of mica and shale had burst into a thousand sparkling fragments. Where the latest herd had bivouacked under a sâl tree there were piles of droppings on every side, and a swarm of carrion beetles, ruby banded with black, and saffron and blue, were wheeling in the early sunshine and carrying out their scavengering duties in this lonely place with a success and glitter curious to behold. Then there were heavy hoof-marks of many hill bison, the wild cattle of wide-sweeping horns and glossy black hides that are the unowned herds of these free pastures. Here and there the splay casts of the old bulls, and the more pointed marks of the calves, were fresh enough; indeed, in one or two of the hoof-prints the bent grass had hardly yet recovered the pressure of the passage of these majestic beeves! There were holes where hogs had been rooting under the wild gooseberry trees, and the keen rip of their tusks was yet fresh on the green bark. They are up here mild and secretive animals. I have come face to face with a gigantic boar in a narrow jungle-path when armed with nothing more formidable than a walking-stick, and the 'unclean animal' has bolted into the undergrowth with ludicrous haste. A friend on another occasion leapt over a fallen log right into the domestic circle of an old pig. The 'squeakers' fled right and left in a panic, as though the sky had come down—their mother followed them more leisurely, but staying every now and then with maternal ferocity to look back and ostentatiously whet her tusks on the tree stems. D—— now looks on both sides of a log before he vaults it.

As we progress the sunlight comes down the gorges with more strength, and drinks up the night dews. We were passing over one bit of rough ground thus nearly dried when our native tracker suddenly stood still, and pointed at the pebbles lying scattered about. We inquired what was up, and he showed us the spot where his sharp eyes had detected a stone that had just recently been turned over and was still damp and beaded with moisture on one side, a sign something was just ahead. Treading as lightly as an Englishman can, we followed the snake-like glide of the shikaree through stunted bushes and tall grass until the

land dipped down to a watercourse, and then we peeped over a convenient rock into the hollow. Silent as our approach had been the game we were after must have noted it, for as we raised our heads there was a scuffle fifty yards down the stream as a roe sambour deer vanished into the undergrowth. My companion, however, prided himself upon snap-shots, so he let fly over my head at the roe; but the chance was really not worth the taking, and nothing followed his shot but the slow and dignified fall of a tall bamboo, cut across by his bullet. While I was watching this, the native's hand was clapped upon my arm, and he excitedly pointed ahead where another sambour—this time a stag—was cantering away to cover. It was a fair end-on shot, though a long one, and a copper-cored bullet from my double express caught the venison on the quarter and tumbled him, like a September partridge, into a thorn-bush. We pulled him out and slung him up to a branch, with a pocket-handkerchief tied to his horn to keep off the vultures, and then went on again.

These deer are the most widely distributed of any in India, and especially noxious to agriculturists. The native hill-men of the slopes of the Himalayas, before leaving their corn-fields along the higher ranges, build thorn fences round them to keep out the jungle deer, and at the weakest places plant (on the inside) sharp-pointed stakes, at such angles that the animals leaping from the outside shall fall upon them and be transfixed. This cruel arrangement is sometimes successful. Again, in the very far south on the Travancore Hills, some 4500 feet above the sea, is a plateau called Mutu-kuly-val, or Pearl-hole Swamp, a marshy piece of ground enclosing a beautiful lake. Round this lake are the remains of many ingenious pits, dug by a hunter race for the capture of bison and deer.

No more game was on foot, though there were plenty of rather fresh signs, until we had gone about a mile and climbed again a bare ridge, where the bones of mother Earth came through her green grass skin in lines and bluffs, and the mist still drifted in sheets over the slopes, giving us peeps now and then between them of wonderfully fair lowlands stretching out below us in a rich and variegated cloth. Here it was like an English morning in April, the coolies huddling themselves into their shawls and we ourselves turning our collars up as the mist spun round us and the breeze came down from the heights nearly as chilly as those gusts that met Dante in the Valley of

Sighs. However, we were now on our hunting-ground, and L—— declared he could hear the wild hill sheep bleating on every side. We saw three or four with our glasses, grazing in security on the far side of a wide cañon, where there was no chance of reaching them, and next had a fruitless stalk after a cunning old 'saddleback,' who seemed to know a little more about the trajectory and range of express rifles than we did ourselves. Then our luck came. We were getting cold and a trifle disappointed, our top-boots full of 'mountain dew' of a harmless natural brand, our linen damp and clammy, and a pervading sense under our waist-cloths of the lightness of our last meal, when we turned a sharp corner of rock in Indian file, and at once found ourselves huddled into a recess in the gneiss and shale by the energetic action of the shikaree, who had at the same moment shrunk up to nothing, it seemed, and was lying behind a boulder at our feet not much more to look at than a flat, dirty, bifurcated rag! Through a chink in the rock, where the wind and mist piped and whistled like a youthful fawn, we stole a glance, and there stood the objects which had felled our guide and sent us down so expeditiously on to the ground beside him.

This time our approach was unknown to anything but ourselves, and I put my hand on L——'s impatient rifle for a moment to watch the group of wild sheep, too soon to be disturbed. They were in a hollow of the ground, five or six of them, the nearest some fifty yards away, feeding placidly on the shorter growths of hill grass, and the furthest, an old female, chewing the cud of contentment on a knoll twice that distance. A kid frolicked about below, and in the mid distance, a little aloof from the others, was a veritable 'saddleback,' an old buck, with that black saddle-like mark on the loins that marks maturity and doubles the value of the trophy in the hill-man's eyes. It was such a natural picture of wild, free, animal life, and so daintily framed with the streaks of pale green, far-away lowland rice-fields, and the rosy light on the lifting clouds through the shreds of which they beamed, that I could have lain still on my rocky couch and watched for half a day. But it was my comrade's turn to shoot, and already a little lavender shriek on a thorn-bush had spied us and was in twittering hysterics, while a shift of the breeze had suggested to the lord of the herd that something uncanny had come 'between the wind and his nobility,' so I nodded to L——, who rose at once to his feet. Directly they saw his six-foot-two over the crag the whole flock



gave one glance and then were away, like brown leaves in a draught, round the slope. But L—— had a fair chance this time, and made the most of his opportunity, stopping the saddle-back in good style before he had gone fifty yards. He was in admirable condition, sleek in hide and clean in horn, and formed such venison as made our mess the most popular on the hills for several days.

Soon after the cool of the morning was utterly gone, and the air began to quiver over the bare ledges, so we hunted for a mile or two, and not coming up with any more game turned down to the valley forests, where our native knew of a Kadhar encampment, whence we might draw a couple of additional bearers for the Warra-adu, as Tamils call him, we had cairned above.

By the time we reached it the shade of the big trees was grateful enough : the flicker of green and white light on the carpet of mould, welcome after the glare of the open, and the melodious whistle of ground-thrushes in salmon and brown livery, or jet-black epaulettes with topaz, were pleasant and soothing. We found the jungle-men 'at home,' a dozen as wild, little, negro-like men and women, as well could be, whose curly heads hardly came to our shoulders, encamped in their summer huts and variously engaged. Some were squeezing forest honey from the comb between two boards, and others were preparing snares and beguilements for game. One or two of these devices looked extremely unpleasant things to come upon unawares. Mr. W. Hornaday's account in *Two Years in the Jungle* of how the Sea Dyaks of Malay kill wild pigs well reflects the rude skill of these jungle-men. 'We saw a machine called a *peti*,' he writes, 'which made me shudder. Three stout three-inch saplings had been selected which grew close beside a jungle-path, in such a position that when cut off seven feet above the ground, and tied together at the top, they formed a perfect tripod leaning over the path. A fourth sapling was cut, about five feet of the stem taken, and one end firmly lashed in with the other three at the upper end of the tripod. Into the free end of the fourth sapling, which was about two feet above the ground, was firmly fixed a piece of hard bamboo, shaped like a dagger, a foot long, and pointing inward. The sapling was sprung out by main force, and fastened at the lower end by a string stretched across the path with a trigger attachment. The point is, that when a pig comes tripping gaily along the path on his way to see how

the Dyaks' crops are getting on, and thinking no guile, snap! goes the trigger-string, and he is instantly transfixed by a bayonet of bamboo. How it must hurt! The worst of it is, that occasionally an unsuspecting Dyak comes upon one of these infernal machines, gets the sharp bamboo driven through his thigh, and usually dies in consequence.'

Very recently a Kalakah Dyak named Bakir, hunting gutta in the upper Sarawak, was killed by a *peti* or pig-trap of the kind described above. The lance entered his groin and passed quite through his body. To the credit of the Sarawak Government it should be stated that these traps are now prohibited under heavy penalty, and the owner of the one which killed Bakir was promptly fined or had four years' imprisonment. The Abors and Mishmees again (savage tribes of the Indo-Chinese frontier), set spring bows armed with short poisoned arrows for the wild boars that roam at night. These, when shot, swell enormously, but are still considered good food by the wild black men. Weapons of the same sort, but of appropriate sizes, are used for tigers and deer.

But we have here broached a dangerously tempting subject at the end of a long yarn. It must suffice to say that we obtained bearers at this encampment, and that our sambour and ibex got home before we did. But the reason thereof, how we spent six hours unwillingly in the interminable mazes of the 'good greenwood,' and how we added a ferocious 'rogue' bison to the day's bag, and narrowly escaped going home ourselves slung under bamboo poles, must be reserved for another occasion.

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## THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

✻ In Memoriam. ✻

By 'TOM MARKLAND.'



OVER Belvoir Vale o'er Lincoln plains,  
Death his fell shadow flings;  
Throughout sweet Dian's favoured haunts  
The wail of mourning rings.

Through all our land men mourn the loss  
To Todenei's ancient race,  
Of him who wore their coronet  
With dignity and grace.

No more we hear in sylvan glades  
The joyous hunter's song,  
Grief saddens all the gallant hearts  
Of Hubert's scarlet throng.

For Rutland, like his sires of yore,  
That brave old Norman race,  
Beyond all pleasures life affords  
Enjoyed the jovial chase.

Though large of frame no man afield  
Than Rutland rode more straight,  
His nerve and judgment oft made up  
The ground he lost through weight.

One four-hours' run from Cottam Thorns  
Will Goodall led the way,  
But only Will of all the field  
Could pound the Duke that day.

They ran the line of Needham hills,  
And when that game fox died  
The Master and stout Will alone  
Rode nearly side by side.

How hard the task I here record  
He who would judge aright  
Must bear in mind what hounds they were,  
And what a 'foremost flight.'

The Quorn have doubtless made vast strides  
Since Meynell first began,  
But even they for pace must yield  
To Belvoir's beauteous 'Tan.'

And those were days of riders keen,  
In annals of the chase  
We find no names more known to fame  
As men who'd 'go the pace.'

For years stern Fate her veto placed  
Upon this sportsman game,  
But though he could not take the field  
His hounds showed sport the same.

The tenants know how murk a gloom  
On hearth and home will fall,  
Whene'er the hatchment meets the gaze  
On Belvoir's ancient hall.

When times were hard, and sore the plight  
Of men who tilled the ground,  
A helping hand at time of need  
In Belvoir's lord they found.


Where three fair English counties meet,  
For ages long hath stood  
The hold where erst bold Belvidere  
By arms his rule made good.

Long, long may that proud crown of towers  
O'erlook the wide champaign,  
And long within its honoured halls  
Bold Todenei's race remain.

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## HIS FIRST AND LAST STAG.

*By 'ROCKWOOD.'*

T was on a broiling afternoon in July that Sir Picadil de Padynton, the second of that ilk (his father having earned the baronetcy for distinguished services as a resurrectionist in the Dead-Letter department of the Post Office), strolled up St. James' Street to the rooms of a well-known grouse-moor-monger, one of those astute Scottish agents who, acting upon the proverb, 'The nearer the siller the mair certain the success,' have started business in London. Sir Picadil was reputed to be a fairly good shot at Shirlingham, and he had also done some execution amongst the partridges in the Somersetshire turnip-fields, but he had never been on heather, and he longed to tread 'the purple heath,' as the fashionable novelists call it, and feel the cool mountain mist trail refreshingly across his sunburnt brow. He felt very desirous also of shooting a stag, though he had never fired a rifle save at Wimbledon, where it was his wont to indulge in a few shots annually at pool.

'Can I have a look at your list of shootings to let?' said the baronet, after bowing to the grouse-monger on entering.

'Certainly,' was the reply. 'But may I ask you what kind of shooting you want—mixed, or all grouse and black game?'

'Well, I want a bit of heather,' was the reply, 'and, of course, grouse!'



'Deer?' said the other, without deigning to look up from a long list, printed on yellowish paper, which lay before him.

'Well, a few!' was the reply. 'I should like to kill one stag at least.'

'Ah!' said Mr. M'Kelpie, for such was the grouse-monger's name, 'I think this would suit ye very gran: "Kilpeggie—rent 250*l.*; admirably situated in the beautiful valley of the Peggie, in Perthshire; 500 brace grouse, black game plentiful, ground game abundant; occasional deer."

'Noo that, I would be thinking,' continued the Scotchman, 'would jist be the verra thing for a gentleman like you; a single gentleman should I say? Pardon me, Sir.'

'Single,' said Sir Picadil, bowing.

'Ah! well, a single gentleman could not have a better moor than Kilpeggie.'

'And why a single gentleman, Mr. M'Kelpie?' said the baronet, as if suspicious that a man's bachelorhood might be endangered by a trip to the Highlands.

'Because, ye see,' was the canny reply, 'there's nae lodge at Kilpeggie.'

'Ah! I did not think of that. And where then will I find quarters for myself and two servants, my own keeper and valet?'

'Ye'll find them at the Kilpeggie Airms Hotel, Sir, a verra grand hotel, one of the very best in the North, and just three miles from the edge of your shooting. Single gentlemen always like such bits o' heather, I can assure you, Sir, for lodges in the North are not what they should be!'

'And you say that there are plenty of grouse, black game, and deer?'

'I'll speak to the grouse, but I'll no say muckle as to the deer, though the agent for the landlord writes me that he has seen a muckle grand stag several times lately in the ground!'

'Indeed! And the price is——?'

'250*l.* Payable by cheque in advance.'

Sir Picadil de Padynton got his cheque-book out of his coat-pocket, and, taking the pen which was proffered him, filled the amount in the body of the green leaf, adhibited his signature, and then waited the receipt, which was promptly drawn out and handed to him.

Fairly booked for an autumn in the Highlands, the young baronet commenced to make preparations for taking his departure. Shooting-boots were specially made for the heather,

as unwieldy as iron-clad men-of-war ships; guns and fishing-tackle were looked out, and a double-barrelled express rifle ordered and specially sighted for the 'occasional deer,' and, in particular, that big stag which had lately been seen in the neighbourhood.

The evening of the 10th of August saw him at Euston Station, clad in the most heathery of Highland suits and the broadest of 'braid Scotch bonnets, such as Tam o' Shanter wore in his memorable ride, whiles crooning oft an old Scotch sonnet' to keep away the bogles and the ghaists. Jones, his valet, looking like all valets, most unconcerned, was there; and Simkins, his Somersetshire keeper, in great glee over his first visit to the Highlands, criticising pointers and setters as they were being dragged across the platform, somewhat unwillingly, to their quarters under the guard's van.

The journey North, as one can well imagine, is very different to what it was in the bygone days when sportsmen posted right through to Scotland regardless of expense. Then they had to start as soon as Goodwood was over, but now we can race for the Cowes Town Cup or Yachtsman's Derby two days before the opening of the grouse campaign, and yet be on the heather in ample time to kill a few brace of grouse on the morning of the Twelfth. At Euston, St. Pancras, or King's Cross, chieftains in kilts may be seen bound for the Highlands on the evening of the 11th, who, after sleeping comfortably all night in a Pullman car, will follow their dogs across a Highland hillside for twenty miles next day, and ere the sun sinks have made excellent bags—all, too, from fair shooting.

A railway journey of sixteen hours brought Sir Picadil de Padynton to the nearest railway station to Killpeggie, and as arranged, he found a trap from the Kilpeggie Arms Hotel, which was the usual headquarters of the tenants of the shooting, awaiting him. Dusk was falling, but through the grey haze the baronet and his delighted keeper could make out the purple slopes stretching away into mistland over the valley of the little Peggie river. The change from the noisy streets of London to the quiet Highland glen was a soothing one, and the sensation, as every Southern-bred sportsman can vouch for, of approaching one's shooting for the first time in the month is a most pleasant one. The green cornfields, sloping to the unclaimed moorlands on which the heather bells wave in full bloom, the foaming streams churning amongst the boulders in

their rocky course, and the trailing mists, all combine to create pleasant landscapes in the photographic gallery of the memory. The modern artificialities of agriculture have robbed partridge shooting of some of its ancient charms, which accounts also to a large extent for grouse shooting becoming so fashionable a pastime as it is. Every one who has had a moor in Scotland seems anxious to go back again, and if he have means he will scarcely deny himself a day on

#### THE BONNIE BLOOMING HEATHER.

When first the sportsman treads the heath,  
 When first he sees the brackens stirring,  
 When first the Highland air doth breathe,  
 When first he hears the grouse wings whirring,  
 'Dear land of sport! he loud doth cry,  
 Here let me with my dogs together  
 Live all my life: here let me die,  
 Among the bonnie blooming heather!

Oh, I have tramped o'er many a dale,  
 And many a Southern vale of stubble;  
 I've followed pheasant, partridge, quail,  
 With right and left I've dropped them double:  
 But bird or hare for nought I care—  
 It's not the joys of fur and feather,  
 'Tis Scotland's balmy mountain air,  
 'Tis Scotland's bonnie blooming heather!

So let me in the Highlands dwell,  
 O'er Highland moors be ever roaming,  
 With gun and rod o'er moss and fell,  
 And spend the day from morn to gloaming.  
 'Come winter's sleet, come winter's snow,  
 I care not e'er how wild the weather,  
 Though rains may fall and tempests blow,  
 I still will love the blooming heather!

Sir Picadil was early afoot on the morning of the 12th of August, and when the bag was counted in the evening in the porch entrance of the old hotel it was found that he had killed sixteen brace, besides other game. On the following days he succeeded in making equally fair bags. The *occasional deer*, however, he had not succeeded in coming across, although the double-barrelled express rifle was always carried loaded and in readiness. At last, however, fortune favoured him; for when the grouse had become somewhat wild owing to broken





"This one means mischief".





weather, and he was 'walking' up a bag, the birds refusing to sit to dogs, he was startled by seeing a stag trot straight up and halt ten yards in front of him. Having read a great many books on deer-stalking this somewhat astonished him. He had been led to believe that it was the most difficult thing in the world to get close to a deer, and here was an actual red-deer trotting quite unconcernedly close up to him! He had read, however, of stags becoming very daring at times, and so he thought, 'This one means mischief.' Motioning Simkins, who was some distance in the rear, to approach, he got down on his knee, and laying down his breech-loader, and seizing the double rifle which his keeper handed to him, he took deliberate aim, the stag remaining quite steady. In the next moment the trigger was pulled, and the unfortunate animal leaped into the air and fell dead.

After the baronet and his keeper had danced a Highland fling over the former's first stag it was at once resolved to make arrangements for having it carried in triumph to the Kilpeggie Arms. Sir Picadil set off straight across the heather, leaving his keeper in charge, and soon a couple of gillies, or something that were crosses between gillies and hotel-strappers, were on their way to the spot. A piper having been secured to play a stirring pibroch through the streets, Sir Picadil marched out with the other sportsmen staying at the inn to meet it, which he did just a mile beyond the outskirts of the little Highland town.

When the landlord, who headed the party, had one look at the dead animal, he gave vent to an exclamation of surprise, and the piper and he exchanged words in the same dialect. Neither, however, spoke to the baronet, who felt prouder than ever he did in his life. On entering the town the people began to gather at the doors, and the little boys to rush up and have a look at the muckle dead stag. Then all at once arose a loud wailing in Gaelic, and the piper began to play a coronach.

'I jest thocht what it would be!' said the landlord. 'Guid save us a', but this is a bad job!'

'What's a bad job, landlord?' said Sir Picadil, anxiously.

'Oh, man, you have just been and gane and killed puir Sandy!'

'Puir Sandy? Sandy whom?'

'Oh, jist Sandy. He was a puir, harmless, tame stag, that has been a pet in the town since he was the size of a rabbit.

Puir beast ! it sometimes runs away for a holiday on the hill. But you have settled that, man. Oh, but the folks will be wild !'

And wild, indeed, they were ; for they followed the baronet and poor Simkins to the hotel door, hissing him, and yelling at him in Gaelic, whilst occasionally a lump of peat would be thrown with clever aim at their heads. 'Puir Sandy ! Puir Sandy !' was the cry of every man, wife, and child in Kilpeggie, and next morning, and for two or three mornings after, it was repeated.

Sir Picadil de Padynton could stand it no longer, so he bade an early good-bye to the grouse and the black game, and the occasional deer ; and Puir Sandy, the village pet, was his first and last stag.

## CHARLEY SYMONDS.

### AN OXFORD REMINISCENCE.

*By CUTHBERT BEDE, Author of 'Verdant Green.'*



O Charley Symonds, of our Oxford days, has gone over to the majority !' said the Squire, to his old college friend the Rector, on one of the first days in the past month of February.

'Why, I thought that he had been dead some years ago !' replied the Rector.

'No ; here is the notice in the newspaper, among the deaths : "January 31st, at 73 Banbury Road, Oxford, Mr. Charles Symonds, formerly livery-stable keeper of Holywell Street, Oxford ; aged seventy-five." So you see that old Charley lived into the year eighty-eight. Your killing him before his time reminds me of the old song that we used to sing at our Oxford Wines, in the merry, merry days of old :—

"But somebody else had somewhere said,  
That somebody else had somewhere read,  
In some newspaper, as how you was dead !"

"But, I never was dead at all !" said Jack Robinson.'

Poor old Charley ! This sudden stumbling upon his name—although it is the record of his death—takes the memory over a gulf of years, to very pleasant remembrances in connexion with his stables in Holywell Street. Of all the Oxford tradesmen of our day—Spicers, Wyatt, Ryman, Randall, Hall, King, and all

the lot of 'em—I should fancy that there is not one that will revive so many agreeable reminiscences as are evoked by the mention of the old familiar name of 'Charley Symonds.'

'I quite agree with you,' said the Rector. 'He was true and just in all his dealings, and thoroughly reliable. More than a generation has passed away since you and I used to turn into his yard; a generation, I mean, of men, which is reckoned at thirty years, and not a generation of University men, which would be numbered by three years. And how many generations of freshmen must Charley Symonds have seen! He was in his prime when I took my B.A. at Brasenose and you left Christ Church.'

'Without my degree!' interrupted the Squire; 'because the examiners failed to recognise my merits, and incontinently ploughed me. Well, I have long since forgiven them that insult to my understanding; for as I should then have had to have left Oxford through my father's death the loss of a degree mattered but little to me. Poor old Charley! How well I remember my hack being brought round to the Canterbury Gate! You may remember that, thanks to my father's liberality, I was able to stable my own horses at Charley Symonds', though I did not, as some of our tufts did, also keep my own groom; but how well I remember Charley Symonds' man bringing my hack round to the Canterbury Gate, where I, arrayed in a faultless get-up of pink and tops and breeches, in which I had just attended morning chapel—of course without spurs—concealed from the espionage of observant Dons by a long great-coat, over which was the regulation gown—for which, by the way, we had a more expressive name—and then, casting aside cap and gown and great-coat, was quickly in my saddle and cantering off to the meet, wherever it might be. How well I remember those clipping days with the Bis'ter, and Berkshire, and Heythrop!'

'And I, too,' said the Rector; 'though I had always to hire, sometimes from Joe Tollit, and sometimes from Pigg or Seckham, but always from Charley Symonds by preference. The Brasenose of my day was a great sporting college; and I think that I should have caught the infection, even if I had not already been educated for the work by living in the heart of the Fitzwilliam country. Those were the days of Dr. Jenkins of Balliol, and his pad-nag. What a weakness he had for being capped! And how he clung to the pommel as he returned our salutes!'



‘Yes,’ said the Squire; ‘I wonder what figure he would have cut on the outside of one of Charley Symonds’ liveliest hunters, hired at three guineas for the day?’

‘Three guineas, I think, was the top price,’ said the Rector; ‘for I never paid more than two, and that was very rarely. Of course an afternoon’s ride with, perhaps, the merry interlude of a cross-country grind, was much less; and half-a-guinea went a long way towards it. But a man who went to Charley Symonds could always get what he wanted, and what was adapted to his purse; though, now and then, when the resources of his stables were heavily pressed, there might be a pleasant joke about a screw that required a screw-propeller. But in our day he had quite a hundred horses in his stables, both for riding and driving; so that Charley Symonds—unlike the Cambridge horse-hirer, Hobson, of a previous century—could give his customers an abundant selection in horseflesh, without condemning them to the bare Hobson’s choice, “This, or none.”’

And thus the Squire and the Rector talked; the name ‘Charley Symonds’ being an *open-sesame* for the happy days when they were fellow-undergraduates at Oxford. And so, doubtless, in many other quiet country parsonages, where the tenant has grown grizzled, and where, perhaps, as old Weller said of Mr. Pickwick (in the interpolated part in *Humphrey’s Clock*), ‘the grey’s a-goin’ at his knees, Sammy!’ the newspaper announcement that Mr. Charles Symonds, formerly of 30 Holywell Street, Oxford, was dead, would come with much surprise—to those, at least, who had not the opportunity of seeing him at Ascot, Epsom, Sandown Park, and other race meetings—to think that he had lived so long since those olden, golden days of careless, happy youth, when the name of Charley Symonds was as well known—perhaps much better known—than that of the Vice-Chancellor himself.

And when, in some foreign land, far across the ocean, the old Oxford man, in turning over the leaves of his welcome English newspaper—perhaps it is the *Oxford University Herald*, or the *Oxford Guardian*, which he has commissioned Mr. Vincent to post regularly to him for the sake of ‘auld lang syne’—would suddenly light upon the brief record of the ‘death of Mr. Charles Symonds, formerly livery-stable keeper and horsedealer of Holywell Street, Oxford,’ how that notice would suddenly carry him back in memory to some of the happiest hours in the happiest days of his life! Again ‘the light of other days’ would shine

around him, and he would see his old but young self once again; morning chapel, and lectures over, luncheon in hall despatched, and he, properly dressed for riding, turning into Symonds' yard, certain there to find his accustomed hack ready bridled and saddled, so that he should not waste a minute in starting forth on that enjoyable ride to which his afternoon would be devoted, and which would help to brace up his energies for the heavy evening grind at Great-go reading that he would have to get through before he retired to roost.

Many thousands of miles away from Oxford the brief newspaper record of Mr. Charles Symonds' death will at once recall to hundreds of readers, dispersed over the globe, that well-known paved yard—the entrance archway now bearing the new name, 'W. T. Wheeler'—in the little room at the entrance of which the driving-whips were kept (I fancy that Mr. Wheeler has given this up), and where Mr. Four-in-hand Fosbrooke was selecting his particular tandem-whip, with which he was able to flick Mr. Verdant Green's horse, and to make its rider's head come into concussion with the lamp that hung in the gateway. Again would they see, in memory, the long line of stables on the left-hand side, facing the low dead wall on the right, and leading on to the covered yard, with its light open roof and the thick litter of straw over the pavement. Again would they see that well-remembered perspective, looking towards Holywell Street, with the pigeons gleaming to and fro against the blue sky, and the grey turrets of the tower of New College. Again, too, they would visit, in memory, that paddock at the rear of the yard, separated by a narrow lane from the gardens of Wadham, where were fences and hurdles over which they had tried a horse that they were 'sweet upon buying.' *Eheu! fugaces . . . labuntur anni*; but I suppose that the name of Charley Symonds will be redolent only of pleasant memories among the many Oxford men who light upon the record of his death. They may have owed him ticks, but he was not one to dun; and the ticks got themselves paid sometime, and somehow.

His father was the landlord of the 'Royal Oak' at Chipping Norton, and Charley Symonds' first connexion with the University city was as a driver of the stage-coach from his birth-place to Oxford. His brother had commenced a livery-stable business in Ship Street, where Charles joined him in 1836, removing soon after to the stables in connexion with the 'Anchor' Inn, and then making another and final move to his well-known

quarters in Holywell Street, where, for many years, he did a most successful post and livery business. Although it was of 'Charley' Symonds that men usually spoke, his brother George was associated with him in business. They were mentioned in this magazine (vol. ii., p. 126) by 'Triviator' in his article, 'Oxford Olim : ' 'These were the days of the *Fratres Simmonds—par nobile fratrum* indeed ! Charles, the courtly and complaisant, and George, the genial, jovial, and good-natured. And so long as their yards were full of hacks and hunters, trappers and tandem-leaders, and Credit ruled the roast, why should the unoffending undergraduate pad the hoof like a meaner mortal ?' In one of the illustrations to this article, Mr. Finch Mason spiritedly depicted an Oxford undergraduate clearing a double set of posts and rails, and saying, 'Yes ! two guineas' worth from Charley Symonds. Not much mouth to speak of, but can jump like blazes.' In the last volume of this magazine (vol. iv. p. 47), 'Peckwater,' in one of his interesting articles on 'Old Oxford Days,' also refers to 'George Symonds' Parson's Daughter,' and to another famous horse that belonged to Charles Symonds (p. 41). I myself, in *Verdant Green*, besides giving sketches of Symonds' stables, spoke of the popularity that his stud 'had deservedly achieved. For it seems to be a *sine quâ non* with an Oxford hack, that to general showiness of exterior it must have the power of enduring any amount of hard riding and rough treatment in the course of the day which its *pro tem.* proprietor may think fit to inflict upon it, it being an axiom which has obtained, as well in Universities as in other places, that it is of no advantage to hire a hack unless you get out of him as much as you can for your money. You won't want to use him to-morrow, so you don't care about over-riding him to-day.'

On Mr. Verdant Green's first visit with his friend Charles Larkins to Symonds' stables, it may be remembered that when his steed was brought out of the stable in all the exuberance of animal spirits, Mr. Verdant Green timidly suggested to the groom that the horse looked 'rather vicious ;' whereupon the groom replied, 'Wicious, Sir ! Bless you, Sir, she's as sweet-tempered as any young woman you ever paid your intentions to ! The mare's as quiet a mare as was ever crossed ! This ere's only her play at comin' fresh out of the stable !' Whereupon Verdant, after a delirious dance on one toe, contrived to get into the saddle, from which he ignominiously glided over the

mare's tail when he had got no further than Broad Street. On the next occasion, after his Freshman's term was over, when he again patronised Charley Symonds, he went further and fared better, though ultimately coming a cropper. But, as little Mr. Bouncer said, 'It ain't your fault, Giglamps, old feller! it's the clumsiness of the hack! He tossed you up, and couldn't catch you again!'

In the twenty-fifth volume of *Punch*, of the date 1853, I had numerous contributions both with pen and pencil, and among them were three letters, entitled, 'Mr. Peterloo Brown's Examination of the Oxford Statutes,' with several illustrations, showing what Nobody was permitted to do. Among these, 'Nobody must indulge in sports which may cause hurt or inconvenience to others, and must abstain from the hunting of wild beasts with dogs of all kinds, ferrets, nets, or snares.' 'Nobody must carry a cross-bow and a hawk for fowling, and must abstain from the strifes and shows of gladiators,' &c. &c. One of my wood drawings showed the scene at Canterbury Gate, Christchurch, when Charley Symonds' grooms brought the horses, and the men, ready dressed for hunting, handed their great-coats, caps, and gowns to the grooms.

Charles Symonds married Miss Whitman of Summertown, who survives him, together with a son and two daughters. One of these daughters will be remembered by many Oxford men for the lead that she took in the hunting-field. That was before her marriage. Her father was also famed in the field as a fearless and peerless rider, and he won considerable reputation as a teacher of equestrianism. Many ladies as well as men received from him practical instructions how to ride to hounds and to cross country; and, among Oxford students who placed themselves under his able tuition, it is sufficient to mention the names of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince had always a graciously kind word and shake of the hand for Charley Symonds; and when, towards the end of his career, old age and infirmities increased and his prosperity decreased, then his many friends rallied round him and presented him with a liberal testimonial, the list of the subscribers being headed with the name of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The Aylesbury Steeplechase is quite an Oxford institution, and has been well described in these pages by 'Peckwater,' in the article to which I have already referred. It was in connexion



with the Steeplechase of 1850 that Charley Symonds figured prominently in a very notable feat, worthy of John Mytton himself. The stewards of the Aylesbury Meeting were accustomed to dine at the old 'White Hart' Hotel, in the famous room built by the Earl of Rochester in the time of the Merry Monarch : in fact, the stove in the room is said to have belonged to Nell Gwynne. The dining-room is forty by twenty-two feet, handsomely panelled with carved oak, and with paintings on panel. It is approached by a staircase and corridor of polished oak. Charley Symonds formed one of a large and aristocratic party on that particular occasion, and, over 'the wine and the walnuts,' the conversation turned on the possibility or impossibility of bringing a horse up the slippery polished staircase into the dining-room. Lord Jocelyn and Mr. Ricardo had, a few years previously, at the Royal Hunt Meeting, accomplished this feat. Charley Symonds at once offered to do the same, and also to make the horse leap over some obstacle. The horse was a grey one, fifteen hands two in height.

He fetched him from the stable, and got him up the staircase into the room. Then he led him round the room ; and then made him jump over a flight of chairs, which the horse cleared easily. The guests then suggested that he should be made to jump the dining-room table ; and, although the landlord, fearing injury to his property, vainly endeavoured to dissuade the company from their sport, Charley Symonds led the horse over the table, which he cleared easily, without damage to the decanters or candlesticks, or anything that was on the table. Then he jumped back again, clearing the table at a bound. Mr. Manning, of Wendover, then volunteered to mount him barebacked, and to make him jump over the table. This feat he successfully accomplished ; but when the gentleman jock, Captain Barlowe, fired with emulation, endeavoured to rival the feat, the grey horse came with a smash on the table, and sent bottles and glasses to destruction. But, not to be outdone, Captain Barlowe again put the gallant grey at the leap, and cleared the table successfully. Then it was considered that enough had been done for the fame of Charley Symonds' steed, and that the landlord's feelings must be respected. So the grey horse was led out of the room on to the polished oak floor and staircase, down which he resolutely declined to go, until, by the advice of a certain Baronet, he was blindfolded. But it was no easy matter to get him down so slippery a descent, and about a



Charles Dymonds' grey horse obliges after dinner.

CUTHBERT. BRADLEY.





dozen carved oak banisters were smashed by his heels before the last stair was reached.

This scene of the 'Daring Leap in the Dining-room of the White Hart Hotel, Aylesbury,' was admirably utilised by John Leech in one of his famous sketches of Mr. Briggs (*Punch*, vol. xx. p. 14, 1851): 'Mr. Briggs, stimulated by the accounts in the newspapers of the daring feat of horsemanship at Aylesbury, and excited by Mr. Haycock's claret, tries whether he also can ride over a dining-room table.' The result is a complete smash of the table and its contents, also the chandelier and furniture, while Mr. Briggs ruefully rubs his injured arm. Mr. H. G. English, the popular riding-master of Cheltenham, tells me that a similar feat was once performed in a room of the 'Bell' Hotel, Leicester.

'Going to the Aylesbury Races' and 'Stabled at Symonds' are two of the subjects in the large sheet of coloured designs by Cuthbert Bradley, published by Messrs. Fores, under the title of 'The Oxford Undergrad.' In Mr. S. Sidney's popular *Book of the Horse* there is a woodcut of 'Simmonds' Horse-block,' with the following description:—'If the hack selected is not more than fourteen hands high the pupil will be able to mount from the ground; but if some artificial aid is required, and if there is no place for the purpose—no bucket without a handle—the Charles Simmonds' horse-step is the best: any carpenter's apprentice can make it in half an hour. It consists of a square box, to which is attached the handle of a hay-rake. It is light and may be moved anywhere at a moment's notice. In use at the stables of Mr. Charles Simmonds, Holywell, Oxford.'

As to the personal appearance of Charles Symonds, his old friend, Mr. English of Cheltenham, tells me, 'He was a short, stout, old-fashioned English gentleman of the old type, with port-wine coloured countenance and a good-natured face; with a most peculiar nervous twitching of the head, neck, and face—no doubt, a nervous affection. He was quite an original in character, full of anecdote, and beloved by all who knew him.' A correspondent at Gloucester sends me the following graphic description of his old friend:—'Charlie Symonds—for he was so lovable that all his friends called him "Charlie," not out of familiarity, but of sheer affection—was a little, rotund man, five feet seven inches in height, with a rosy merry, and kind countenance, rippling with good humour. His face was an index of his mind. He was, if not well-educated, gifted by nature



with such a pleasant and happy mode of expressing his thoughts as to appear even erudite. He could assume the gravity of a Bishop and affect his gait ; in fact, he was often, when done up clerically, white-chokered, &c., absolutely mistaken for one by strangers, to whom, in his fun, when away from home, he would bend and bow *à la* Wilberforce (who was his friend and customer), and of whom he was a fair comedy-mimic. He was very able in word painting, and could so portray the virtues of his horses on sale as to leave it impossible for the buyer even to suspect a fault. The *expressio veri* was his rôle, leaving the *suggestio falsi* to the customer. He was acknowledged to be the most mellifluous salesman (next to Mr. George Reeves, now in his seventh decade) that ever dealt in the purveying of proud and priceless performers ; while "Captain" Billy Wheeler, the round, merry-visaged buyer, who travelled all England in search of what old Jorrocks called "Quads," was as good a buyer as his employer was a seller. There was no better judge of a hunter or a hack in England than Charley Symonds. He insisted on each of his wares having, as he remarked, "what every gentleman should have—good manners," for he knew that when once the customer threw a leg over a well-educated and properly paced horse, he fell in love with him then and there. But he was as good a judge of his customer as he was of the horse the latter wanted ; and, therefore, all who desired to be treated well in horse-dealing, after a proof of his ability and honour, repeated the visit, if their purses suited the market.'

As 'the words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo,' I will merely supplement my correspondent's graphic description of his old friend by the following note and query :— 'The author of *Paradise Lost* wrote an epitaph for Thomas Hobson, the first hirer of hacks, who "lived in Cambridge, and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from College to College to borrow.' With so illustrious a precedent as Milton writing Hobson's epitaph, would any Oxford Newdigate Prize Poet think it altogether beneath him to do a similar office for Charles Symonds, of Oxford ?

## ORKNEY SKERRIES.—‘SPORT WITH THE SEAL.’

*By H. C. BENTLEY.*



BRIGHT sun, a keen, crisp, bracing air, and the sea breaking in myriad tiny, sparkling wavelets, against the stonework of the harbour; above, a clear, grey sky—such a sky as Orkney alone can show when the weather chooses to be more than usually affable—sweeps down to the low-lying stretch of islands, on which the ripening corn grows almost to the very water's edge; the golden grain, relieved here and there by patches of intensely vivid green, which, running far out into the sea, terminate in long, rugged, seaweed-covered reefs and skerries, dear to the ‘stint,’ the seal, and the cormorant. Off the harbour, the few boats sway lazily to and fro to the action of the tide—or ‘roost’ as the Orcadians call it—which, rushing madly in between the islands some two miles distant, flecks the blue waters of the fiord with lines and curves of white. The air is indeed like champagne, and ‘lighter-footed than the fox’ we approach the boat, in which Jansen the keeper sits awaiting us, singing to himself some old Norse tune as he arranges a line destined to lure the unwary ‘sealuck’ (a kind of small ‘coal fish’) to their untimely end. ‘Ye’re late, sirs,’ he says, ‘and I’m thinking the “seal skerries” will be most covered by we get there: but we’re safe to get a shot whatever, tho’ they’re just positeevly certain to sink if ye do hit them when they’re out in deep water——’

‘And I’m not certain of that Keeporr,’ puts in an old weather-beaten individual, answering to the name of ‘Shepherd,’ who has accompanied us to ‘labour in the deep mid-ocean,’ and make himself generally useful, as he takes from our hands various weapons of destruction and deposits them gingerly in the stern. ‘It’s just seven years since a seal was gotten here, and that was killed away in deep water wi’ a silver ball.’

Jansen shakes his head in disbelief, and mutters, ‘The Shepherd just remembers more than he’s ever seen;’ and applying his shoulder to the boat, with two vigorous shoves that make the timbers tremble again, the keel grates harshly against the shingle and we are off.

The inmates of Gronsay’s hospitable mansion on the preceding

night had joined in a somewhat animated discussion as to the possibilities of procuring a specimen of the *Phoca vulgaris*, by which high-sounding appellation the naturalist honours the common or garden seal.

Our host—living as he did for the greater part of the year hard by their haunts, and knowing right well their ‘tricks of cunning’—gave it in his opinion ‘that success would scarcely crown our efforts.’ ‘Lots of ’em about,’ he said; ‘and lots of men here have tried to get ’em, and no doubt a good many seal have been hit, but they’ve always managed to defeat everybody by getting down to the water, and when once in the game’s up. However,’ he wound up, ‘there’s no harm in your trying, and I only hope, if you do go, you’ll be lucky and get one.’

Next morning accordingly saw M—— and myself, accompanied by M——’s sister, who had taken great interest in the debate of the night before upon the various plans of warfare, and who was not at all above taking an oar or occasionally touching a trigger, *en route* for the seal skerries, which are only uncovered at low tide for some two or three hours, and are particularly favoured by the seals, and on which a few days previously (when passing on ‘the Gronsay’ launch) we had counted as many as seventeen, lying out high and dry luxuriating in the rays of the sun. The difficulty was ‘How to get at them.’ From the island they could not be approached, as the Skerries were divided from it by a widish sheet of water, excepting in rare instances of extremely low tide, while the sight of a boat was the signal for every seal to flop from his rock into the water long before it was possible to get within anything like shooting range. This last course, however, was the only one open to us on the present occasion, so taking Jansen’s advice we decided to make a ‘bad best’ of it, and, getting as near to the rocks as we could, drift down past them with the tidal current, which luckily was in our favour.

As it would take a row of some two miles or more to bring us to the Skerries, the ‘sealuck’ line, with its array of big white flies, was dropped astern, and speedily the greedy little fellows were hauled into the boat one, two, and three at a time, although about sunset is *the* time of all others for their capture; indeed it is a most curious sight on any fine summer’s evening to see the number of boats that put out, bristling with as many as seven rods, and all busily engaged in hauling out these most voracious little fish, which bite almost as soon as the line can touch water.

As the autumn approaches they usually get more and more numerous, and so dense were they off Gronsay and Vera the year before—so Jansen informed us—that an ordinary bucket could be let down from the pier and drawn up with a certainty of capture.

‘And it’s just an uncommon gun ye’ve got,’ says the Shepherd, scanning with critical eye the Colt’s lightning magazine rifle that I have brought with me, and which, restocked and sighted by an experienced London maker, will I fondly hope carry death and destruction to the occupants of the skerries, as M—— and myself have during the last three weeks done a considerable amount of shooting with it, both at the cormorant and (in these parts) *not* too confiding bunny.

Suddenly, as we are nearing our goal, our expectations receive a severe shock by Jansen dropping the oars. ‘I said ’twould be no seals ye’d be getting on the skerries the day,’ he remarks; ‘they’re hardly to be seen: ye were too late in comin’ awa’. Weel, weel! we must just tak our chance of a shot on the watter, tho’ it’s no good we shall be doin’, for I doubt ye’ve no got the silver ball the Shepherd was blatherin’ about.’

‘And that would be little good to ye, Keeporr,’ interrupts that individual; ‘for unless ye’d had it wi’ yer inside the walls of the kirk, ye might hae killed the body but ye’d no hae killed the *speerit*.’

‘*Possessed*, I suppose, like Mr. Baillie’s daughter,’ says M——, at which there is a laugh; the reason of which I must explain.

Some few months back the island of Gronsay possessed a ‘pastor,’ one Mr. Baillie, who, differing greatly from the orthodox type of Orcadian elders, had caused no inconsiderable amount of excitement amongst his congregation by reason of his many eccentricities and extraordinary plain-speaking when in the pulpit. So greatly indeed were his ‘sayings and doings’ noised abroad, that on the ‘Sabbath,’ boats might be seen arriving from far and wide, and his kirk was consequently crowded enough to satisfy the heart of any fashionable West-end shepherd.

He was blessed (?) with two fine strapping daughters, who, according to general opinion, led him a terrible dance; for, as he himself had been heard to asseverate, ‘he never knew what it was they’d be doin’ next.’ Trouble fell upon this worthy man in the shape of a stalwart blacksmith, who, like ‘the young Lochinvar,’ would not be denied in his wooing, and who, before the pastor had the slightest idea of what was going on, was ‘o’er the water and awa’ with the youngest and best-looking of



his two girls, and ‘safely made one’ in Kirkwall. Terrible was the wrath of the bereaved parent at the discovery of his loss, and the way in which the disciple of the anvil had done him; and for no less than three days the crofters saw not the light of his countenance, as he remained obstinately shut up in his mansion.

Now, in Orkney there is an ancient and abiding custom, that the first Sunday after the marriage ceremony has been performed the happy pair should appear at the church at which the fair one has always been accustomed to attend. Imagine then the astonishment and dismay of the congregation when, on the ensuing Sabbath, the service having been well commenced, the lately-wedded lady marched boldly up the aisle with her ‘gudeman,’ looking considerably shamefaced, on her arm, and took her own seat in the front pew, just under her father’s nose.

To the inflexible elder’s credit be it said that he never paused nor faltered in the doctrine he was giving forth—indeed it seemed as if he had scarcely noticed such an unwelcome as unexpected addition to his flock. But when the time approached for the discourse, when with firm steps he mounted the pulpit, first looking round in silence on the wondering and expectant congregation until his eyes rested full upon his unfortunate son-in-law (who looked very much as if he was going to make a bolt of it), he thundered forth his text: ‘*My daughter* (a long silence) is grievously vexed with a deevil——!’ The secondly, thirdly, and in conclusion, of an address so begun must be left to imagination.

We have been rowing steadily on, and are now off the Skerries, which, save for one or two rocks covered with long brown weed, are completely covered. The men have shipped their oars, and are looking steadily about them. The rifle is loaded full up with cartridges, and I am much tempted to ‘loose it’ into a long string of mallards that sweep past just out of gunshot. Several old cormorants flap slowly past and take their places in a tremendous line sitting out at the end of the island. Jansen calls our attention to the mirage which is making the little isle of Eyn Hallow appear as if standing out in the sky and high above the water, and while contemplating the extraordinary illusion my arm is suddenly touched by the Shepherd. ‘Seal!’ he says in a hoarse whisper; and there some sixty yards away, and coming swiftly towards us, is a large black head, sailing rather than swimming through the water. Taking as steady an aim as I can, I fire; but simultaneously with the plash of the bullet in the water comes the larger splash of the seal’s tail as it dives far



After him said Jansson

Exander



under the surface. ‘Over him,’ says Jansen; ‘but I didn’t expect different wi’ the motion the boat’s makin’. ‘Dash the brutes!’ said M——. ‘I don’t suppose we shall get one this way. How would it be if we landed at the end of the island and waited for them there; at any rate we should be able to aim properly without all this jumping up and down.’ But in Jansen’s opinion we shall get better chances where we are, so we decide to remain; and for some time an unbroken silence is preserved, save for the water breaking gently against the boat’s sides and the cries of the various sea-birds circling around us. All at once a large black head appears again, quickly followed by another this time, quite close to us; but before I can lift the rifle to my shoulder they have gone, sinking quietly below the surface. Scarcely a minute, however, has passed before they are up again, but a considerable distance away, and now they begin a rare game of romps, ‘Catch who catch can’ apparently being the game played at, as they chase one another about, never resting for an instant, diving every now and again to arise after some eight or ten seconds, and having rare larks all round. We are intently watching them when we become aware that another and larger head has appeared on the scene, and nearer to us than the others. It is about seventy yards off, and we can see quite plainly the black, beady eyes, and the sleek head glistening in the sun. ‘Now or never is the chance.’ ‘Stand up!’ ‘Don’t hurry!’ ‘Bang!’ ‘You’ve missed him!’ ‘Yes!’ ‘No!’ What is that black mass turning slowly over on the surface, and that crimson stain gradually spreading for yards over the water? ‘We’ve got him!’ ‘Row like mad, and get him into the boat before he sinks.’ Dead he was, sure enough; the bullet had entered at the back of the head and come out by the nose, and with much noise and shouting he was seized and hauled into the boat, turning out to be an unusually large and (according to Jansen) ancient member of the tribe; subsequent measurements proving him to be 4 feet 6 inches long by nearly 3 feet girth. Meanwhile, after the excitement caused by our unexpected success had somewhat abated, we could not help noticing the extraordinary behaviour of one of our party, for no sooner had the seal been hauled into the boat than the Shepherd, after narrowly observing it as if to satisfy himself it showed no signs of returning animation, took up his position in the stern, seemingly lost in meditation.

‘Of course,’ said M——, as we returned to the boat an hour or



so later, after a walk over one of the islands, during which we had picked up seven couples of snipe, a duck, and one or two green-shanks and stint, and pointing at the Shepherd, who was still sitting gloomily watching the dead body—‘I can understand his being so dejected; all his theories about silver balls and the rest of it are gone to the winds. “Well, Shepherd, the seal is still there, I suppose? Dead, all right?”’

‘It’s mebbe all right, and it’s mebbe all wrong!’ returned that worthy, solemnly; ‘and it’s just thinking I’ve been as who it will be we’ve got with us in the boat, and I’m no verra certain but it will be the schulemaister as put himself away three year ago and drowned himself. I just obsairve a great resemblance!’

‘But why should the poor schoolmaster have turned into a seal?’ we ask.

‘And it’s just every one that well knows the speerits of the drowned persons go into the seals,’ returns the Shepherd, obviously nettled at our ignorance. ‘Have ye no heard of the seal wife—the same that lived at Kirkwall for fifty year? No? Then I’ll just tell it you.’ And as Jansen rowed us back across the waters of the fiord, he related, although in somewhat different language, the following seal legend:—

‘It was many years ago, when my grandfather was quite a young man, that a fisherman (one Eric Petersen) was out in his boat, alone on the waters of the fiord. It was “midsummer’s eve,” the hour was late, and his companions had all returned to their homes; but times were hard, and Eric was poor, having been for some time completely out of luck, all he could do being to keep body and soul together: indeed, his daily bread depended upon the fish that he could bring home. Darker grew the night, and darker still, when he observed with astonishment a great fire burning brightly upon one of the islands, before which he could see many figures—male and female—passing and repassing in quick succession. Noiselessly and with the utmost caution he brought his boat to the shore and landed, and for some time watched the revellers as they danced together in the glow of the ruddy firelight. To his horror and dismay he noticed among the giddy throng several of his old companions, who he knew full well had lost their lives in a storm only the year before, and who he himself had assisted to lay in the churchyard in Kirkwall. So terrified was he at this discovery that he turned to regain his boat, when he beheld but a few paces from him a long row of sealskins, by which was sitting an aged woman, who, pointing to one of the smallest of the skins, bade him take and

throw it into the sea, and it would bring him the good fortune he wished for. Though sorely afraid, he succeeded in obeying her command, and scarcely had he done so when he heard the clock of St. Magnus, far away over the waters, strike the hour of midnight, causing the utmost consternation to the crowd of dancers, who rushed from the fire, and, each one seizing a sealskin, plunged into the sea and disappeared, leaving a young and lovely maiden alone on the rocks, rushing wildly to and fro, weeping and wringing her hands. Still greatly fearing, he accosted her, and at length persuaded her to accompany him in his boat back to Kirkwall, where a short time afterwards they were married. From that day luck changed for Eric, and from being the poorest, he rapidly became one of the richest men in Orkney. As year after year passed away he became the father of a numerous family, and though he was rapidly growing into an old man, yet his wife remained young and beautiful as on the morning he found and brought her home. At length, and on an evil day for Eric, one of the children expressed a wish to see the place where their mother had been discovered, and the father agreeing, one bright and sunny day the whole family put off to sea, and before long reached the island. Scarcely had they landed when the youngest child, rushing to his mother, brought to her a sealskin that he had found on the beach, when, turning deathly white, and with a piercing shriek, before her husband could reach her, she had enveloped herself in the skin, and plunged far underneath the blue and shining waters.'

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## BADGERING IN THE WEST.

*By 'DOOKER.'*

*'Ivy Cottage, May 12th, 1885.*

'DEAR OLD CHAP,—Come down and see us, and brush the cobwebs out of your brain. I'll show you a novel kind of 'hunting' and give you some trout-fishing, so pack up and come to

Yours ever, C. VANSTONE.'

**T**HIS was the missive that greeted me one morning in my chambers, where, after breakfasting, I was preparing for my day's work. Such an invitation was most enticing, particularly as, owing to the dryness of an excessively dry lawsuit in which I had been retained as counsel, I felt the need of some slight relaxation. It didn't take

me long to make up my mind, so despatching the following laconic telegram to my friend—‘All right ; will be at C—— at 2.20 to-morrow’—I addressed myself to my work. Sporting instincts, however, were strong in my mind, and, do what I would, I seemed unable to concentrate my attention on the points under my consideration. What was the ‘novel sort of hunting?’ I had ‘pursued’ the stag over the breezy wilds of Exmoor, the fox, the hare, and the otter, in various counties. I had ‘stuck’ pigs in the gorgeous East, and ‘run’ buffaloes over the wide prairies of the West, and had frequently even thoroughly enjoyed a day’s rat-catching when no better sport offered ; so what could this ‘novel sort of hunting’ be?

The following day (having packed my portmanteau, not forgetting my little split-cane ‘Ogden’ rod and my fly-book), saw me at noon whirling along the L. & S. W. line, *en route* for my destination. The country was in all the bloom and freshness of a May morning. Trees and hedges were in full leaf, grass and arable fields looked equally green ; birds were singing and lambs frisking in the meadows—*very unlike* ‘hunting’ in the general acceptance of the word. In due course I arrived at C——, and found my friend awaiting me in a very smart little trap, and between the shafts a rare-looking pony. Now, I *never* could resist ‘looking over’ anything in the shape of horse-flesh, no matter where I was or how I might be engaged, and making my remarks thereon. So, after the first greetings were over, and I was waiting for my *impedimenta* to be brought from the opposite platform, I began with,—

‘That’s a good little bit of stuff of yours, old man.’

‘Nay, Henry, cease ! Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace !’ laughingly rejoined my friend ; adding, ‘Come, jump in ! Here are all your “goods and chattels,” and as there is a six-mile drive before us, you’ll have ample time to discuss Miss Bessie’s good and bad points to your heart’s content.’

Obeying his injunctions, the somewhat impatient Miss Bessie soon settled down into a good nine-mile-an-hour trot.

I presently asked what the ‘novel sort of hunting’ was, and what was the animal we were to pursue?

‘Badger,’ replied Vanstone. ‘But you’ll know all about it early to-morrow morning ; so I shan’t tell you anything more now.’

In due time we arrived at Ivy Cottage, a snug little house embowered in the creeper from which it derived its name, and received a warm welcome from Vanstone’s good little wife, who was as keen in all matters connected with sport as her husband.

Having done justice to a capital lunch—a cut from a home-fed, home-cured ham, some ‘blue-vinney *Darset*’ cheese, washed down with some excellent cider, and just *one* glass of brown sherry to ‘correct the acidity!’—I was conducted round the estate.

First we visited the stables, which, in addition to the aforementioned Miss Bessie, contained two well-shaped, clean-looking hunters, summering in their loose boxes ; then the kennel, where a brace of pointers and a retriever were vainly endeavouring to get their master to let them out for a run ; next the pig-styes, where some well-bred Berkshires were preparing for bacon ; and finally wound up with the garden and the Jersey cows, on which my friend specially prided himself.

It was now about 5 p.m., so it was suggested we should walk down to the river, some three-quarters of a mile distant, and have a cast or two in order to provide some fish for dinner. Nothing loth, I assented, and by the aid of a ‘blue upright’ and ‘olive dive,’ our creels contained a dozen speckled beauties (whose golden bellies denoted them in the height of condition), weighing from a quarter to three-quarter pounds each, when we returned home about 7.30 p.m.

After a capital dinner, washed down with a bottle of Heidseck and one of ‘Pontet Canet,’ we two males retired to the smoking-room, Mrs. Vanstone laughingly enjoining us not to drink too many B. and S.’s, and that she would expect us to be ready to start at 12.30. In the meantime, *she* was going to have a nap !

The time passed pleasantly, talking over old days and re-counting sporting yarns till midnight, when Vanstone said,—

‘Now, old chap, cut up to your room, put on a good thick pair of shooting-boots, some old togs, and a pair of gaiters ; in fact, be prepared to face a rough country *on your own legs* !

At 12.30 punctually Mrs. Vanstone appeared, attired in a short striped petticoat, good stout boots, a rakish-looking hat, and a well-fitting tweed jacket, with a strong ash stick in her hand ; in fact, looking like ‘going’ all over. Coffee was presently brought in, and very acceptable it proved before facing the chill night air : moreover, it tended to waken one up a bit !

The everlasting Miss Bessie soon brought round the cart, and Mrs. Vanstone assumed the reins, the post of honour by her side having been assigned to me, off we started for the meet at ‘Lambert’s Castle,’ some nine miles distant. The roads were rough and the hills appalling in their steepness, so it was 2.30 a.m. before we arrived at the old farm-house, where the kind and considerate ‘Squire’ of the estate over which we were going



to hunt had hot tea and coffee ready, besides spirituous liquors for those who preferred them.

During the drive, and whilst we were walking up the *very* numerous hills to ease Miss Bessie of her load, Vanstone described to me the *modus operandi* of badger-hunting as practised in these parts, which was as follows:—

‘A moonlight night is ‘chosen, and the earths for some distance round are “stopped” about 11 p.m. As the dawn breaks the hounds are “thrown off” at the most frequented earth, and then, if the badger is absent on some nocturnal foray, digging out a nest of young rabbits, or committing some such enormity, you’ll hear, as the scent is picked up, a crash of “music” that will cause your blood to tingle and make you long to have a good horse under you—though I needn’t tell you the horse would be of precious little use.

‘The badger is perhaps half a mile away, when suddenly the faint sound of the horn and the note of a hound is borne on his by no means slumbering senses by the morning breeze, and he makes off for the nearest covert, or earth. “Hang it all!” he growls in badger language, “it’s stopped!” and off he goes to the next, with a like result; and so on, all closed! Beginning to get desperate, he bundles across the open to a more distant one, and a pretty good pace he can go, I can tell you—though you’d hardly think it. Alas! this last refuge is closed also, and the cry of the pack comes nearer and nearer. He is beginning to get hot and fagged, and tries the shelter of a thick, brambly, double bank; but it is of no avail, his bloodthirsty foes are upon him, and then it’s a case of whoo-whoop! worry-worry-worry! and he is soon a “hundred tatters of grey,” fighting gamely to the last, like the plucky animal he is.’

Arrived at the meet, we found some twenty-five or thirty of ‘all sorts and conditions of men’ assembled, and in the dim light we all looked much like a band of conspirators, or, less romantically speaking, a lot of poachers! Presently the sound of a horn is heard, and in a few minutes the Master of the Badger Hounds drives up—a fair, good-looking man, ‘rayther” stout for running, but, I heard, a good one across country when hunting his own harriers—an excellent pack, with a lovely grass country in which to disport themselves. Greetings having been exchanged, and the prospects of sport discussed, a start was made. The doors of a loose box being thrown open, out rushed ten couples of hounds with a merry cry.



Hang it all! it's stopped!

CHERRY BROS.





'Down, Custom! down, Lavish! Yooi, Lavender, good leetle betch!' exclaims the M. B. H. as his favourites nearly overwhelm him in their delight at his presence.

'Now, gentlemen, we'll make a move, please; and,' he adds, 'I must beg you all to be quiet.'

And now, a word to describe the pack, which was a decidedly 'scratch' one, though very 'varmint' and killing looking. First and foremost comes that tried veteran, old Custom, a draft from the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. This is his third season with the badger pack, to whom he acts as 'schoolmaster.' Then a couple and a half from Mr. Collier's otter-hounds (foxhounds really); two and a half couple from the Cattistock (Lord Guilford's killing pack), amongst whom Chorus subsequently distinguishes herself; two couple from the Blackmoor Vale; one from the South and West Wilts; whilst the remaining two and a half couples are made up with drafts from the Master's own pack and the Cotley Harriers (a neighbouring and excellent pack, kept and hunted by a thorough sportsman, Mr. T. Eames). Amongst the auxiliary forces are three broken-haired fox terriers, regular varmints and nailers to fight, as testified by their scarred noses and bodies.

Such were the component parts of the Badger pack.

After walking along the Axminster and Bridport high road for about a quarter of a mile, we diverged to the right, over a stile, across a couple of 'grass grounds,' or meadows—the hounds and silent 'field' looking very weird and ghostlike in the moonlight that preceded the coming dawn; and as the first faint streak of daylight appeared in the east, and the larks and all the feathered tribe began their morning hymns, we threw off at the main earths, which were situated among some stunted gorse and bracken on the slope of a steep hill. Hounds spread and tried, and we could see one or two feathering on a line. Presently, old Custom's deep voice proclaimed that he had been the fortunate one to hit the drag. 'Hooic to Custom—Hooic!' rang out the Master's cheer on the clear morning air, and the rest of the pack rushing up and getting a whiff of the (to them) intoxicating scent, there was presently a lovely burst of music, that must have awoken Rip Van Winkle himself had he been anywhere in the neighbourhood. The line led along the slope of the hill, and the rough grass and bracken, with an occasional patch of heather, carried a rare scent. For about three quarters of a mile hounds *raced*; at last we came to a road which brought their



noses down, and a welcome check ensued. Gallant (one of the harriers) hit off the line, and away we went again, though at a slower pace, across a ploughed field, then over a 'grass ground' until we again emerged on to the open down, consisting of rough grass and heather. Here scent improved, and the 'field' began to *tail* perceptibly, and much sighing and groaning ensued, particularly amongst the *stout brigade*; of which, I regret to say, I formed one.

At the end of the down the ground dropped abruptly, and being loth to run down a hill merely to have, in all probability, to run up again, I pulled up, preferring to have a bird's-eye view of the chase. On went the hounds, threading their way through the tangled gorse, briers, and bracken, that clothed the hillside, down to a grass vale, over enormous doubles, across a dingle, or 'goyle' (as they are termed in these parts) till I saw them check close to a small spinney. Up to this point only some half-dozen were anywhere near the pack, but amongst them was my friend's wife, and to poor fat me it seemed incomprehensible how the little lady ran as she did—crashing in and out of the big doubles in a manner that threatened utter destruction to her garments, taking her own line and refusing all proffered assistance.

To resume—presently I saw the whip cast the hounds, and they soon hit off the line again, and, to my intense delight, I saw them coming back straight towards me. Up they came very slowly till they reached the top of the hill. Then I saw the hackles of the leading hound rise, and as they dashed over the opposite brow I put my best leg foremost and got up in time to hear a lovely chorus, which, as the pack dashed into a bramble-covered pit, suddenly deepened into a savage roar!

'Whoo-whoop! whoo-whoop! they've got him!' yells the whip (an active young fellow, who could run like a deer, and was always with his hounds), plunging into the thicket. And so it was; they had hold of a fine old dog-badger. *Killing* him, however, was another thing. Over and over he was rolled, and hound after hound was beaten off yelping, till at last, one of the terriers fastening on and pluckily declining to let go, in spite of tremendous punishment, Lavish got a chance, and seizing Mr. Badger by the brisket, soon killed him, assisted by the rest of the pack. With difficulty the pack were whipped off, whilst the rites of the chase were performed, a hound rushing in every now and then and giving his defunct foe a savage shake. I have seen a good many foxes broken up in my life, but never *did* I

see hounds so mad on their game as in the present instance. At last, all the trophies being secured, the pack were allowed their well-earned, but rather strongly-flavoured breakfast (by-the-by I was told that badger-ham is not half bad eating. Query? Doubtful), and soon the remains of the badger had disappeared down a score of canine throats.

The distance run must have been quite five miles, as the hounds ran; time, about forty-five minutes—not so bad, considering the rough and hilly nature of the ground, and that the ‘field’ were only mounted on that most enduring of animals, ‘Shanks’s mare!’

The sun had now risen in all his glory, lighting up ‘Golden Cap’ and Eggardon Hill, away in the Cattistock country; whilst away in the far distance the Bill of Portland could be dimly discerned jutting out into the Channel beyond the far-famed and ill-renowned Chesil Beach. A glorious view, truly, and well worth the sleepless night and early start, to view such a glorious panorama. Pipes being lit, the run discussed, and attention being drawn to this or that hound’s particular merit, a start was made for another draw. The courteous Master, having presented me with a pad as a memento of the day (Mrs. Vanstone rightly earned the prime trophy—the head), strongly urged my coming on; but as I had to be in London that night, I reluctantly was obliged to refuse, and tear myself away. A pleasant drive back to Ivy Cottage, through deep shady lanes, past fern-covered banks, all glistening with the morning dew; a tub and a good breakfast; and then a few hours later saw me *en route* for smoky, dirty, but dear old London, rather sleepy and tired, but having thoroughly enjoyed my ‘Day’s Badgering in the West.’

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## FOOTBALL.

By FREDERICK GALE.

**T**HE times can’t be worse, and England is going to the dogs,’ is now the common cry, and at certain periods has been the common cry in England; but, amidst this prophesied fall of a nation, English people find time and money for sports of all kinds. A new word is becoming common, and it is a very expressive word—‘a boom.’ The boxing ‘boom’ now is getting a little stale as an expensive exhibition, but it has done an immense amount of good by giving a

‘fillip’ to the noble art of self-defence ; and now at music-halls and all public places a bout with the gloves often forms part of the evening’s entertainment ; and my experience has been, that you see much better sport—and for a small sum, too—between the light or middle-weight men, whose names are little known, and who mean business, than between two of those whose followers and whose weapons seem more to consist of pens and ink than what old *Bell’s Life* used to call their ‘mauleys.’

This, however, has nothing to do with football, which is diametrically opposite to prize-fighting in one particular ; namely, that the ‘Knights of the Knuckle’ want to limit the number of spectators to a select family party of their own choosing, as both sides seem to have mistrust of each other, like a lot of pickpockets who have a little ready money, and all want to stand in the rear rank, so as not to have their neighbours’ eyes and fingers behind them ; whereas in football the players are ready and willing to perform before ten or sometimes fifteen thousand spectators. The reason is obvious, and it is this : they feel sure of fair play at football. It is certainly within a period of a quarter of a century that football has become a great national sport ; and the secret of it is, that all England was of one mind that there should be uniformity in rules and practice : hence ‘The Football Association’ and ‘The Rugby Football Union’ sprang up. The first resuscitation of football as a popular national sport began with our public schoolmen at the Universities principally. The enormous increase of large schools in England, founded on the lines of the few old public schools, necessarily created an increased race of young athletes ; and schoolmasters, who were anxious to raise their schools to the same stamp as those whose names and history were world-known, soon discovered that the best antidotes to effeminacy and vice were manly sports of all kinds ; and although not put forward as part of the curriculum ostensibly, they knew that to many fathers, good cricket, football, and athletics generally, were an inducement to send their sons to their schools—the experience of life being, that amongst the most prominent leaders of manly sports, are, and always have been, many of the most prominent scholars.

The wonderful spread of cricket alone is proved by the fact, that whereas many years ago the University elevens were mainly composed of old Winchester, Eton, and Harrow men, because then these schools played together for a week at Lord’s, and the

captain at the Universities came from one of these schools ; now, in the eleven of either University you will find regular medley teams of men from schools in various parts of England. This has been a grand thing for amateur cricket. Just so at Oxford and Cambridge, there has been an inundation of athletes from all parts of England ; and amongst other pastimes football took root and quickly spread in London and elsewhere, and all classes went mad about it. And now, if you take up a sporting paper on a Saturday morning, you may find two hundred matches advertised, which, probably, do not represent a tithe of those played in the United Kingdom on public grounds, and at schools on Saturday afternoons. In fact, football is now quite as much a national game as cricket. The large towns where factories exist are great hotbeds of football—in the Northern and Midland Counties especially ; and the ‘crack teams’ are trained—professionals being allowed in the Association Game—as much as running or rowing men. In some towns they commonly get ten thousand people at grand matches ; and the admission being frequently threepence only, the sight is within the reach of the multitude. When these Northern and Midland teams come south, special trains are run at low fares ; and to show how keen are those interested, on one occasion at the Oval over sixteen thousand people passed through the gate, two thirds of whom, probably, had ‘coom oop,’ as they call it, by special trains. It is a great pleasure to hear the Northern dialect and the quaint remarks, and to witness the mad enthusiasm of the visitors. Although it would be absurd to suppose that they have not ‘got a trifle on’ their side, I firmly believe that a ‘dollar’ or ‘half-dollar,’—as they call our weightier silver coins,—on the match, represent the fullest amount of speculation amongst nine tenths of them. Anyhow, the game is not influenced by money.

Saturday, Feb. 11th, is a day to be marked with a white stone. It was a wretched day up to three o’clock, cold and pouring rain predominating, on the occasion of a match between Preston North End and the Corinthians, which latter team have made a great name in the South. It was almost a match between gentlemen and players. Just before commencing, the weather held up, and the game was played in the dry and with a fair light. Moreover, after the match, for the first time, I found a good grill-room at the Oval, where you can get a capital dinner ; after which, I went to a pantomime, where I found the



dear old-fashioned big masks as of yore: so I am cheerful generally as I write this.

The course was wet, but did not appear to be so slippery as to much affect the running. The Preston North End is one of the most famous teams; the Aston Villas and West Bromwich Albion, probably being two which, also, might be bracketed with them.

For the benefit of those who have not followed the Association football critically, it may be as well to state briefly the main points in the game. The golden rule of the game is, that on no consideration shall any player touch the ball with his hands, except the man in goal; and it is a game of passing the ball down to the goal by combination of the players, as much as of hard kicking. The side is divided into quasi-sailors' watches, whose names speak for themselves—two backs, three half-backs, one centre, two right wings, two left wings, and goal, who stands in front of his goal, and who with hands, or any part of his body, may prevent the ball passing through, and who may throw it with his hands in front of him if he has not time for kicking, or prefers that mode to kicking. The ball being very light and elastic, the players use their heads as much as their feet. In the days of my boyhood, when the leathern case was saturated in water before being blown, until it was the substance of a crumpet, and very heavy, being made of horse-hide, inflated with a wet bladder, any one butting the ball with his head would have found his chin driven into his stomach, or his neck broken and lying on his shoulder. The object of both sides, of course, is to cover the ground as much as possible by spreading out, and this is so effectually done by good players that it is seldom that a ball goes through a goal from anything like a long kick, and most goals are won by the ball being carefully passed and nursed by two or three players in combination. Of course sometimes a player will come charging down, and may have the good luck to get through the other side, and have no one between him and the goal, except the 'goal' himself, and possibly may get a goal single-handed; but as a rule it is done by passing, which requires utter unselfishness, and a wonderful quick eye, head, and nerve. You may see two or three of a side near one another, one of whom is dribbling the ball, and just as the spectators are anxious for him to kick—as it looks a certainty that two opponents who are close must take it from him—he quietly passes it with his foot to a confederate, half a second before he is cut over (as, perhaps, he inevitably must be by the

man who charges him) is knocked over and picks himself up, and is back again in a moment, when his confederate passes the ball back to him. He sees a friend on his left or right, as the case may be, nearer the goal, and kicks the ball towards him. His friend takes the running up, probably waited upon, on either side, by two who have run up with him, and then comes the struggle for goal. There is some luck about it, as there may be an opening or may not, or in the excitement the player may kick wide of the posts; but play and condition *must* tell in the long-run.

The match I have alluded to on February 11th happens to have been one-sided, as the Northerners won by four goals to one; but they had to work very hard for what they got. Having been captain of football for two seasons at school, with an intense love of the game as a boy, I am like an old war-horse at a football match; and although the game is different from the old Winchester game, pluck and science are the same in all ages, and those are the main requisites. Now I don't want to crack up the Preston North End against any other Northern team, but the constant *habitués* at football matches and known experts, on whose opinions I rely, all agreed that the strategy and science of the game, with clever combinations between players on a side, were never better displayed than by the North-Enders on that Saturday. Their play was admirably fair, and quite devoid of roughness. There was much admirable play by the Corinthians, but they had not been regularly trained like the Northern; and one of their best men was lame, and condition goes a long way. In speaking of passing the ball it must be borne in mind, that unless a player runs down with the ball he is 'off-side,' and cannot kick it if he is lying in wait near the opponent's goal, and has not three opponents between himself and it when he goes into action. This is just the reverse of Lacrosse, in which game you may be right up to the goal, or even behind the goal, and hook the ball through. Football, especially amongst the large manufacturing towns, has supplied a great want, which was felt when the prize-ring proper died of inanition, owing to besting and crosses, and falling into hands of sporting publicans and betting-men. There were hundreds of fights for small sums which were never heard of in days gone by; and fighting was a common sport, and noblemen and gentlemen stuck up for the ring to the last—until it became thoroughly blackguard—because it was based on fair play and conduced to manly courage, and was regulated by good laws. Now, all the qualities of a prize-fighter,

such as courage, science, and quickness, are embodied in football ; and it is a cheap sport within the reach of all, and much to be encouraged and commended. We can't help it, but sharing the gate is very general ; and so it *must* be, as the expense of bringing teams long distances is very great. Nevertheless, football is a fair, manly sport.

Some Clubs have professionals ; in fact, very many professionals exist in the North. So be it, if they play fairly. If any one plays 'brutally' he can be ordered out for unfair play, and ought to be : but 'brutal' play is an exception, and so is interference with the referee. Such things have occurred, but there must be spots on the sun sometimes. As a whole football is remarkable, not only for fair play but also for admirable good temper under difficulties.

There is a little hint, perhaps, which some players require, and which I am sure they will take in good part ; which is, 'Never shout for "hands" unless you are sure that the appeal is just.' The custom is as dishonest as shouting 'How's that?' is in a cricketer, who is trying to get a verdict from an umpire, or rather 'snapping a judgment.' As to the enthusiastic crowd, they are always umpiring for their own side, and sometimes give a groan for an adverse decision ; but that is only from mad excitement. In football there are two umpires and a referee, and I cannot help thinking that a referee is badly wanted in cricket in these days, when some umpires' decisions are astounding.

The Rugby game is a specialty of its own, and I believe that they do not admit professionals. Their game is as much played with hands as the Association game is the reverse. Their football is like a Portugal grape ; the Association ball is like a melon. I do not know the laws, but as regards pluck and courage they are as much in evidence in the Rugby as in the Association game. The scrimmage is very like the 'hot' in the old Winchester game—twenty-two a side (which was not often played, six a side being the favourite game—and tremendous work it was), where the game might almost at intervals have been played without a ball as with ; as all you knew was that you were with your head down in a steaming mob, shoving somewhere without seeing the ball. The man who picks up the ball and bolts with it, in the Rugby game, might make a first-class light-footed burglar ; and the man who runs after him and collars him would make a first-rate Policeman X., who belongs to a class who do not all resemble the bounding deer. There

have been, and sometimes are, bad, and even fatal accidents, at both games of football, which excite the indignation of coroners' juries, who are called together hundreds of times on occasions of fatal accidents in hunting, shooting, bathing, skating, and boating, to one about a football accident. I believe half the fatal accidents have occurred because the unfortunate victim was constitutionally unfit. Unless a man is hard as nails he should let football alone. To young fellows who play football I should recommend them to live at least six miles from their place of business, if possible; to walk each way in an hour and a half; to avoid music-halls, theatres, and hot rooms, and to live very plainly; and if they have the pluck to do so, to abstain entirely from spirits, and to be very sparing in the use of fermented liquors of all kinds, barring burying their heads in a pot of shandy-gaff when the game is over—a luxury which I envy them; (and I recommend their putting down not less than a quart at the first pull after winning a match); to lather themselves all over every morning in tepid water and soap (carbolic soap or Pears' preferred), before tubbing; to play a couple of Cockle's pills when in doubt; and if they fancy that they have a cold to take a teaspoonful of quinine and nitre in half a wineglass of water when they get into bed; to smoke nothing but mild tobacco, such as returns, in a pipe that draws well, and is *not* saturated with oil; and above all things to eschew cigarettes and cigars; to wear nothing but hand-knit woollen socks and thick-soled boots, winter and summer; and if sensitive to cold to wear a Life Guardsman's cuirass of red felt, back and front, which covers chest and lungs, all the year round. A man may be as strong as a lion, but he wants his lungs well protected.

From very long experience I can attest—being pretty long in the tooth—that any one can keep in fair training, winter and summer, by following out the above suggestions. Of course I don't walk twelve miles a-day; but if I played football I would do so. I can do my five-and-twenty miles easily now, taking my time. There is one thing to be remembered about Association football, which is, that its resuscitation is mainly due to the long exertions of Mr. C. W. Alcock, the Secretary to the Surrey Club, who is now Secretary to the Football Association; and his main backer, Major Marrendin, R.E., has been godfather to all his efforts. Long may both games, Rugby and Association, flourish!



# A HAPPY THOUGHT; OR, A LAY OF THE FIRST OF APRIL.

By MAURICE NOEL.

**T** WAS on a First of April morn that William gave a snore,  
And he would probably have given very many more,  
When from the pillow suddenly he lifted up his head,  
Awakened by a rattle at the casement near his bed.  
It sounded like the dashing of a sheet of heavy rain,  
When driven by a fitful gust against the window-pane!  
But the morning was so beautiful, it couldn't have been that,  
So he looked into the stable-yard and saw a little hat.  
And underneath the little hat he saw the pretty face  
Of Dorothy, the dairymaid belonging to the place.  
He saw an arm uplifted, and he noticed that her hand  
Was full of what had made the noise that woke him—namely, sand.  
Now William was not very wise, he had not been to school,  
And people frequently observed that he was half a fool.  
He was an awkward kind of lout—a chaw-bacon—but still  
He worshipped Dolly, who, alas! did *not* admire Will.  
So when he saw the pretty maid he only grinned at her,  
And wondered why so very early she should be astir.  
But Dolly, at the moment that she saw him, shouted, 'Will,  
Come down directly, if you please, the brindled cow is ill.'  
Then William bundled out of bed, and being in a fright,  
He hurried to the milking-yard with all the speed he might,  
For he was given charge of all his master's cows, and so  
What he should do if any died he really didn't know.  
And running up to Dorothy beside the brindled cow  
He cried, 'Whatever do 'ee think can be the matter now?'  
'She doesn't give a drop of milk,' said Dolly—'only try.'  
And so he did, but all in vain, the cow was really dry.  
'Aw dear!' cried William ruefully, 'whatever made her so?'  
'I did,' laughed Dolly, 'when I milked her, half an hour ago!'  
And added, as she gave a little curtsy and withdrew,  
'This is the First of April and I've made a fool of you!'  
On hearing this poor William was a miserable wight,  
He knew the neighbours all around would laugh at him ere night;  
And he was wishing heartily he'd never left his bed,  
When suddenly there came a happy thought into his head.  
The hounds that morning were to meet within a mile or so,  
He might *pretend* to see a fox, and give a view-halloo.  
He fancied—and he gave a grin exceptionally wide—  
That if he fooled the hunt he'd have the laugh upon his side.



And so he turned to run away, but  
though he ran with speed  
He quickly found that things were  
going very wrong indeed.



And so the time appointed found our William at the place ;  
 The hounds were drawing—expectation shone in every face ;  
 When from the corner where the hounds had first been cheered to go,  
 There came a spirit-stirring sound—the cry of ‘Tally-ho !’  
 The huntsman, very much surprised, rode quickly to the shout,  
 The fox had broken up the wind—he couldn’t make it out ;  
 But seeing Will’s uplifted hat he bustled down the ride,  
 And crying, ‘Where’s he broken?’ landed neatly at his side.  
 Said William, then, in answer—and it sounded rather cool—  
 ‘I haven’t seen a fox at all, and you be April fool.’  
 The huntsman’s wrath was speechless, but he gathered up his thong,  
 And William gathered even then that things were going wrong ;  
 And so he turned to run away, but though he ran with speed,  
 He quickly felt that things were going very wrong indeed.  
 About his head and shoulders, midst a hurricane of oaths,  
 He felt the heavy hunting-lash that cut him through his clothes.  
 At last, convulsed with agony, he clambered o’er a gate,  
 When, bending on the top to dodge a stinger on the pate,  
 He gave the huntsman just the chance he’d wanted all along,  
 And right across the other end he felt the double thong.  
 Then William tumbled off the gate, and rolled about in pain,  
 And when at last he made a shift to shuffle home again,  
 He couldn’t find for many days a comfortable stool,  
 And never, never tried to make another April fool.

## TOO NEAR NOTTINGHAM.

By ‘LEATHERHUNTER.’



ONE evening at ‘The Uplands,’ not far from Whissendine, our host, Fred Allen, Willie Poles, Joe Henton the steeplechase rider, and yours truly, were smoking, and, *pour passer le temps*, wishing the aforesaid ‘Uplands’ contained a billiard-room.

‘Tell us that tale, L——, about Goadby—that one you were going to give us when you were stopped by the arrival of the post,’ said Poles.

‘I second that,’ cries Allen : ‘the Goadby yarn by all means.’

‘Well, I’ll tell you the yarn, as you call it ; but I give you fair warning it has nothing to do with the Gorse, nor yet with the Bullimore : in fact, it’s “Flannel,” not “Scarlet.”’

‘Fire away, then ; anything’s better than nothing.’

‘You remember the year there was a split in the Nottingham team, when seven of the eleven went under canvas on “the



Sacred Hill." It happened that year that round about Goadby there were a lot of good second-rate cricketers, more especially when the "long" was on. Parson Hutton had three boys at Cambridge in the Jesus eleven; then there were Hartley and Denton from Exeter College, Oxford; a curate at Stathern, who had played for Cambridge at Lord's; with others of less note, including myself. So as Hartley, Denton, and I were staying at Goadby Lodge with your brother Hinton, it struck someone among us that we could get up a team, and call it "Goadby C. C.," and win a lot of laurels in what Jorrocks would have called "the minor fields" of cricketing enterprise.

'Having secured about thirteen players, we made old Tom Rowbotham (a thoroughbred Goadby man) captain. Tom was not half a bad man for the post, and if he rarely made runs he bothered the bowlers, and made them lose their tempers by "keeping his wood in the hole," as he termed it.

'The season was getting advanced before we had completed our arrangements, and we chose two or three weak villages to experiment upon until our 'Varsity bats could turn up. These went off all right, and then we went in for "Kudos." Oh, what jolly long innings we used to have! the "uncertainty of cricket" didn't seem to apply in our case. Victory was added to victory, till the *Grantham Journal* got into a way of announcing our matches as resulting, "as usual," in favour of the "powerful Goadby team;" or they would say, "As anticipated, the Goadby eleven proved far too strong for the home team." A good deal of discussion used to take place amongst the farmers and others at the "George" at Melton, on Tuesdays, as to whether there had ever been as good a local team as ours since cricket first came into Leicestershire. One Tuesday, when I was smoking the usual after-dinner weed at the above hotel with Harry Swiper, of Langar, the subject came to the fore again. Harry said he had heard a good deal about us, and should like to arrange a match between us and the Langar eleven for a dinner, if we had any vacant dates.

'I said we could give him Thursday that same week, or the following Monday, or —

"Oh, Monday will do," he broke in, as I was about to refer to my card of fixtures; so we engaged to play at Langar on the Monday.

"Will you back Goadby, Leatherhunter?" cried Joe Wildes.

"Yes."

“What odds? Langar’s only a small village.”

‘Although feeling sure of winning, I thought it would look rather conceited to give Joseph the odds, therefore replied, “So is Goadby.”

“Well, suppose we have it this way. I will bet my share of next Tuesday’s wine bill against yours that you don’t *beat* them.”

“Very well,” I replied; “that’s giving you the advantage of a possible ‘draw:’ but I’ll take you.”

‘We had at Goadby Lodge an old shepherd named Huddleston, who had come out of the Vale of Belvoir, and had been in his time a fair cricketer, for a member of a village team, and this old boy did not at all sympathise with our triumphs, for the reason that, in his playing days, it was rarely that an outsider was introduced into a local team. *Now*, as you all know, nobody cares to inquire whether their opponents are all genuine inhabitants of the rival town or village; and if they do find out a few who have been brought to strengthen the eleven for that day, nothing is said beyond a little chaffing, a serious objection on such a score being voted “paltry.” Old Huddleston used to insist, however, that we wore false colours; a scratch team, he maintained, ought to call itself a scratch team. No doubt he was right, but we shouldn’t have got so many matches “on” without the two magic names “Goadby” and “Rowbotham;” and so I told the old shepherd.

“Aye! I know, Mr. L——. It’s all very well, but I’m a waitin’: yo’ll git a hidin’ yit afore yo’ve done!”

‘Of course I used to chaff him sometimes, after we had returned from another success, and enquire when he was going to have his prophecy fulfilled, and he would answer, “By-and-by; yo’ve not got into the right quarter yit.”

‘The Monday came, and with it our brake and pair; so, after “wetting our whistles,” and giving young Charley Hutton “an extra” because he was to blow the horn, which was about as long as himself, we started for Langar. You know what a lovely drive it is; and I think there is no time in all the year when the Vale of Belvoir is so charming as when the clouds, late in summer or early in autumn, cast their shadows in great moving patches, obscuring some villages and leaving others plainly discernible in the full light of the glorious sunshine—making the whole wide expanse like the moving scenes in a diorama.’

‘Oh, all right!’ interrupted Poles; ‘we’ll suppose all that, L——. Get on to the match.’

‘Very well! I’ll touch up the horses, if you wish; but I mean to say the agreeable surroundings had a desirable effect on our spirits, so that if we had not felt “cock sure” of success before, we certainly felt “winning all over” by the time we got to Langar.

‘The match was to commence at eleven, and we were “to time;” Rowbotham and the Langar captain were introduced to each other, and no time was lost in “spinning up.” As their man was a local farmer, like the Goadby captain, the introduction was scarcely required, for Harry Sedgebrook was known throughout “The Vale;” and, indeed, all over the Belvoir estate.

“You call, Rowbotham.”

“Heads.”

“It’s a tail; we’ll go in.”

“Best thing they could do,” says Charles Hutton, “from what I can see of them, if they want an innings at all. Eh, L——?”

‘They certainly did not appear to be a very formidable lot to tackle; three or four of them played in braces, and flannels were conspicuous by their absence, while our fellows were, of course, got up in the most orthodox style.

‘We were soon in the field, and Rowland Hutton and Reggie Denton had the bowling entrusted to them, with instructions to settle the lot before lunch so as to avoid a draw. Two batsmen, both wearing braces, faced the bowling, which was very good, both Hutton and Denton being “in form,” and during the first two or three overs little was done in the way of scoring. But there were two things I did not like: one was the ease with which they played our best deliveries, looking as though they only treated them with respect from the habit of “getting well set” before trying to put on the runs; the other was the extreme neatness of wrist-play the younger batsman displayed in “trapping” a ball. It struck me that I had seen the man bat somewhere before; but after puzzling my memory through several overs, and misfielding a ball at “cover” through being abstracted, I dismissed the idea, pulled myself together, and had the satisfaction of saving several “twos,” for which I received some applause.

“Twenty for no wicket” called for a “change,” and Hartley (left hand fast) took the ball. There was a lull in the scoring for about three overs, and then we resumed leatherhunting at the old pace; which pace quickly increased, most of the runs

coming from the new bowler; and Rowbotham deemed it necessary to hold a brief council of war.

"The beggars have got their eye in; the ball looks the size of your hat to them now!" said Rowland Hutton. "It's no use trusting to pace till they're parted; we want the biggest change we can get."

"Go on with your 'underhand,' Rowbotham," I suggested; "there's no more decided change from what we've given them than that."

"Well, Tom went on with his "daisy-cutters"—we had nothing besides, in fact, until lunch at two o'clock; and I believe it succeeded better than anything else would have done, for the neat trapper who had caused me so much anxiety treated them with more respect, and evidently felt less at home with them than with the more brilliant deliveries of our regular bowlers. He seemed, like John Gilpin's steed, to wonder "what thing upon his back he'd got;" but the desired parting was none the more effected for that, and the verdict read 110 for no wicket when we tumbled into the luncheon tent.

"Rowbotham, as the captain of the visitors, took the chair, and Sedgebrook sat on his right, the landlord carving at the opposite end. This was prearranged, as Sedgebrook combined business with pleasure by getting information from the captain of the opposing team on such occasions with a view to securing orders for the hire of reaping and thrashing-machines in the parish the latter hailed from. I sat next, and heard what passed:—

"You seem to have a good many new folks your way, Tom; I shall hardly know a soul when the cutting begins, if I'm lucky enough to get any orders."

"Oh, you mean the parson's boys and Mr. Leatherhunter, your right-hand neighbour there. No, they're not in your line, Harry. You won't find much change at Goadby—only old Barker's dead, and I'm managing for the widow as one of the trustees, so that won't make any difference. I wish it were as straight sailing over this blessed match; that man you call 'Cock,' or 'Cocks,' seems no end of a stayer."

"Yes, Cock is a very neat player; but, bless you! there's generally a 'rot' sets in after these long stands, especially in a village team: we've an *awful* tail."

"I'm too old a cricketer to mind a licking, and we haven't had one this year so far; but I didn't want it *to-day*," replied Rowbotham.



"Why?"

"You know Hinton, at the Lodge?"

"Of course."

"He's got a conceited, cantankerous old shepherd named Huddlestone, who seems to delight in running down our team. This morning, when he met me riding up on my pony to join the party, he asked me where we were going, and when I told him he said, 'Ah, *Langar*! that'll do; yo'll git a hidin' to-day. I've bin a-waitin': I allus said as if iver yo got over Harby bridge yo'd catch it!' And, confound it!" continued Rowbotham, "we seem likely to bring the old fool's words true. There'll be no holding him after this!"

"Oh, never say die! Try this celery, then have another go at Cock; he won't see quite so clearly, perhaps, after lunch: he's rather a thirsty soul."

'Well, at it we went again, the only variation in the play being that Mr. Cock "opened his shoulders" with less provocation, and we were saved the trouble of fielding pretty often by the ball going clean out of the field and being thrown back by the onlookers. "Go it, Cock!" "Good old Cock!" and so forth, from the *Langar* folks, didn't tend to improve our bowling: in fact, our trundlers were shortly demoralised; they seemed to think that whatever they bowled it would "*go*." You know what I mean?'

'Of course; but how was the other fellow going on? Couldn't you move him?'

'He was worse than "*Chanticleer*" in one way; you might as well bowl at a barn-door. He never took the slightest liberty with any but the loosest balls, and those he sent skimming along the green for twos and threes between the fielders.

"150" had been hoisted some time, when we decided to put on "lobs" as a last resource, and I was pitched on to try my "twisters." The two batsmen now changed rôles. "Cock" treated my curly ones with contempt, giving them a lick with one hand, turning round to hit them through the slips as though he were a left-handed bat striking to leg, and other antics of like nature; while his partner began lessening the gap between the two records at an alarming pace, and all the time the "national debt" kept growing bigger, as we grew more weary, till at last, I believe, all hope of getting a wicket died out in the breast of every Goadby player on the field.

'It's no use dragging you through the remainder of that

wretched match. Suffice it to say, that when "time" was called the partners were still together ; and as we dressed, visions of old Huddlestone rose vividly before me, and I inwardly prayed that I might not come to any serious trouble through that ancient shepherd.

'When we neared the Lodge I looked out, and there, sure enough, the croaking old brute stood waiting for us.

"Tune up like distraction, Charley!" I cried. "You're asleep, you young duffer!"

"Don't you know we've won in one innings with sixty runs to spare?" put in Rowbotham, suggestively.

'Whether Charley was a little dazed in his ideas, or whether he went into the spirit of the thing, I don't know, but he kicked up no end of a row ; and we backed him up with such shouts of triumph that the old man might well feel doubtful. And when I bawled out, as we passed, "Another licking, Huddlestone ; bigger than ever!" he turned away with a puzzled expression on his face. So, for the time, we escaped his caustic tongue.

'The next morning, however, he met me in the stackyard, and it was evident that he had been weighing the matter over, for he said,—

"Excuse me, Mr. L——, but who won the toss yesterday?"

"They did," I replied.

"Haw! haw! then yo niver got in at all! Yo war leather-huntin' all day! Haw! haw! I told yo so. Do yo keep this side o' Harby bridge."

'The next day, of course, was Melton market, and I met Wildes as usual.

"How did you get on at Langar?" he inquired.

"Oh, we got what that wretched old shepherd of Hinton's calls a 'hidin'!"

"What! old Huddlestone?"

"Yes. You know him, then?"

"By going there to buy the wool. He's a queer card."

"What did he mean by saying we had got wrong side of Harby bridge?" I inquired.

"He meant you were *too near Nottingham!* That's why I offered to make the bet. Swiper could easily get players on Saturday, when he went to market there, especially now the row is on in the eleven. What were the scores?"

"Oh, they got nearly 300 for no wicket! A fellow named Cock got most of them."

"Cock! Cock! I know nobody of that name! Here, Swiper! who was that man you had knocking the Goadby bowling about yesterday?"

"There were *two* men who seemed pretty well at home with it," replied Swiper, who had just entered the room; "but I expect you mean 'Cock Selby.'"

"Selby the professional?" I asked.

"Yes."

"That accounts for my thinking I had seen him somewhere before. But is he a Langar man?"

"Oh, no; the fact is, the Langar element in yesterday's team began and ended with Sedgebrook! How far did the Goadby element go beyond Tom Rowbotham?"

"Not far."

"I thought as much. Well, at any rate you have the satisfaction of knowing that if you didn't win you were beaten, as far as you *were* beaten, by 'your own weapons.'"

## 'THE STRAIGHT TIP.'

By 'FUSBOS.'



NCE more has the ball been set rolling, and the great game of 'Racing' begun in downright earnest. The Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National Steeplechase are events of the past; and now everybody (when I say everybody I allude, of course, to people who take an interest in turf matters, and their name is legion) is busy discussing the first great classic race of the season—to wit, the Two Thousand Guineas; and, what is more important still, endeavouring by hook or by crook to arrive at the probable winner of the same: no very difficult task this year, according to all accounts.

The Tipsters, both amateur and professional, are hard at it, especially the latter, if the quantity of advertisements emanating from the fraternity that flood the columns of the two daily sporting papers of the period is any criterion. The proprietor of a popular weekly journal devoted to sport, I notice, will have none of them, and the panegyrical effusions of Peeping Tom, Infallible Joe and Company, are rigidly excluded from his rosy-hued columns. I rather regret this, for though quite of his

opinion as to the genuineness of their wares, so enticingly set forth by these wise men, I must confess that I used to extract a good deal of amusement from the perusal of their specious puffs.

I should imagine that the profession of a Tipster, besides being of a light and easy, 'little-to-do-and-plenty-to-get' character, must be decidedly lucrative. A few pounds in hand to defray the cost of advertisements, postage stamps, stationery, &c., an unlimited amount of what schoolboys call 'cheek,' and the gift of mendacity to any extent—these I should imagine to be all the requisites for the enterprising person about to go into business as a Prophet in his own country.

Think it over, ye impecunious younger sons in want of something to do.

I once heard a young gentleman of the kind just mentioned telling an *old* gentleman, who had knocked about the world in his time more than most people, that he was thinking of going to Texas to try his luck (all the young 'ne'er-do-weels' go to Texas, and invariably come back again), and asking his opinion thereon.

'Well, my boy,' replied the veteran, 'you ask me a plain question, so I'll give you a plain answer—in my humble opinion, bread and cheese *at home* is a devilish deal better than beef-steak pudding *abroad*.'

So if, as people who pretend to know, assert, emigration without capital is a mistake (and I must say I can quite believe it is so), why shouldn't some of the detrimental brigade—always supposing, that is, that my old gentleman's theory is the correct one—go in for the Turf Prophet line of business?

There are any amount of *flats* about (they turn eventually into *sharps*, but that don't matter), and if their feelings are properly worked upon by plausibly worded advertisements, they will *rise* at the tempting bait dangled in front of their eyes by the 'Judicious Hooker' like trout at a brass minnow.

I really think the idea is not a bad one. Speaking for myself, I know I would rather be a Tipster than a Cowboy, any day of the week.

What fine, generous, open-hearted fellows some of the members of this glorious profession are, too! What splendid examples of unselfishness do they not constantly set us! George Peabodys, apparently, every man Jack of them.

I remember, as long ago as 1872, shortly before the Derby, answering, partly for fun, partly out of curiosity, the advertise-



ment of a firm giving an address in Edinburgh. I sent them the usual twelve stamps, and by return of post got their reply. Their tip for the Derby was all right—it was Cremorne; but their double event (Derby and Oaks) was all wrong, as they went for Cremorne and Miss Toto. The latter, if I recollect right, was second or third. But that was not all. These good-hearted, disinterested dogs, were good enough to tell me that, having backed Cremorne themselves at a very long price, they were in a position to lay me at that moment 20 to 1 against him—odds which, they were good enough to point out, it would be impossible for me to obtain elsewhere. Such an opportunity might never occur again, so they begged—nay, implored me—to send them five pounds in return for the beautifully-got-up banker's-cheque sort of form they now enclosed, setting forth that they had taken for me 100*l.* to 5*l.* about Cremorne for the Derby.

What an ass I was! I did *not* send them 5*l.*, and Cremorne won the Derby (no thanks to his jockey), and of course I was minus 100*l.* I fancy, however, these good men were not solely dependent on me for hedging their money, for I read soon afterwards in one of the sporting papers an account of how a mob assembled outside the offices of these would-be public benefactors, and finding them absent and the place inhabited only by the office cat, proceeded to express their admiration of their good deeds by smashing the windows and breaking up the furniture. Their advertisement did *not* appear again, though I diligently looked for it. Perhaps, unwilling to court notoriety, and like all really good men, anxious to do good by stealth, they changed their names as well as their abode. Who can tell?

Yet again I wrote to another benefactor of his species. This time it was an outsider for the Derby at 100 to 1. Something like an outsider this, for he died about three weeks before the race! Good old horse! He would have won, no doubt—I feel sure he would—had he kept well. Why shouldn't he?

I am afraid, though, my tipster this time did not inspire me with that confidence so necessary for the welfare of a backer of horses. He wrote his tip himself, with his own hand, which, judging from the appearance of the paper, must have been an exceedingly dirty one: his grammar, too, was defective; so was his spelling. But it was his postscript that nearly broke my heart. Having given me his 100 to 1 tip for the Derby, he expressed himself as being desirous to tell me of something at an unheard-of price, certain to win the Oaks. For this he did not

require any more stamps, but only the promise of a liberal *douceur* from my winnings, which, if I took his advice, could not be anything but enormous.

The P.S. ran thus :—‘*No Tin pott backer need aply.*’

His bitter irony cut deeply into my soul. The cap fitted me. My betting was on so limited a scale that I felt that I could be nothing but a ‘Tin pott backer,’ and as such could not dream of insulting this outspoken sportsman by writing to him again. Consequently I did *not* ‘aply,’ and, needless to observe, I am still a poor man.

I sometimes think I must be but a poor creature not to take advantage of the good things so kindly offered by my friends the Prophets. For instance, I have always been brought up in the belief that there is no ‘royal road’ to success in any calling ; but this must be wrong. I have been no doubt badly advised ; for, taking up my *Cockfighters’ Chronicle*, don’t I read that the ‘royal road’ to fortune is to follow ‘Old Jack Dickinson’s one-horse wire?’ His terms are 12*s.* 6*d.* the week, or with paddock wires also (one pinch daily), 20*s.*

Now, what does old Jack Dickinson mean by ‘one pinch daily?’ What is a pinch? Is it a horse, or what? I feel that one of these days I must send the ancient one the necessary pound, and find out.

Mr. William Rodley (of Malton), too, certainly ought to be corresponded with. I note that he remarks with pride that he has been christened by hundreds of satisfied subscribers, the ‘Wizard of the North ;’ also that he possesses an accomplished and energetic staff of assistants. How accomplished? and in what energetic? I want to know. Does he mean that his staff are good at playing the piano, drawing on china, and all that sort of thing? I confess I should like to know.

Then there is the ‘London and Newmarket Turf Telegraph Co.’ (Algernon Hoodson, manager). This is evidently a very large concern. One-horse wires sent on double mutual terms. What is a double mutual term? I positively must send 2*s.* 6*d.* and find out.

Taking up a sporting paper of October the 12th, 1887, the advertisement of Mr. Douglas Hall catches my eye. How is it I have lived all these years without making Douglas Hall’s acquaintance? He is evidently a person to be cultivated. Douglas Hall, though, must speak for himself. Thus runs his advertisement :—‘In order to celebrate the success of his sole champion, Humewood, all callers to-day at 36 Strand for copies

of Douglas Hall's telegrams, will be regaled at his expense with free champagne and cigars from 11.30 (not before). Champagne, best brand; cigars, best brand; selections, the well-known A 1 brand.'

Oh, Douglas! Douglas! why did I not know you on October the 12th? I feel morally certain that your champagne was Perrier Jouet, and your weeds Partagas; and the hour named would have suited me to a 'T.' I never *do* touch anything in the way of stimulants before 11.30, Douglas, and I can't tell you how happy I should have been—had I known—to have strolled down about noon to 36 Strand and cracked a bottle of the 'Boy' in your festive and prophetic company.

I must now turn from my advertising friends to another class of tipster—a very different personage to any of those I have mentioned, and, needless to observe, much more thought of by the sporting public generally—I allude to the Racing Prophet of the press. What a great man is he in the eyes of thousands of my countrymen! Bless their sporting hearts!

'What makes Spanker so late this morning?' inquires Mr. Bullion, the banker, looking at his watch fussily, anxious to be off to Lombard Street; 'the brougham ought to have been round ages ago.'

I can tell you, Mr. B. Mr. Spanker, that splendacious coachman of yours, has got at least three months' wages on Fiery Cross for the Cesarewitch. Poor fellow! he dreamt hideous dreams about him all last night—dreamt he had broke down badly, in fact, and—well, you needn't alarm yourself, my dear sir—he is only just waiting for a second to read what Augur says about Fiery Cross in the *Life*: directly he has finished (Spanker is rather a slow reader) he'll come round.

As 'Augur,' in his usual cheery language, gives a favourable report of Mr. Spanker's fancy, that worthy for the nonce is the happiest of men, and if Fiery Cross only goes half so fast in the 'Sieszarwitch' as Mr. Bullion's four-hundred-guinea brougham 'oss spins his master along the Embankment that morning, *en route* to the City, why he'll as nearly as possible win, and that's all about it.

Yet another example.

The Turtledoves (not long married) are at breakfast in their snug little house in Mayfair.

'My darling boy,' softly murmurs pretty little Mrs. T. from behind her tea urn, addressing her loving husband, who is

absorbed, apparently, in his paper, to the decided detriment of the 'kedgerie,' which is rapidly cooling on his plate; 'my darling boy, is there anything in the *Post* about Lady Caperswell's *Tableaux Vivants*? Do tell your ickle old woman, there's a dear love!' (the dregs of the honeymoon had not yet quite disappeared).

'Oh, bother!' is darling boy's rude reply, as he looks up from the *Post* with a grunt, and makes a savage sort of bite at his toast; 'oh, bother! you can look for yourself directly;' and mumbling something about the City article in an apologetic sort of way (for Mrs. Turtle dove, poor little thing! has assumed her favourite injured expression), he sets to in earnest at his neglected breakfast.

It was not the City article, by the way, that had ruffled the master of the house, but the well-known column signed 'Pavo' (what would the *Morning Post* be without its 'Pavo?'). The fact is, Mr. Turtle dove, like old Bullion's coachman, Mr. Spanker, had his little fancy for the Cesarewitch, and it was 'Pavo's' hostile criticism of the noble animal in question, making him tremble for the safety of the 'century' he had backed him for, that had so disturbed his equanimity at the breakfast-table.

Needless to say, the Prophets of the weekly journals, such as the *Field*, *Sporting Times*, *Sporting and Dramatic News*, *County Gentleman*, *Land and Water*, and the dailies—*Sporting Life*, *Sportsman*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, &c., are all doughty and well-tried champions of the order, thoroughly well up in turf matters, and well qualified to give the jolly punter every information he is likely to require. Some of the provincial papers, too, such as the *Yorkshire Post*, *Manchester Guardian*, and *Manchester Sporting Chronicle*, possess Prophets of considerable repute, and are, in consequence, much sought after by the public on the eve of a big race. On the whole, considering the many difficulties they have to contend with, our great turf writers manage to hit the right nail on the head pretty often, if not every time. That, of course, would be too much to expect.

I never remember a happier effort than that made by the late Mr. Feist, the then 'Augur' of the *Sporting Life*, the year George Frederick won the Derby. For months before the race did that popular writer stick to Mr. Cartwright's horse, and would hear of nothing else, in fact. Well might he exclaim with pardonable pride, when his pluck was rewarded by his favourite's victory at Epsom, that it was the '*Sporting Life's* year.'



Leaving the professionals, we now turn to the amateurs, our friends who 'know something,' and can put you on to 'a *good thing*, old fellow!' Their name, of course, is legion. On the eve of one of the great Autumn Handicaps, does not every one of one's friends know of a certainty—a moral—for the race in question?

Talking of the Autumn Handicaps reminds me of a tip—one of the straightest I ever heard, too, that was given to a friend of mine, and, I regret to say, not taken advantage of as it should have been. The sportsman in question was staying at Newmarket, at a certain cosy little inn at the 'top o' the town,' for the Cambridge-shire week. In the loose boxes belonging to the establishment were located the French horses engaged in the big handicap and other races during the week. Their well-known trainer, Mr. Harry Jennings, fraternising with my friend, very kindly took him round the boxes one evening, and showed him the 'distinguished foreigners' he had brought across the herring-pond. They had inspected them all but one, and when they arrived at his box, 'Vieux Chapeau' pointed to him with his stick, remarking, in a casual sort of way: 'The winner of the Cambridge-shire.' *It was Peut-être!*

Was ever such a tip? And how wild my friend was when he saw the Frenchman winning in a canter! As he said, *Peut-être's* trainer made the remark in such a careless sort of manner that he thought it was only a bit of mild chaff on his part, and his listener, in consequence, took no notice.

Pretty much in the same way, plenty of the knowing ones were told by the owner of St. Gatien that his horse was sure to win the Cesarewitch. But they all, or nearly all, shook their wise heads and wouldn't stand him. He carried far too much weight, they all declared; and as to the confidence of his owner, did you ever, they argued, know an owner yet that was not sanguine?

At most of the clubs there are one or two members looked up to by the younger men as oracles in turf matters, and I *have* heard it whispered about that the said oracles are sometimes jackals to sundry bookmakers. In plain language, they first introduce their young friends to the 'Booky,' and then proceed to put them on to a series of 'stiff 'uns.' It is very edifying to listen to some of these gentry. Judging from their big talk, you would think they had millions at their backs. 'Good enough to have a pony on!' I heard one of them exclaim, in a voice you could hear all over the room, one day in the smoking-room of a certain club, which shall be nameless, to one of a group of young

men who had mildly signified his intention of backing a certain horse for that amount. 'A *pony*, indeed! nothing short of a *monkey* will do for *me*!' And the glare of contempt with which he honoured the young sportsman was really worth seeing.

'The d——d humbug!' growls old Colonel Mackinnon, who hates this bumptious prophet like poison; 'the d——d humbug! Why, they tell me, Sir, that the fellow lives in an attic in Jermyn Street, and dines every night off a chop at the Criterion! A monkey, indeed! I should say, if you asked *me*, a sovereign would be about his form.'

One very often hears a good thing, I have found, from men you least expect it from; whilst, on the other hand, the very person you think most likely to know puts you in the hole—not intentionally, of course. As an instance in point, about the worst tip I ever got in my life was given me by poor George Fordham. Some friends and myself were staying at the Queen's Hotel at Southsea for Goodwood, in 1873. Strolling into the billiard-room on the Wednesday night we met Fordham, who was playing with a friend, and playing very well, too. In the course of the evening he turned round to me and inquired if I was going to the races the next day (the Cup day). He then remarked, 'The Baron's *sure* to win!'

If I remember rightly there were only about four horses left in, including Favonius and Flageolet. Knowing as I did Fordham's connexion with the French stable, it was only natural for me to suppose that he would know if Flageolet's chance for the Cup was a sorry one or not. When, therefore, he told me that he thought the race a certainty for the blue jacket and yellow cap of the house of Rothschild, I said to myself, 'If you don't know, I don't know who does,' and made my little arrangements accordingly. Alas! all my Uhlan winnings of the day before went on the Baron's good-looking chestnut, and—Flageolet won! Fordham, I am quite sure, gave me his honest opinion; indeed, I heard afterwards, on good authority, that he had backed Favonius for a hundred himself.

The same night I asked the great man what was his opinion of Atlantic, who had made his *début* that very day, with Fred Archer in the saddle, beating Regal, Fordham up; 'Was he worth following?' &c. Fordham, apparently, did not think much of the future winner of the Guineas, 'and,' he added, 'he'd never have won to-day had not that black brute I was on curled up directly I hit him.' Regal, as my sporting readers will no

doubt recollect, distinguished himself later on by winning the Grand National, after a tremendous finish with old Congress, beating, amongst others, his more fancied stable companion, Chandos, who started one of the warmest favourites ever known for the cross-country blue ribbon.

Not a bad 'tip,' by any means, was that given to me by a member of the medical profession, and an exceedingly clever one to boot, with whom I travelled up to town one fine day in the train. He had just come from a visit to his native land—Bonnie Scotland, to wit—and whilst there had had instilled into him the merits of Pretender. He had got his information from the right quarter—from the nominator himself, if I remember rightly—and was very full of it. Anyhow, he told me all he knew, and as the horse was then at a long price for both the Guineas and Derby, both of which he won, I don't think I am far out in designating the jolly doctor's 'tip' as a very straight one indeed. I was the more surprised, too, as, though I had long known him as a lover of the 'leash,' I had no idea the doctor took any interest in turf matters. On the strength of the Pretender success I took occasion, when Bothwell's name cropped up in connexion with the Derby, two years afterwards, to ask the disciple of Galen if he knew anything this time. Here he showed that his knowledge of a horse was not to be despised, for he told me he had been to see Bothwell do his work, and—to use his own expression—he galloped 'as if his legs were tied together ; in fact, he wouldn't have him at any price. He was quite right as it turned out, for though he succeeded in winning the Guineas, he was nowhere in the Derby, for which he started a warm favourite. Nor did he ever do any good afterwards, as far as I can remember.

Sometimes one gets so surfeited with 'tips' from a hundred different quarters, that it is really puzzling to know what to do. I fancy the best solution of the difficulty is to stick to your first fancy—always supposing he goes on as he should, of course—and turn a deaf ear to anything else you hear.

'Well, old fellow, which of these crocks have you been and gone and backed, eh?' will inquire some dear friend at the club. You tell him.

'What! that brute!' will most likely be the reply; 'why, he can't stay or go fast either, and he's got a beastly bad temper as well! I'd just as soon back a man in mud boots. I'll tell you which to go for, old chappie! Never you mind what people

say! I flatter myself I know which thimble the little pea's under *this* time!' &c. &c.

Well, racing is in full swing once more, and my countrymen are apparently just as anxious to 'spot the winner' as ever they were, if not more so—I think more so. So long as England is England, and the English are English, depend upon it we shall all go on backing our opinion. It's *in* us, and cannot be eradicated. But, hark! what's that sound I hear?

'Any gent say a race card?'

'Yes, here you are; never mind the change, for I can't abide the smell of onions, and you *must* have been eating them for breakfast, old gentleman!'

Tinkle, tinkle, goes the bell: they're clearing the course for the first race. Up go the numbers! Here come the horses! (Dear old gees, I seem to have known you for years!) And now all I want is to back the winner. So please come forward some kind friend, and give me the '*Straight Tip*.'

## 'TROTTING TOM.'

By GEORGE HERBERT JALLAND.



THE bar of 'The Lucky Pocket Saloon' at Bigwood was filled with customers drinking, with evident relish, that horrible Western concoction known as 'rot-gut,' *alias* whisky, and the more harmless, but not less vile, 'Läger bier.' The adjacent card-room was also crowded with players and spectators; 'draw-poker' and 'faro' were both in full swing, and high stakes were the rule; bad language, six-shooters, and broad-brimmed hats, were the chief characteristics of the assembled company, most of whom seemed to belong to the miner and cowboy fraternities. They had, no doubt, been attracted to the city by the annual races, which were advertised in the *Bigwood Register* to be held on the morrow.

'The Lucky Pocket' was evidently the head-quarters of the racing committee, for to its proprietor, Josh Bing, entries for the forthcoming races had to be made. The various events had all filled up well, with the exception of the Town Stakes, an open mile-trotting race. Every local horse-owner had fought shy of this, because three days previously a long-legged, dark brown horse, had been driven into the town by a cute horsey-looking man, with a decidedly Eastern twang in his voice; and



it was whispered he had brought the horse all the way from Chicago on purpose to land the stakes and any bets he could succeed in laying. In this out-of-the-way frontier town there was no horse with a faster record than 2'60 or 2'70, and the stranger's animal, for all they knew, might be a 2'30; so with one accord they avoided the Town Stakes, and bestowed their entries upon the less valuable but more possible Miner's Purse.

'Entries close in half an hour, gentlemen,' shouts Josh from behind the bar; 'and if any of you boys are going to have a cut to-morrow, you'd better hurry up.'

Two or three cowboys then sauntered up to the bar, and reckoned they'd let their cyuses have a fly in the quarter-mile dash; and another entry was made for the Miner's Purse, but for the Town Stakes the Chicago horse was the sole entry.

'Entries close in five minutes,' was again the call.

But there was no response, except from a little dried-up man dressed in very shabby clothes, who sidled up to the bar and inquired 'What might be the expense fur enterin' a hoss in the Town Stakes, fur I've heerd the entries aire mighty slim, and I've an old work hoss in the shafts outside which I guess I'll enter if the cost ain't too steep.'

'Twenty dollars,' replies Josh, with a smile.

'Twenty dollars, eh?' says the stranger: 'but that's kinder heavy, ain't it? I reckoned 'bout ten would be nigher the figger. No! I don't 'spect I kin raise twenty—why, it's half as much as the old hoss cost!'

While the seedy-looking man was thus muttering, Josh went to the window to have a look at the animal in question. It was standing in the street, harnessed to a rickety road-waggon. Its head was hanging down, and there was a mournful woe-begone expression about its eye and under-lip not at all unlike that worn by its owner. One could count every rib on its lean carcase; and on its near shoulder there was the 'vented' U. S. brand, proving the beast to be a cast army horse. Chuckling to himself, Josh returned from his survey of the quadruped, and accepted the stranger's offer of ten dollars, making good the amount of the entry out of his own pocket; 'just to have the fun,' he said, 'of seeing this sorry-looking plug pitted against the Chicago crack.' Having handed over the money, the stranger threw the dice with Josh for two whiskies—won—gulped down his glass, and slunk out of the bar.

Josh watched him as he mounted his vehicle and worked his

horse into a dog trot, bringing his stick across its lazy sides at almost every step. Of course, there was great excitement in 'The Lucky Pocket' when it was announced there had been another entry for the Town Stakes, and a rush was made for the door when Josh told his customers the horse was now to be seen going up the street; but the men quickly returned to their cards and whisky, cursing Josh for having 'fooled 'em,' when they saw the beast slowly plodding along the badly-paved road, with its little driver energetically flogging.

'That a trotter! Why, it looks more like wolf bait!'

'Make good sausages or bone manure!'

'Jest the sorter hoss I should like ter ride ef I was bound fur the Penitentiary—wouldn't git thar too quick,' were some of the comments made by the men who grumbled and swore at having been interrupted in their games.

In the evening, at 'The Pocket,' numerous bets were made on the coming events, the most noticeable being a wager of 1000 dols. to 100 dols. by the owner of the Chicago horse and a rough-looking miner, seemingly very drunk, who said he came from Custer city, where he'd heard the Chicago horse wasn't worth a red cent, and he'd back the old work horse to beat him. The insulted owner, who had heard a description of the new entry from Josh, asked the man if he cared to double the bet. After a slight hesitation he said he would, and added, as they were both strangers, they'd better plank the money down, and let Josh be stakeholder. This was accordingly done, and the tipsy sportsman staggered out of the bar. Josh and the Chicago man laughed heartily after he had gone, and had several friendly drinks together; but after about an hour he came back, more inebriated than ever, and said he had borrowed 100 dols. from a 'pardner,' and was willing to have the bet again. This time the Chicago man eyed him very suspiciously, and said he thought he'd have a look at the 'work horse' before he made any further big bets. The stranger said he knew where the horse was stabled, and volunteered to show him, and together they left the saloon.

After a few minutes they came back, the Chicago man vainly attempting to hide his mirth; but his tipsy companion was still willing to make the bet, though he said he thought the 'old hoss' didn't look 'very fast;' but, with a drunken man's obstinacy, he persisted he knew the 'Chicago hoss' was no use, and a lame mule could beat him—at least, so he was told at Custer.

He again reminded his opponent they were strangers, and threw a 100-dol. bill on the bar. The Chicago man replied he'd no more cash handy, but would write a cheque if it would do.

'Cheques ain't much—hic—in my—hic—line, but yeure sure t'loose, and if I get nothing—hic—but the paper, I shall be the paper—hic—ahead; so plank it down!'

A cheque for 1000 dols. was then written and handed over to Josh, who reckoned if this game kept on he should have to open a bank. The stranger was served with three or four more whiskies, and soon collapsed into a drunken slumber on the chair in which he was seated.

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning of the races broke fine and bright, and the sun beat pitilessly down on the crowd, which by twelve o'clock thronged the road leading to the race-track. They were a motley stream—people on foot, people in buggies and waggons, people on horse-back, mule-back, and in bull-carts. There goes a staid old grainger, with his better half and his family of five lanky, raw-boned children, all huddled into a small spring waggon drawn by a lop-eared mule and a shaggy Indian pony; past them, raising clouds of dust, dashes a bronzed cowboy, a gaudy handkerchief knotted round his throat, and his huge sombrero jauntily tilted on the side of his uncombed head: he is mounted on a fiery little mustang, its long mane and tail flying in the air. There's a well-to-do storekeeper, driving a high-bred pair in a neat buggy, but the effect is spoilt by a couple of ragged urchins clinging on behind: the buggy-hood is up, so he doesn't notice them, and fails to understand why those two girls should laugh at his turn-out. At a narrow part of the road there is a block, caused by a yoke of obstinate oxen, who refuse to haul their load of saw-mill hands up the slight incline ahead; but, after a plentiful application of thong and unwriteable words, the cavalcade again moves on, and eventually the race-track is reached.

The horses are just saddling for the first race, a quarter-mile dash—no, not exactly saddling, for, barring a light bridle and a surcingle, they are naked, saddles being a superfluity seldom indulged in by dash jockeys. See, now they have started, and almost before one has time to turn round, the winner, by a short head, flashes past the post: he is not much to look at—said to be prairie bred, standing barely fourteen hands, but carrying a gamey little head, and with legs and feet like iron.

The 'Cayote Stakes' and the 'Three Hundred Yards Dash'







are quickly decided, and then come the Town Stakes. Every one expected it to be a walk over for the Chicago horse; no one thought the other animal would put in an appearance. But as the former jogs up to the starting-post an ugly, shambling work horse, driven in a stylish trotting sulky, comes out from a clump of trees near the starting-post and takes up its position, waiting for the Chicago horse. When this was noticed a roar of derision came from the crowd assembled at the winning-post, and before the Chicago horse had reached his opponent several bets at long odds are laid on the work horse, more for the fun of betting than from any other cause.

'Yew needn't trouble ter trot,' says the driver of the dejected-looking quadruped to the Chicago man, as the latter guides his high-mettled trotter into a line with his opponent: 'yeu're sure ter loose, boss; and I reckon ef I wur yew I'd say my hoss has turned lame and take him back!'

'Dogarn your onery skin!' replies the irate Chicago man; 'if it wasn't for the stakes and my bets, I wouldn't let my hoss be seen alongside such a knacker as that!'

'Come fellers, quit talking, and let's git yew off,' says the starter.

'Wait a minute,' replies the seedy man; 'I want a bet with this here dude. Come, boss! let's make it hoss for hoss; I ain't got no coin with me, and the odds are 'bout right, ain't they?—ten to one. My hoss is worth, say, 50 dols., and yours 'bout 500 dols. Is it a go?'

'Done!' replies the Chicago man; 'though what I shall do with your bag of bones when I win him I don't quite know!'

The seedy man smiles a quiet smile, and, turning to the starter and his companion, says,—

'Mr. Starter What's-yer-name! and yeur pal thar, yew two are witnesses of this here bet; and now I reckon we're both fit fur startin'.'

'Get ready! One! two! three!—go!' shouts the starter.

'Git! git!' yell the drivers. Both horses get a good start, the Chicago horse a little the best of it. But look at the old 'work hoss' now! his long hairy legs are striding away at a tremendous pace, his ears are laid back, and an equine smile is twitching the corners of his ugly mouth. No longer is he a woe-begone-looking plug, but a trained trotter, evidently moving well within himself. The Chicago man looks over his shoulder, expecting to find his opponent still near the starting-post, but

his face blanches when he sees him flying along not four lengths behind.

'Git! git!' he shouts to his animal, bringing the stinging whip across his back, for now he knows he'll have to drive. Again he looks round, but the spurt seems to have lessened rather than increased the difference between them. Half the distance is now passed. The excitement at the stand is tremendous. On they come, the Chicago horse still leading; but the distance between the horses is fast lessening. Now the shabby work horse has stolen up to a level with his opponent's sulky. Only a hundred yards more! See! they are now neck and neck, the Chicago man shouting and flogging his well-trained trotter, who strains every sinew, but never attempts to break. Fifty yards! It must be a dead heat—but no, a cut down the work horse's near side and he shoots ahead like an arrow, and wins by a good length! As the drivers pull up, the Chicago man, amidst a torrent of bad language, addresses his vanquisher,—

'I'll be —— if this isn't the last time I come all the way from Chicago to be beaten by a —— work plug!'

'Work plug, eh!' said the other, laughing. 'Then I reckon yew disremember old "Trottin' Tom," the horse that's been on ivery race-track in the East, and is better known than Jay-eye-see or Maud S.! All the way from Chicago, eh!' he continues; 'why, me and Tom come all the way from New York! We heerd 'bout your game, Mr. ——' (mentioning the Chicago man's name).

'Hang you! Tom was a bay horse with a white face!'

'So he was, pardner; and I'm sorter afraid *the dye* may affect his constitootion! But it was a good plant, warn't it? And that brand which my pal—him as made the bets with you last night—clipped on Tom's shoulder is fine, ain't it?'

\* \* \* \* \*

For the satisfaction of any sportsman who may read this little tale and have his doubts as to the writer's knowledge of racing, I here quote the Bigwood racing rules—'*First past the post wins!*'



For  
South  
Hill  
1861






# FORES'S

## SPORTING NOTES AND SKETCHES.

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### OLD DAYS AT ETON.

*By 'AN OLD ETONIAN.'*

OW time flies! When, in March last, I read in the papers of the rejoicings all over the country in honour of the 'Silver Wedding' of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, I could scarcely bring myself to realise the fact—so vividly was the whole scene impressed upon my memory—that it was exactly a quarter of a century ago since I made one of the eight hundred and odd Eton boys who looked on from the position specially reserved for us within the precincts of the Castle, and cheered, as only Eton boys *can* cheer, when the illustrious couple, on leaving Windsor for their honeymoon, drove slowly away through the dense crowd, *en route* to the Great Western Station. It was an uncommonly pleasant week that, I recollect. Masters and pupils alike took things easy, and there was a general laxity of discipline that was very grateful to the Etonian soul, whether 'Tug' or 'Oppidan.'

On the morning of the royal wedding the fun began by the whole school marching up to the Castle to the place assigned to us, from whence we watched the arrivals and departures of all the great people attending the ceremony. That over, we hurried back to Eton to our respective dinners; after that we were marshalled as before, and marched once more up to the Castle to take up the places we had occupied in the morning. At the top of Windsor Hill, though, we suddenly found our progress stopped by a cordon of the A division of police, who were drawn across the road, and sternly refused us access to the Castle grounds. 'They had no horders about any Heton boys!' said they; '*they* knowed nothin' of Heton boys! Hall

they knowed was, there was no room for 'em inside the gates ; and—well, the sooner they took themselves horf again to Heton the better for hall parties.'

Poor Bobbies ! Our leading files consisted of some of the biggest fellows in the school—members of the eight and the eleven ; men who brooked not contradiction. The reader, especially if he be an old Etonian, can imagine pretty well what now took place. In less time than it takes to write this the position was stormed, and the lot of us made for our old spot at the double. What became of the cordon of police I don't know. That night, too, the school once more hied them to Windsor to inspect the illuminations, and I think that it was whilst making a tour of Peascod Street, for that purpose, that a volatile young nobleman of Hibernian extraction distinguished himself by marching up to one of the lower orders, who was going on his way with a tray full of little coloured oil-lamps, all ready for lighting, and giving the said tray a kick ; thereby, not only scattering the lamps and their contents right and left, but causing (very naturally), the angry passions of their proprietor to rise to an alarming extent.

Away went the oil ; away went my lord ; and away after him went the man of the lamps. It was unfortunate for the latter that, in the ardour of the chase, he should cannon up against an inebriated Life Guardsman, who, without a moment's hesitation, felled him to the earth : but so it was, and I fear the unfortunate lamp man saw more illuminations that night than he bargained for.

Talking of Windsor immediately sets me thinking of Windsor Fair. What fun it was ! They tell me that the boys are now allowed to attend it, and, in consequence, none of them go. Of course they don't ! The very fact of its being strictly prohibited was sufficient, in itself, to make a visit to the fair doubly enjoyable. It was at Windsor Fair that I saw one of the queerest exhibitions I ever did see, at a fair or anywhere else, and that was a Kaffir killing and afterwards eating a rat. A bottle-nosed showman having introduced the Kaffir, who was attired in a neat and airy costume consisting principally of beads and feathers, that gentleman began the performance with a dance, accompanying himself the while with howls of a fearful description. That over, and the booth being now full—the howls no doubt having attracted the public from outside—he proceeded to go through the performance we were all so anxious to see.

The bottle-nosed showman spoke the truth when he said, 'There is no deception, gents!'

Taking up a circular cage full of large rats and opening the same, the Kaffir inserted his right hand, and seizing one of the animals by the tail jerked him out of the trap, swung him rapidly round his head, and catching him in his mouth by the nape of the neck, just as a terrier would, gave him a shake that settled him at once. He then skinned him with his teeth not only expeditiously but most artistically. Finally, taking the rat in both hands, *he ate him!* and, what's more, seemed to thoroughly enjoy his meal. It was a nasty sight, certainly, but on the whole a cheap threepennorth. (I fancy that was the charge for admission.)

We were lucky, too, in a manner, to see it, for this decidedly unique performance reaching the ears of the Mayor of Windsor, that functionary promptly put a stop to it, and our friend the Kaffir was obliged to fall back upon raw fish during the remaining days of the fair.

Of course there was always a Master or two pervading the fair, and great fun it used to be getting out of their way. One of these was popularly known amongst us by the name of 'Stiggins,' and, somehow or another, every gipsy and cad at the fair was aware of this fact.

A lot of us, perhaps, would be in a booth enjoying a delightful gamble at Roulette or 'Under and Over,' when, just as the table would be well covered with silver and copper coins of the realm, some dusky young vagabond, popping his head in, would cry: 'Ere comes Stiggins!' The effect would be magical. In the excitement of the moment the money was forgotten and there was a general stampede out of the place on the '*Sauve qui peut*' principle. Needless to say, in all probability the Rev. Mr. 'Stiggins' was nowhere near the spot at the time.

Once I remember several boys, with a young Master burning to distinguish himself, in hot pursuit, rushed into the Castle precincts to get out of his way. The officer on guard—probably an old Etonian—who happened to be standing outside his quarters, promptly beckoned them in, at the same time giving the sentry on duty sundry orders.

In another minute the Master appeared upon the scene, puffing and blowing, and endeavoured to follow his game up; but the faithful sentry with his fixed bayonet effectually stopped the way, and inexorably declined to let him pass. This was



decidedly annoying to the youthful pedagogue, whose temper was not improved, you may depend, by being chaffed from an upper window by the boys themselves, to identify whom would have been impossible, seeing that each young sinner wore a mask purchased at the fair in view of an emergency like the present. Some of the young Masters, to my mind, were very unsportsmanlike, not to say unfair, in the ways and means they would adopt in order to get hold of their victims. I remember one of them—who was cordially detested by the boys, and did not, indeed, remain very long in office—actually hiding behind the toll-bar at Windsor Bridge, and pouncing out on his prey directly they made their appearance, bound for the fair. Masters of the old school, such as ‘Judy’ Durnford, ‘Billy’ Elliott, ‘Parva Dies’ & Co., would have as soon thought of jumping over the moon as doing such a scurvy trick—would have thought it beneath their dignity indeed; and quite right, too.

The steeplechases at Old Windsor, of course, were patronised by some of us youthful sportsmen; and as we were occasionally rude, not to say insulting, in our behaviour to the ‘three card’ gents and other banditti of the racecourse, no doubt these gentry would just as soon have had our room as our company. As an instance in point, I remember a lot of us looking on at one of these *chevaliers d’industrie*, who, mounted on a stool, with a large bag slung round his neck full of Hanover Jacks, was performing the old purse trick—that is to say, selling his purses for a shilling a-piece, having previously apparently placed a sovereign inside. ‘A gentleman,’ he said, ‘hin the vi-cinity hof Windsor ’aving lately come in to a perincely fortune, hand wishin’ to do some good to the pore hand needy, ’ad commissioned of him to distribute some hof his superfluous gold at the Windsor Races,’ &c. &c. He was just in the middle of this beautiful oration when a fourth-form wag, who had been standing just behind him, kicked this benevolent person’s stool from under him, thereby bringing both him and his Hanover Jacks with unpleasant abruptness to the ground, amidst roars of laughter from the attendant crowd. Very angry indeed was the philanthropist, and fearful threats were those he held out to us as he picked himself up and collected his flash notes and Hanover Jacks, which had tumbled out of the bag and were scattered about the ground in wild confusion. It was worth while going to Windsor Steeplechases if only to see that jolly old gentleman, Captain Bulkeley, whose cheery red face always

wreathed in smiles and snow-white whiskers and moustache were so well known to all Etonians of that period, starting the riders. The late George Fordham, too, one was sure to see trotting about the course on that marvellous little pony of his—Nellie I think its name was—occasionally leaping a gap in one of the fences, and warning the bystanders to get out of the way, 'for my pony jumps very big, and might land on top of some of you, don't you know.' Any one not knowing Fordham and seeing him in his everyday costume—viz., the tall felt hat, the black greatcoat, and the antigropelos—certainly would not have taken him for a jockey.

Ascot, of course, could not possibly get on without a few of us being present, and once there one was tolerably safe, for the only Masters who I ever remember attending the royal meeting were the Reverends 'Johnny' Yonge and Russell Day ('Parva Dies'), who invariably cantered over, the former on his grey and the latter on the big chestnut, to see the fun. Sometimes, mounted by Tom Cannon, the Windsor horse-dealer (it would not have done for the 'wise man of Eton' to have assisted us in any way), we rode over; sometimes we drove, duly disguised as gents of the period, with Dundreary whiskers, white hats with green veils, dust coats and all to match.

Some Harrow boys once went to Harrow Steeplechases got up as costers—corduroys, birdseye fogles round their necks, &c.—and were enjoying themselves thoroughly, walking about under the very noses of some Harrow Masters specially on the look-out, when, unfortunately for them, some one was robbed of a watch, a cry of 'Stop thief!' was promptly raised, and in the confusion the 'Arrer' gents, as Mr. Benjamin Buckram would have called them, were collared by the police as pickpockets. It wasn't the slightest good their protesting that they were Harrow boys; nobody would believe them—certainly not the police; and it must be acknowledged that their appearances were decidedly against them. Some kind friend at last came to the rescue, otherwise they would certainly have been locked up in durance vile.

It goes without saying that a good many of us took a lively interest in the Derby, and on the day of the race we would wend our way to the Great Western Station and endeavour to arrive at the winner. A fat rascal of a porter, having previously drawn us of sixpence all round and ascertained which horse we particularly fancied, would pretend to go to the telegraph office and find out

the winner for us. 'Which hoss was it as you young gents telled me as yer fancied?' he would inquire on his return. Chorus of youthful voices in unison: 'Lord Clifden!'

'Lord Clifden it is!' would be the mendacious reply. 'He's won right enough, bless yer! the telegraf clerk's just told me so—come in by hisself, so he says!' And having drawn us of a trifle more to drink the winner's health, he would depart, with his tongue in his cheek, to look 'arter the hup train,' as he called it; whilst we, after refreshing ourselves at Layton's well-known establishment, would return to Eton to find out, an hour or two later on, that the old scamp of a porter had proved himself a gay deceiver of the first water and told us the wrong one.

There were two races of our own—though of a different character to those just touched upon—that were the cause, and probably are now, of a good deal of excitement throughout the school—viz., the School Steeplechase and the School Mile; the latter, if anything, the most popular of the two. The only 'school mile' that I can recall to my memory was that won by Dering, I believe, exactly twenty-five years ago. He was quite an outsider in the betting, so to speak, and trained by young Joby, son of *the* Joby whose portrait adorned the first or second number of this magazine. He came away at the finish and won easily, beating Meysey-Thompson,\* for whom the race was voted a good thing. The latter, I remember, caught cold a day or two before the race, and no doubt that told against him; many of us, myself included, stuck to him though for all that. Since our merry schooldays I am afraid a good many of us have backed hot favourites who have gone amiss at the last moment.

Greaves, son of that well-known M.F.H., the late Mr. Henley Greaves, was a great hand at running and jumping—especially jumping—about this time. He won the School Hurdle-race in fine style, but could never *stay*, and was consequently no good in the Steeplechase or Mile. A year or two before this there flourished Lawes, possibly the best all-round athlete or oarsman that Eton ever turned out. He was captain of the boats, stroke of the racing-boat, and won, I believe, every single thing in the athletic line or on the river that he went in for. Afterwards, when at Cambridge, he followed up his previous successes by carrying all before him. In fact, his victories are too numerous to mention, even if I recollected them well, which I do not.

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\* Now Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson.

Another 'giant in the land' in my time was Mitchell,\* captain of the eleven. Eton has been the nursery of many famous cricketers in her time, such as Harvie Fellowes, George Yonge, and, more recently, those famous families the Lubbocks and Lytteltons; but I don't think I shall be accused of being wide of the mark when I say that she has never turned out a more brilliant exponent of the noble game—more especially with the bat—than R. A. H. Mitchell. What a good eleven that was too Cleasby captained in 1862, and what an exciting match it was against Harrow that year at Lord's! the Dark Blues having also a very strong team. There was a great deal of excitement, and a considerable amount of chaff—which latter invariably verged on the personal—and I rather think there was a fight or two during the progress of the match. Then, did not Frederick back his bat for a tanner against Maitland of the Harrow eleven, and land his bet handsomely? And, finally, when Teape, who had been playing in fine form all along, clean bowled the last Harrow man, thereby winning the match for Eton by fifty-four runs (the first time we had won since 1850), the applause was something to be remembered.

To my mind, too, the Eton and Harrow match was much pleasanter in those days, when, besides the cries of the 'Card o' the match' boys, one heard 'Give your orders, gentle-men!' about the ground; when more shandygaff than champagne was consumed; when, in fact, it was not the gigantic picnic it now is. One had some chance, too, in former days of seeing one's friends; now it is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Whereas, too, in the old days the attendance at the match was principally confined to those who took some personal interest in the rival schools—had been boys at one or other themselves, and probably had boys of their own there now—now everybody makes it his or her business to go, simply because it is the correct thing to do, don't you know.

I boldly assert my belief, that quite one half of those who now think it incumbent upon themselves to simmer in the sun and drink champagne-cup until they can scarcely see out of their eyes during the two days of the great public schools match, not only don't care one jot for the cricket itself, but are equally indifferent as to which side wins.

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\* Now an Eton Master, and, if report says truly, as popular in pupil-room as he used to be in the playing-fields.



To my thinking the Eton and Winchester arrangement—the match being played at Winchester one year, at Eton the next—is much the more sensible and pleasant one. Both the cricket-grounds in question are charming and picturesque to a degree, and both places easily get-at-able from town. If Eton and Winchester can do this, why not Eton and Harrow? I should like to hear what F. G., whose opinion where the noble game is concerned is always worth listening to, has to say on the subject. I've a strong notion that he would agree with me.

What was more pleasant than to lounge about in the Eton playing, or, to speak more correctly, shooting-fields, on a hot summer's afternoon, and look on at a big match—say, when the Zingari would come down, or, better still, when the Marylebone Club brought an eleven down, as was their annual custom, on the Saturday preceding the Harrow match, to play the boys and see what sort of stuff they were made of? There, with his brow bent and his arms folded, looking on at the play with critical eyes, might be seen the well-known figure of the late Lord Lyttelton. The stalwart form just going to the wickets to bat for Marylebone is that of Colonel (now Sir Frederick) Bathurst, of the Grenadier Guards, who, with the aid of one or two professionals provided by himself, has been coaching the boys the whole of the summer. The Colonel's favourite old red retriever, as well known about Eton as his master, is also here, you may depend, looking on at the match in a dignified manner. The Colonel's old dog must have seen a deal of cricket in his time, and, no doubt, was looked up to as an authority by his canine friends at the barracks.

But if the Eton boys are happy in the possession of such a mentor as Colonel Bathurst, are not their rivals at Harrow equally lucky in having so good and experienced a coach as the Hon. Robert Grimston? Rumour has it that that gentleman has invaded the enemy's camp to-day, in company with two or three of the Dark Blue eleven, to look on at the play, with a view, no doubt, of getting a few wrinkles to help his side in the big match at Lord's next week. And rumour is correct, for on taking a walk round we suddenly came upon a little group, the centre figure of which, a stalwart-looking gentleman, wears a broad-brimmed hat stuck well on the back of his head that could not belong to any one but Bob Grimston. The three or four young fellows along with him, looking eagerly on at the match and listening with due respect to the criticisms

that occasionally fall from their mentor's lips, are, of course, members of the Harrow eleven. Then, as the afternoon goes on, gaily dressed ladies arrive to adorn the scene with their presence, imparting bright bits of colour here and there against the dark background formed by the stately old elms that surround the cricket-ground.

But, hark! the rattle of pole-chains—that sound so dear to the ears of all dragsmen, swell or otherwise—is now heard in the distance, and the next minute another old Etonian and admirer of cricket, in the shape of Lord Sefton, drives up on the well-known coach. Diverging from the road he pulls up underneath the trees, and the horses being taken out, and their noble owner having walked off towards the marquee, his coach is promptly taken possession of for the nonce by his youthful brother, who at once proceeds to do the honours by administering champagne cup and Badminton with a lavish hand to his thirsty friends of the fourth form.

Sounds of sweet music, wafted by the breeze, now fall soothingly on the ear, and the dreamy strains of Weber's 'Invitation à la Valse,' played as it is to perfection by the band of the Life Guards, makes some of us forget all about the game for a while.

But, listen! Is that five o'clock striking? Yes! The Hon. Robert Grimston, having evidently taken as much stock of the Eton eleven as he thinks needful, walks off with his pupils in search of the carriage which is to take them back to the big school on the top o' the hill. Old Brian, who has long been cleared out of bigarons, and has just sold his very last strawberry ice, takes himself and his cart back to Eton. Lastly, the writer, who, notwithstanding the fact that he has eaten several pottles full of cherries, to say nothing of other trifles, purchased at old Brian's cart in the course of the afternoon, feels by this time remarkably hungry, 'goes home to his tea,' as that inimitable comedian Mr. Toole would say.

Talking of comedians, Eton was often honoured on a Sunday about this period by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, who came down to see their son, then a lower boy. The volatile author of *My Awful Dad* would walk about the playing-fields in his airiest, jauntiest manner, much to our gratification; for, needless to say, most of us knew the great Charles by sight. John Parry, too, used to come down sometimes on a visit, on which occasions he was the guest of his friend the Rev. 'Badger' Hall.

He also was well known to nearly all of us ; and, I believe, nothing pleased the talented 'buffo' better than when out for a walk he would see one Etonian nudge another, with the remark of, 'I say, there goes John Parry!'

There was very little fighting in those days, though there were three or four boys with pugilistic tendencies always ready and willing for a 'mill' on the slightest provocation ; notably, 'Bull' Turner and Beresford—Lord William of that ilk. The former, unless I am mistaken, was victorious in every one of his schoolboy battles. (If I am wrong correct me, 'Bull.')

In former years the fights—which in those days, when pugilism was all the fashion, were of much more frequent occurrence than latterly, and more elaborately carried out—were always brought off in that corner of the playing-fields just where the football match at the Wall between Tugs (collegers) and Oppidans takes place. It was here, many years ago, that the Hon. Ashley Cooper was killed in a determined battle with a schoolfellow. I fancy it was not so much the punishment he received that caused his death as the brandy administered to him by his seconds between the rounds ; added to which the master of his home was kept in ignorance of the disaster until the very last moment ; consequently, when the doctor arrived it was too late to save the poor fellow's life. Altogether it was a sad affair.

Giving what were called 'leaving' books to one's friends when they went away from Eton for good was a custom, and a very pleasant one, much in vogue twenty-five years ago, but now abolished by the powers that be. The more popular the boy the more leaving-books he got. Lord William Beresford, in my time, who had a larger circle of acquaintance than anybody in the school, got, I remember, an unheard quantity of books ; the largest on record, I believe. In choosing a leaving-book the binding was the main object to be thought of, the contents, as Mr. Toots would say, being of no consequence. If one could find a book nicely bound, in about eight volumes, so much the better—every volume *counted*, don't you see !

Flogging, I presume, is an old custom that will never be done away with so long as Eton is Eton. And why should it be ? It gives a tone to the system, and undoubtedly quickens the circulation, especially on a cold frosty morning. It is painful, certainly, especially if the operator has the requisite turn of the wrist ; but it has the advantage of being very quickly over.

The celebrated Dr. Keate, I have been told, used to unpleasantly prolong the operation by pausing to administer a few words of advice to his writhing victim between the cuts. 'A ruin to your parents!' he would say—(swish! swish!)—'a disgrace to your friends!'—(swish! swish! swish!). '*You'll come to the gallows at last!*'

Speaking for myself, I infinitely preferred an interview with the Headmaster in the library to having to 'Write out *Medea Jasoni* and bring it to me to-morrow at one o'clock.' The Latin punishment was not only a bore, but interfered considerably with the liberty of the subject. I remember once being horribly sold. One of the mathematical masters having 'put me in the bill,'—in other words, written down my name on a piece of paper to be delivered to the Headmaster, who would in time take his 'whack' out of me—he called me up to him before handing the paper to the prepostor for the day, and said,—

'Do you mind very much being flogged, Scroggins? Are you very much afraid of a flogging—heh?'

Not seeing what he was driving at, and thinking that it was a mere question of pluck, I promptly rejoined,—

'Oh, dear no, Sir! Not in the least!'

'Oh, you're not, aren't you,' was the unexpected reply; then, under those circumstances, Scroggins, it would be a pity to have you flogged; it would be wasting the Headmaster's time as well: so instead, Sir, you'll please to write out &c. &c. &c.'

'Confound you!' thought I, as I walked off to Brown's for a bun and coffee; 'had I known what you were up to, my friend, I'd have shed a few tears for your benefit sooner than have had to write out this beastly punishment.'

Of the many sportsmen amongst Etonians of my time only a few seem to have taken high honours on the Turf. These, as far as I can recollect, are Lords Rosebery, Ellesmere, Aylesford, Dupplin (since dead), Sir George Chetwynd, Lord William Beresford, and last, but not least, Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Melgund made his mark, too, as a gentleman-jockey, riding under the name of 'Mr. Rolly' (his old Eton nickname, by the way), winning a good many steeplechases and hurdle-races for Sir John Astley, Captain Machell, and others.

Amongst the Masters of Hounds are the Marquis of Worcester, who hunts his father's pack, Lord Willoughby de Broke (Warwickshire), and Mr. Albert Brassey (Heythrop).

Charley Wise, the well-known horse-dealer of Eton, is still



to the fore, I am happy to say, aided in his business by young Charley—a true chip of the old block.

Webber's, too! What pleasant memories I have of Webber's! I shall never eat such sausages and mashed potatoes, or such stewed kidneys, as I used to get there for breakfast, again, I *know*. I can't say that I have not since smoked a cigar that I prefer to those I used to buy of Mrs. Kitty Frazer. I remember investing in some once, of the same brand patronised (so I was told by the fair vendor) so extensively by the Captain of the Boats.

They—but no, I dare not describe those cigars. A cold perspiration breaks out all over me whenever I think of them.

One of my favourite amusements on a winter's morning was sitting on the wall chaffing old Spankie, or Joby, or Levi, as the case might be, and waiting for the Royal Buckhounds to pass by on their way to the meet at Salt Hill or Maidenhead Thicket. The sight of Charles Davis, about the most graceful man on a horse I ever saw (what a leg his was for a top-boot!), on a certain snaffle-bridled thoroughbred chestnut, was intensely gratifying to my feelings, and would send me into eleven o'clock school with a light heart and a cheerful countenance.

Ah, well! they're all out of sight—Charles Davis, Harry King, Charley Wise, and all. 'And now, Mr. Scroggins, Sir,' says Spankie, in his most oleaginous manner, 'you'd better go and learn your book, Sir.'

## TREMBLING IN THE BALANCE.

### A REGATTA REMINISCENCE.

*By* H. S. LOCKHART-ROSS.



THE morning of the Regatta has arrived at last; dull and cold, indeed, but still without the rain which has been prophesied so confidently. For the past fortnight we have been anxiously looking forward to this day, which, we trust, is to crown our exertions and self-denial with the laurels of victory. Our race—the Senior Eights—is arranged for the afternoon; so we have nothing to do until lunch, a frugal repast but by no means unimportant, for is it not the last meal before the contest?

Behold us, two hours later, mustered on the 'Hard' before

the boathouse, a fine stalwart set of fellows, averaging slightly over eleven stone, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and looking as hard and sunburnt as Egyptian warriors. 'Stand by!' is the command, and with tender care the 'eight' is lifted out and placed in the water. This done, the crew return to fetch their oars and leave behind their 'blazers' and superfluous wraps. Now is the time to take stock of the men individually, as, stripped of their gorgeous coats, and clad in 'shorts' and tightly fitting, neatly trimmed vests, they one by one step on the stool preparatory to taking their places in the boat. Even this is not such a simple matter as it appears to the uninitiated observer, from the apparent carelessness with which each man 'tumbles in' to his place. For this long, sinuous racing craft, which is so well proportioned and appears to be so strong, is composed of nothing but a skin of wood of the thickness of paper, with no rest for the sole of one's foot save a keel half an inch thick running down the centre. Should anyone's foot slip off this while getting in, the chances of the boat being able to swim would be very small.

The last of the crew to take his place is 'Stroke,' who looks anxious but determined, as do the remainder of the men behind him, each settling himself in his place, and adjusting his straps in a quiet, business-like manner, which speaks well for the watermanship of the club. 'Shove her out!' is the order, and we are fairly afloat. 'Forward all—paddle!' cries the 'Cox,' and, amid the cheers of the assembled crowd, we row easily to the starting-point, working with a regular swing and perfect 'catch' and 'finish,' which call forth the admiration of the critics on the bank. And, indeed, whether the result of the next half-hour be victory or defeat, but little fault can be found with the appearance of our crew, who combine the Eton and Oxford styles with a capital result. 'Them's the winners!' we hear from a riverside-loafer as we leave the shore, and earnestly do we trust that the prediction may prove correct. But we have not yet seen our two opponents, one from up river and the other from Putney; the latter being reported an exceptionally good crew, and much fancied by their own friends. The-more-honour-if-we-beat-them is the sort of feeling which inspires us, and not one of us but would have been sincerely grieved if, on reaching the post, we had learnt that the Putney crew had scratched, and left us only one opponent to contend against.

Round the corner the stake-boats appear in sight, and we

find that we are last upon the scene. 'Last at this end and first at the other,' says No. 4. The idea is a happy one; may it be prophetic! One boat is already in position, and the other is just turning. After rowing on a few more strokes we likewise turn and drift on to the stake-boat, our station being the centre one. Confound it! the waterman has missed our stern, and we have to back her down against a strong tide—one of the most unpleasant things to have to do just before a race, as it unsettles you just when you have got comfortable. Now we are in position, the Putney boat on our right and the up-river Club on our left. 'Stroke' turns to us and gives a final caution, 'Remember to turn your oars square on the words "Are you ready?"' The starter stands up in his boat astern of us and shouts, 'I shall ask you once, "Are you ready?"' At the words No. 2, mistaking in his anxiety the instructions for the actual caution, turns his oar square in the water, and the head of the boat swings slightly round. "'Touch her, bow!'" says the 'Cox,' and in a few seconds we are again straight. 'Get ready to row!' is the next order, followed immediately by 'Half forward!' and for the last time each man settles himself firmly in his place. It is an anxious moment. No more alterations can be made now. If that strap is too loose, or that heelpiece askew, so must it remain until the contest is over. If that slide wants oil, or that oar needs a touch of the rasp, it cannot be helped now. In a few seconds the race will be started, and then the outside shoulder of the man in front of him will have such an irresistible attraction for each oarsman as to dispel entirely such doubts and misgivings.

'Are you ready?' shouts the starter in stentorian tones. In an instant the oars are turned square in the water. 'Go!' In come the hands to the chest, back go the slides; the first stroke is rowed, and the race is started. At the third stroke we settle down to our work at full 42 to the minute. The whole aim and object of existence now seems to be to 'chuck our weight on' to the oars at the commencement of the stroke, and at the end to 'get our hands out' as though our thumbs were red-hot coals and burnt the chest as they touched it. We can feel rather than see—for looking out of the boat is too heinous a crime to contemplate for a moment—on each side of us flashing oars, which seem to hem us in like a wall of bristling bayonets. Side by side the two boats accompany us, like spectre shadows following our every movement. Cannot we shake them off? Not a sound is heard but the dash of the water on the oars,

and the measured rhythm of the stroke as the boat leaps under us.

A quarter of a mile is gone, and we are still kept to work at 42; but in spite of this high pressure we cannot get rid of our consorts. This cannot last; thews and sinews and wind will never stand this for another mile and a half, and yet we dare not slacken. Keep at it; do not think of the finish; think only of each stroke, and cram as much work into it as possible. The other boats are manned by beings of flesh and blood, and not goblins, and their feelings are probably the same as your own. What is this? There seem to be fewer oars glancing on our left than there were. Hurrah! it is the pace beginning to tell, and soon, from the centre of our boat, we can see the canvas of their bows alongside as they slowly but surely drop to the rear. Good so far; but would it were the other boat, our formidable Putney opponents.

Half a mile is now passed, and we are still rowing with them oar for oar. A muffled roar behind our backs shows that we are nearing the Grand Stand. Welcome is the sound, for does it not show that more than half the course is done, and only three quarters of a mile more remains to be accomplished? A perfect storm of cheers bursts upon us as we pass the Grand Stand, crowded with the fair partisans of the crews; but there is no 'sitting up for the gallery,' no 'extra bit of form put on,' as is so often done in a winning race. This is far too stern a reality for such trivial thoughts. Each man has been rowing his very hardest, and continues to do so with an heroic determination to do *his* part without shirking. If he has 'kept his form' so much the better; if his back is getting round, well, he must just make it up in extra work. This is the great object after all. There is no such thing as saving yourself half through the course with the other crew still alongside. Time enough for that when leading easily. Every stroke must now be rowed through honestly, so that when all is over you cannot call to mind a single stroke into which you might have put more 'grit.'

Throats are parched, legs are weary, shoulders are aching, the breath is beginning to come more and more laboured, and yet we keep on at 42, and cannot shake off that demon boat. Their 'Stroke,' moreover, has a well-earned reputation for making brilliant rushes on the post; and if we cannot get ahead now, how can we hope to forestall him at the finish? Think not of it. He shall not succeed if training, and determination, and pluck,



can prevent it. We are still dead level, the up-river crew falling astern fast ; and now comes the long reach, which will try our endurance to the uttermost. How is this? Are we slackening speed, or are we 'getting short,' the sure precursor of defeat? No ; each stroke is as long as ever, the sliding and finish still good. We must have eased off the pressure, then ; let us be thankful, for now at 40 there is a chance of our lasting the distance. Yes ; but is this safe? How about the other boat? Why, we must have a slight lead. His bow oar is on a line with the centre of our boat. Hurrah! now we have an advantage—slight though it is ; we shall not lose it without an effort.

Only another quarter of a mile, and still rowing 40 to the minute, and maintaining our lead. We shall do it yet! No! they are coming up now! We are quickening again to 42. They are still gaining! We are gradually quickening up ; we are rowing 45 now, and just holding them. Now they are closing up again, foot by foot, slowly yet surely. Ha! this, then, is that dreaded lightning rush at the finish. We dare not quicken more, we are doing our very utmost. Oh, the agony of the moment! When will that gun fire? We must be close to the winning-post now. What has happened? Our stroke falls forward fainting on his oar, and ceases rowing in the middle of a stroke as if he had been shot. A groan runs through the boat ; has he fainted? Ah! what cruel fortune to be robbed of our chance of victory on the very post! Is all this toil and exertion to go for nought? There is yet a chance. Keep at it '7,' keep us going ; only a few strokes more and we may just do it. Each man sets his teeth hard, and struggles on with bitter feelings, but bull-dog determination. It is no use ; we cannot do it. In two strokes they are level. Now they will pass us. What! they have stopped, and yet no gun has fired! 'Easy all!' shouts our 'Cox,' and we cease rowing and fall back exhausted and almost fainting, and still uncertain of the issue. O joyful sight! Two lengths astern we behold a man standing up in a boat, waving a flag, and pointing it at us. That, then, must have been the winning-post, and the gun has missed fire. In a few moments our 'Stroke' turns round and explains that the instant he saw the Judge in the boat he ceased rowing, as of course the race was over. We had just won by a quarter of a length.

Then follow mutual congratulations, and, with very different feelings to those of half a minute before, we turn our boat and

paddle back, the proud winners of the best-contested race of the day: the time, too, being the best on record for that course. What a relief it is to 'paddle' after such a 'row!' Now we can 'cram on form' as we near our own quarters. As we come up alongside of our boat-house we are met by excited queries of 'Who won? Who won?' 'We did, by a quarter of a length,' we reply, with stolid, unmoved faces, as if winning first-class races by a quarter of a length was a matter of everyday occurrence with us, and too common to make much fuss about. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' shout the crowd, pressing forward eagerly to help the victorious crew up with their boat, or carry up their oars, or do anything, no matter how trivial it may be, which seems to give them a sort of share in the victory.

And so we separate for the time, some to inspect the prizes so hardly won, some to prepare for another race later on in the day, but all to meet once more in the evening to fight the battle over again, while christening the well-earned trophies with magnums of champagne.

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## THE REEKS OF MACGILLICUDDY.

*By 'BIJOU.'*

'At five on a dewy morn,  
Before the blazing day,  
To be up and off, and over the hills away,  
To drink the rich sweet breath of the gorse  
And bathe in the breeze of the Down,—  
Ah, man! can you match such bliss as this,  
In all the joys of town?'



SOME eight years ago I was asked by my friend Jack to enter into partnership with him, in order to take some cock-shooting in the West of Ireland; and being just then tired of a town life, and believing him to be, from his own accounts, a good shot and a sportsman, I readily fell in with his views, and, as the lawyers say, 'signed articles.'

So one fine morning, early in September, found us comfortably seated in the Irish mail, gliding slowly out of Euston Station.

But it was not all gliding and smooth-going, for what with an awful bucketing in the Channel, a long, wearisome, and jolting railway journey on the other side, and then a forty-miles'

car drive, you may guess we were fairly played out by the time our destination was reached.

The shooting, which we had taken for three years, extended over some 20,000 acres, composed of moorland, bog, oak coppice, and fir plantations; the whole intersected by an early spring salmon river.

Never shall I forget the jolly times, grand sport, and exhilarating exercise, we enjoyed in that wild mountain district. Leaghs was the name of the glen in which our lodge was situated. But it could hardly be called a lodge, being, in fact, but a few badly furnished rooms added to an old 'shebeen' house, the tenant of which had originally been a farmer, but finding that boarding sportsmen at 'war prices' paid far better than grazing a few mountain cattle and sheep, took out an hotel and spirit license; and, from the crowds of ragged peasantry that crowded his bar, seemed to be doing a roaring trade in the 'whusky' line.

The reason we had arrived so early in the year for cock-shooting was, that there were a few packs of grouse on the hills that wanted killing; also some fairly good 'flapper' shooting on the various small lochs which dotted the property. And I knew from past experience that if we waited until the 'cock' were in the poachers would have had the lion's share of our grouse.

I had brought with me a pair of red Irish setters, thoroughly broken to cock, snipe, and grouse, and well used to mountain work, having purchased them a few years previously from Conner of Tralee, a man very different in style to that of an English dog-dealer, for it was his boast that he never sold 'a bad 'un,' nor was he ever known to have done so.

Being keen for sport, we started the next morning to beat a mountain called 'See-Finn,' which on the one side overlooked our charming glen, and on the other gradually sloped down in undulating plateaux until its feet were washed by the waves of the broad Atlantic.

What a glorious sunshiny morning it was! I can see it now. When we reached the summit of the hill, at a place called the Windy Gap, there was a keen biting breeze coming straight off the sea, so refreshing that it made a new man of me; and an atmosphere limpid as that of Italy, but lighter and more invigorating. Around, behind, beneath, what a panorama! Come, tell me, ye stay-at-home, club-living men, if ye ken any sight equalling this?

On the one side a far-reaching, heathery plateau, stretching away to the rocky base of encircling hills, which tower high above the intersecting glens, and stand in massive strength against the sky; below, a view of lake, valley, and silvery twining river, gloriously blended, relieved in turn by shelving hillsides, on whose slopes the same reaches of heather, the same lakes, the same class of granite rocks, right to the foot of yonder further range of far-off blue hills, which meet the eye on every side but one, and there—the sea. Azure, mist-shrouded, wind-rippled, fading through thin, transparent clouds into darkness, with (far away, faint and fairy-like) the dim craggy outline of the Skellig Rocks. Eyes filled with such lovely scenery, and every sense alert with delicious fulfilment. Surely this must be fairy-land!

Nay, it is but a view of many that gladdens the sight of the sportsman in his tramps through the wild glens of the Macgillicuddy Reeks, which are hemmed in and fenced off from the rude outer world. So hither in the early morning have we come, and resting on some moss-clad stones to regain our lost breath, we note the drifting mists of vanished night pass by degrees into brilliant sunshine.

No pilgrimage more delightful than this early morning walk. Every cark and care forgotten, and every prospect charming.

Yet grouse-shooting, after all, is what we have stemmed the hill for; and of this we are reminded by our dogs and our man, Donoghue, who seemed impatient that we should waste so much valuable time in gazing upon things which had never interested him at any moment of his life. At last we made a start, and commenced beating the eastern side of the mountain first, as the sun shone warm upon it, Donoghue remarking that they (the grouse) always kept to the sunny side of the hill.

For more than an hour did we climb over slippery rocks and quaking morass without getting a shot. Of the numberless slips and barkings of shins, of scratchings of hands, and falls into green bogs, we never kept count. But just as I was cogitating whether grouse-shooting on the Kerry Reeks was all a myth—‘Wheesht, yer honour! look! Dash has a set!’ said Donoghue in my ear. And there sure enough, not twenty yards ahead, were the two dogs backing one another. We walked up to them, and from close under their noses rose a pack of five grouse, two of which I succeeded in stopping; Jack’s two barrels, which he poured into the ‘brown,’ doing no execution, for he never touched



a feather. From this start we managed, or rather I did (for Jack proved such a failure with the gun that he eventually handed it over to our man), to pick up a few brace of odd birds. But they were so few and far between that the endeavour to find them was downright hard, slaving work, both for dogs and men. During the afternoon we tramped the western side of the hill, securing two couple of snipe and three old hares; while Donoghue wound up the day by blazing into a trip of passing teal, scoring four. Thus my bag, for the first day's shoot, produced five and a half brace grouse, two couple snipe, three mountain hares, and the four teal which the man killed. A modest bag, indeed, but a well-earned one.

The hares were always kept for soup. Reader! have you ever tasted Irish mountain-hare soup? If not, you have something else yet to live for.

Well, Jack turned out to be such a duffer with the gun that I had to cast about for another shooting companion—a difficult job in such an out-of-the-way place. By chance, however, I heard of a man who was spoken of by the natives as ‘a great fowler,’ and a curious character as well. He had taken up his abode at a small house in a neighbouring glen, called the Black Valley, about ten miles over the mountains from Leaghs. Here, from all accounts, he had resided for many years, solely for the purpose of sporting over the wild hills, and fishing in the various streams and lochs, by which he was surrounded. So, at the first opportunity that occurred, I ordered the car and drove over ‘the pass’ into the Black Valley, to call on this hermit-like sportsman.

And a rare good fellow I found him to be—one of the most genuine I ever met in my life. For fifteen years, he told me, this lonely spot had been his home, and he had lived chiefly upon game and salmon, the proceeds of his rod and gun, to seek which,

‘Oft to some fenny mere he’d go,  
Where waving reeds and rushes grow,  
Where teal and wid’geon love to sport,  
And duck and mallard oft resort;  
Where wild geese wet their pinions grey,  
And stately herons love to stray.’

In a few words he gave me the outline of his history. Sent to College at an early date, with the prospect of inheriting a considerable fortune at his father's death, which shortly took place, he fell in with a lot of gambling and racing companions, and always being fond of horses—what Irishman is not?—took

kindly and without much pressing to the turf ; where, in a few years, he quickly ran through his property. But, luckily, there was a pittance saved out of the wreck ; with this he had the sense to leave town, and from a boy being devoted to all kinds of sport he sought some quiet nook, where he could enjoy the pastime of shooting and fishing at little expense. After some time spent in hunting for such a spot, he at last found this place in the heart of the Reeks, which he rented at a nominal figure from the Marquis of L——, a distant connexion. Mr. Bowen, or, as the country-folk called it, ‘Misther Bhoun,’ was the name of my newly-made acquaintance, who, poor fellow ! has long since ‘joined the majority.’

Having explained to him my dilemma with regard to Jack’s non-shooting, or rather non-hitting powers, I invited him over to Leaghs (when the cock arrived), to assist me in shooting the covers, which were, as he well knew, some of the best in Ireland—an invitation he readily accepted, his eyes the while glistening with anticipated pleasure ; and, after partaking of his hospitality in the shape of as good a glass of whiskey as ever I tasted, I once more faced the mountain in the direction of home, saying I would send a messenger over on the first appearance of the long-bills.

During the interim, Donoghue and I worked hard at the grouse and snipe, making fair bags on most days. And I must say, of all the varied sport to be had with the gun, there is none, to my mind, that can hold a candle to good snipe-shooting over a pair of well-broken dogs.

Setters are preferable to pointers, on account of their standing the wet better. But without one or the other, on an *Irish* bog, you may just as well stay at home for all the snipe you will shoot ; or, on a close-lying day, even flush. But as I was the possessor of two well-trained animals it was no fault of theirs if a light bag was the result of a hard day.

Thus the weeks flew quickly past, until the middle of October was reached, yet not a cock had we seen !

Since the day on which we first climbed See-Finn, the whole aspect of the glen and surrounding mountains was completely changed, for the autumnal tints had spread their varied hues over wood, scaur, and fell, flushing the landscape in a sea of glorious colour, and warning us that winter was nigh at hand.

Bowen had been over several times to join me in snipe-

shooting, as there was a good sprinkling of them on the bogs. But to describe a day's sport would be superfluous, one day's snipe-shooting so much resembling another. The splashing through the rushes and marshy spots; the jumps, and sometimes tumbles, over the tussocks; the 'scape' of the rising birds; the 'Well kilt, yer honour,' from Donoghue, when a better shot than usual was made—are familiar to most sportsmen.

Suffice it to say that some of our best bags were eight, nine and a half, and once twenty-two couple, besides a few mallard and teal, and an occasional hare.

On returning home after one of these 'bog-trotting' expeditions, and as we passed 'Mike,' the 'caretaker's' cabin, which was built against the bank of our best cover, I stopped to ask if any cock had been seen.

'Yes, yer honour,' answered Mike; 'you may say they are in now, for I see this very morning a good show of *blackbirds* hopping about the twigs.'

To those unacquainted with the wilds of Kerry this speech may be classed as undoubtedly Irish. But for all that it was a very sensible answer, for the blackbirds in that county *migrate*, and at the time of their return you may depend that the cock also have arrived.

But before giving an account of our covert-shooting, which space only allows for the particulars of our best day, I must first tell of how Bowen and I circumvented a large 'stand' of golden plover.

We had made an early start one morning in quest of no particular class of game, but for anything in the shape of it. And after beating a large extent of ground until midday, with but poor results—a brace of old cock grouse, two heavy duck, and a couple of snipe only—a halt for lunch was called. And while we were enjoying that meal, with appetites such as only those have felt who are accustomed to the life I am endeavouring to describe, the well-known whistle of golden plover sounded suddenly and strangely near. So, after a close scrutiny of our surroundings, we espied our friends all huddled together in a small clearing, not two hundred yards distant. But the rub was how to get close enough for a shot.

Between us and them lay a rather narrow but very dangerous tract of quaking bog, and the only chance we could see of getting within range was to run the risk of crossing it. For close to the other side was a peat-cutting, about two feet wide and six

deep, which led up to within forty or fifty yards of the 'stand,' and once there we should be able to pour in our broadside.

'I'm game to try,' said Bowen: 'are you?'

'Yes,' I replied. 'I'll risk it.'

So off we started.

In the meantime Donoghue, who had his wits about him, walked leisurely round to the opposite side of the birds, (leading the dogs), and keeping at a respectful distance so as not to scare them, but to attract their attention from us.

Never shall I forget the crossing of that awful bog: at each step the whole surface undulated like the rolling waves of a lake; but we plodded on, expecting each second to disappear in the slimy ooze beneath: sometimes sinking up to the hips below the level, then rising again, buoyed by the floating mass of fibrous roots of which it was composed, and, luckily, strong enough to support for a moment our passing weights. A few more plunging lurches, and we were safe on *terra firma*: now a scrambling crawl over a few yards of black mud, a jump, and the peat-cutting was reached.

'Let us have a sup at the flask,' said Bowen, 'for I'm blest if I'd have chanced that bog if had known it was *half* so bad.'

The wetting process finished, we commenced to creep up the cutting, the soakings from the overlapping turf-sods on the edges trickling nicely down our backs and necks. When the end was reached, I said,—

'As you're the tallest take first look,' and, giving him a shoulder, I hoisted him up.

A few seconds of suspense, and my fear as to whether the plover were still there was soon settled by Bowen saying, in a loud voice,—

'Deuce take that fellow, Donoghue! he has frightened them up;' but exclaimed, almost with the same breath, 'Look out! here they come!' And sure enough the whole flock, some two or three hundred in number, swooped so close over our heads that we could feel the wind from their passing pinions, and down they settled again within about thirty yards of us.

'Now's our time,' said Bowen; 'for we haven't a minute to lose, or they'll be off again. Stick your toes tight into the bank, and we'll lean against each other. I'll give them two barrels on the ground, and you blaze into 'em directly they open their wings.'

So, drawing ourselves gradually up to the edge, I waited for



his fire, which soon came, literally cutting a streak right through their ranks, and I followed suit when they rose. Down rushed Donoghue from some neighbouring rocks, and helped to pick up the dead and finish off the cripples. The results were *seven-and-twenty* golden plover! the best bag I ever had a hand in making, or most likely ever shall again, at the same class of game.

Before we reached the lodge that night a hard frost had set in, and before morning a heavy fall of snow commenced, which lay on the ground nearly the *whole* of the winter. This considerably improved our cover-shooting, for all the cock in the outlying copses, and those of the now frozen-up rivulets in our immediate vicinity, took refuge in the warm holly-clad woods which mantled the lower part of the glen, where the soaks remained unfrozen.

We shot every day for the first fortnight of November, and our smallest bag was eight and a half couple woodcocks and two hares.

Never before—not even during the Crimean winters—had the oldest inhabitant of Leaghs known the covers so full of cock. The frost and snow continued with such intense rigour that the rooks, blackbirds, thrushes, fieldfares, and starlings, were actually starved to death, and lay in the woods and by the roadsides in scores.

Often and often during that severe time I noticed the rooks—non-carnivorous birds—chasing down the starlings and blackbirds, and tearing them limb from limb, as hawks would have done. I also remember one grim December morning on leaving the lodge, noticing a wretched-looking rook seated on the branch of a tree that hung over our door; where, no doubt, it had perched to obtain warmth from the house. But in giving it a push with the muzzle of my gun, I found the poor thing was dead, and frozen hard and fast to the twig on which it sat.

But the cock and snipe seemed to thrive in this hard weather, for I never saw them in better condition. And the latter were so numerous on every bit of running water that Col. P——n, one of the best shots and sportsmen in the kingdom, who rented some shooting adjoining ours, and also made Leaghs his headquarters, devoted the *whole* of his time to them, and was rewarded (by the end of the season) in scoring near upon a thousand snipe to his own gun. But Bowen and I stuck hard to the cover-shooting, there being far more than two guns could manage—Jack having given up his, and taken command of the beaters.



"I followed  
until when they rose"



During the latter part of December our bags had considerably fallen off, so, on the last day of that month, we proposed—before taking a rest—to have one more shoot through a large straggling wood, which had been left undisturbed for some time.

It was a cold, grey, dull morning when we started, and the snow, which had fallen afresh during the night, hung in heavy masses on the branches of the trees, making it terribly wet work for the beaters. Indeed the whole valley, from the top of Corrantual to See-Finn on the other side, was covered to the depth of several feet, and lay silent and still as if wrapped in the winding-sheet of the dead. After overcoming many difficulties in wading through various snow-drifts, *et cætera*, we reached the cover-side and commenced beating.

‘Hi, cock! hurroosh, cock!’ came the cheerful cries of the beaters, as they struggled through the snow-laden bushes, showering it down upon their bare necks and ragged clothing, soaking them through and through. But, alas! the usual cry of ‘Mark cock!’ resounded not.

‘Bate the hollies; slash ’em out, boys!’ screamed Mike, the caretaker, whose behests were carried out to the letter, but failed in flushing a single bird.

‘Well, Mike,’ I said, ‘what do you and Donoghue think of it? I believe all the “cock” have left the country, and we may as well call the men out and go home.’

‘Thru for ye, yer honour,’ replied he; ‘but as ye’ll have to pay the beaters for a day’s work, we may as well git it out of ’em somehow. Maybe’s at the far end of the cover we may chance on a cock or two, for the soaks there are still unfrozen.’

Just as he finished speaking I noticed a bird flying straight towards me—coming from the direction of the soaks—and it assumed in the murky atmosphere the size of an eagle; but as it drew near I saw at once it was a woodcock, who, on seeing me, immediately tried to turn: but too late, for I cut him down in the attempt.

‘Ah! ah!’ said Mike, ‘as soon as we reach thim springs under the hollies we shall have some sport, I know!’

And he never spoke a truer word, for, directly the hollies were reached, ‘Mark cock! mark cock!’ was the cry of every beater.

And now commenced such a slaughter as I never heard of, nor would I have believed, if I had not been one of the slayers! From under every bush the cock flapped up four and five at a



time, and so close that you could see them fan their tails, showing all the white tips.

'Bang! bang!' went Bowen and I, as fast as we could load and shoot, cutting them down in all directions. Standing in *one* place I grassed, or rather 'snowed,' six couple and a half, besides missing a few.

We shot our ammunition away, and sent home for more, lunched, and recommenced the fray; but still the cry was, 'Here they come!' Suffice it to say, that by evening our total was *thirty-two* couple; which I believe is one of the best bags, if not *the* best, that was ever made in Ireland with only *two* guns.

The beaters said there were just as many birds flushed on the other side of the cover that were not shot at: so, if our party had consisted of four good shots, what would have been our bag?

The shades of night were now fast approaching, and as we trudged silently home through the deep snow, well pleased with our sport, high in spirits, if weary of limb,—

'Red o'er the forest peered the setting sun,  
The line of yellow light died fast away  
That crowned the eastern hill, and, chill and dun,  
Fell on the moor that brief December day.'

## ASSHETON SMITH.

By 'TOM MARKLAND.'



THE true father of hunting was Meynell the bold,  
Whose career in the furzes 'The Druid' has told;  
And when Meynell no longer could captain the Quorn,  
There was no lack of sportsmen to grasp at his horn.  
But the mantle this mighty old Nimrod let fall  
Was too wide for the wearing of one and of all;  
In breeding the hounds they proved sadly unable:  
Thus weak grew the kennel, though strong was the stable.

A hard rider was hunting in Belvoir's sweet vale,  
Who, though young, was the hero of many a tale,  
And seemed fitted the place of the 'father' to fill,  
To provide them good runs that would end with a 'kill.'  
All the 'fliers' of Quorndon rejoiced on the day  
When he came from The 'Belvoir' their regions to sway:  
The problem was solved—they rejoiced with good reason,  
Ten years they had 'screamers' through every season.

When Tom Wingfield had gone to the neighbouring shire,  
 As the next in command to the Nottingham 'Squire,'  
 Though Dick Burton and Shirley remained with him still,  
 They were hardly the men old Tom's saddle to fill.  
 So, said Assheton, 'The Master's not fit for the Quorn  
 Who has need of another man's breath for his horn,'  
 And through the decade that the huntsman was master  
 The casts were ne'er truer, the runs never faster.

From the day he was chosen to rule in their bounds,  
 His grand motto was, '*Hunting must first have good hounds.*'  
 Thus the 'Manager' blood was brought into the pack  
 With the strain of staunch Bertram the 'Bright Belvoir' crack.  
 Soon whoever aspired a good kennel to make  
 Was desirous his 'ladies' to Quorndon to take:  
 The pack he found dwarfish grew larger and higher,  
 Fit to brush through thick gorses and leap the rough brier.

To accept good advice there were few more inclined,  
 Though determined when once he had made up his mind;  
 Thus his fashion of taking his fences was seen  
 To be copied from that of old 'hard-riding' Green;  
 And whenever the timber looked rather too high,  
 'He'd go straight for the post! and that post he would fly!  
 Ah! those were the days when the fields were *all* riders,  
 Ere railways had flooded the meets with outsiders!

Though that country, unrivalled for 'wearing the green,'  
 Had allured him from Belvoir and Ropsley, I ween  
 That full oft he would dine at the eventide's fall  
 'Neath the crown of proud towers on old 'Todenei's hall;  
 Then as fresh as a lark at the 'breaking of day  
 To a thirty-mile meet he would mount and away—  
 Aye, speed to that fixture, like bridegroom to marriage,  
*Now* mashers oft go to near meets in a carriage!

Yes, I know, 'Mrs. Grundy,' it's 'out of the pale,'  
 So your eyes you must close to this part of the tale,  
 How our hero his steed a few minutes left tied  
 To a rail, when a carter he thought he espied,  
 Who was stalwart in build, of inquisitive kind,  
 And by no means the man his own business to mind.  
 Cries Assheton, 'Just look at that blessed outsider!  
 He's handled my horse, now he'll handle his rider.'

The stout carter responded, nor loth toed the scratch,  
 And young Nimrod soon found he had managed to catch

Quite a Tartar—a man who was fond of a ‘mill,’  
 And delighted to give him of fighting his fill;  
 For he battled so gamely through five or six rounds,  
 Assheton sent him from Quorndon a couple of pounds.  
 Our hero, than whom with the gloves few were smarter,  
 Wore ‘mourning’ for once at the hands of that carter.

Though he yielded the sceptre on Leicester’s wide plain,  
 Yet the ‘Melton men’s’ loss was the ‘Hampshire boys’ gain,  
 For wherever he hunted you always could find  
 He left marks of his skill and devotion behind.  
 Not alone in the kennel: he well knew the need,  
 If you’d live with good hounds, of a generous steed,  
 His name’s the bright theme of full many a story  
 Of Quorndon and Penton the pride and the glory.

The famed muster at Rolleston was gallant and gay  
 When our late chief returned for a Shankton Holt day:  
 We’d Dick Burton and Cowley, of hounds nigh three score;  
 There were riders well mounted three thousand and more;  
 Little doubt, we’d the overgrown gathering to thank,  
 Draw what coverts Dick would, it was ‘blank’ upon ‘blank.’  
 ‘Ne’er heed, lad,’ cries Assheton; ‘we know that you’re willing,  
 And can’t expect hunting must always mean killing.’

But ’twas more than the Master of Quorndon could stand,  
 That no sport should be found for this gath’ring grand:  
 It was April—the sun in the heavens rode high,  
 And the earth was so baked that the scent wouldn’t lie.  
 So at last good old Hodgson jumped down from his horse,  
 Cried, ‘I’ll find him myself!’ and rushed into the gorse:  
 He found, but the hounds were unable to follow,  
 And that’s the last time we heard Assheton’s view-halloo.

## VIGILIÆ VIGORNIENSES.

*By* ‘TRIVIATOR.’



HERE are—nay, I am wrong: I should say, there  
*were*—few places in the Western world where the  
 noble motto, ‘*Ich dien*’—I serve—which, if I recollect  
 rightly, was bequeathed as a heritage to future kings  
 and princes by the chivalrous Black Prince, who waited on his  
 captive and unransomed king at Crescy after the famous but  
 fruitless fight there—is more apt to degenerate into ‘I grow

senile' than at Oxford, where, theoretically speaking, the Republic of letters ought to have pulled down all artificial and unnatural ascendancies, and in abrogating the adventitious aristocracies of caste and cult, pelf and place, should have made everything subject to the majesty of mind and the hierarchy of intellect. I repeat the past, or preterit tense, because I hear that the whirligig of time has made some curious innovations on the semi-Median customs and ordinances of Alfred's great University. That the Dons have become more modern and less mediæval, more sociable if less scholastic—more imbued, in fact, with the spirit of the nineteenth century than penetrated by Platonism and saturated with Stagirite sententiousness; that Tufts are not now set up, like the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar, to be followed and worshipped; and that Gentlemen Commoners have no longer patents and privileges—the purchase of the longer purse—beyond the rank and file of their brother undergraduates!

In the days that I speak of, certain abjurations of the Pope and the Pretender had to be formally made ere you could be admitted to Hall or College, and the Thirty-nine Articles had to be subscribed to; for which, if tradition be true, Theodore Hook volunteered to add another, if the authorities deemed it to be desirable. To show what ancient history I am now chronicling, I may mention that one of our most learned Lecturers, who has, I believe, since your *quo dives Tullus et Ancus* preceded him, was then in the fullest vigour of his intellect, which few of us had the ability or sense to appreciate, because the President was a pedant in manner, spoke with a Yorkshire brogue, and was so innocent of the manners and customs of mature and immature manhood that he would burst into a passion of tears when a case-hardened catechumen would bring in a Gibus hat, place his volume upon it, and suddenly 'spring' it in front of the Professor, who felt that philosophy and dialectics were being degraded before his eyes!

I have now wandered far from my original thesis that Oxford atmosphere tended greatly to 'servility.' Let me hark back then for a few paragraphs, promising that I will potter as little as I can on the recovered line, and be brief in my 'babblings.' Julius Cæsar made a tripartite division of ancient Gaul—undergraduate Oxford may have been divided into two great sections, 'Saps' and 'Non-Saps,' though these 'heads' admitted of infinite subsequent subdivisions. Of course, looking back through



the vista of years, we must admit that the 'Saps,' if slightly spurned at the time, were the really sensible section. They had a mission to Oxford, in which steeplechasing, tandem-driving, and such cognate arts, were NOT included ; but rowing and cricket were admitted into the curriculum, though to be used sparingly — just enough to maintain the correct equilibrium between the *mens sana* and the *corpus sanum*. There were then no athletic associations, and the cult of the æsthetic was a heresy which was as openly flouted as we may suppose the neologies of Huss to have been treated by the ecclesiastical courts of his time. We heard and read a vast deal about the Greek Theatre, but we had no theatre of our own, and Fescennine license was the nearest approach to stage smartness within our circles ! As for pianos, if we didn't break them as the rustics were breaking the new machinery innovations in the agricultural development of England, we looked upon their proprietors as feeble folk imbued with little of virile vigour of mind or body.

As for the 'Non-Saps,' whose profession and practice was, if I may so call it, 'otiosity,' or idleness, some few of the more muscular and energetic took to the river ; and if they showed good form in the experimental fours they were soon hustled into 'the Torpids,' to be drafted by-and-by into the racing college eights, while some few might be kept for the University Eight. A certain percentage, set up to be 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' paraded the High, in Randallesque ties, and looked down with sovereign contempt upon all men who were not of their set and regulated by their standard of the τὸ πρέπον and the τὸ κάλον. A great majority, however, gravitated to the stable and the hunting-field, the chase, the turf, and the road, as naturally as a young duckling takes to the deepest pool near her, though its *alma foster mater*, the Dorking hen, may interpose all the authority and expostulation within her gallinaceous power to prevent the seemingly fatal immersion. Thus within every one of those corporations established for the promotion of learning and letters there were a multiplicity of 'sets' established, and every 'set' had its recognised chief and a certain number of 'vassals.' It may be imagined how difficult independence of action and independence of thought became when each set tabooed the other within its orbit ; while, to continue the astronomical analogy, the greater planets in the supreme system looked down with infinite pity upon the arrogance and assumption of the lesser ones — Peckwater, for instance,

looking down on Pembroke, while Pembroke probably considered Wadham, Worcester, and St. John's, quite out of the social pale and beyond visiting distance.

The discipline of a large public school, with its initiation into several of the pastimes and pursuits which find most favour at Oxford, and the *direction* which the mind and taste then acquire, are an admirable preparation for the ampler area of a University. The Freshman who comes up without any such moulding and forming advantages, and more particularly if very young, had, in the days I write of, a good many inducements set very vividly before him to prevent his making the choice said to have been decided upon by that ancient hero Hercules ; and the following little historiette will show how easily the current may be made to 'set' in a particular direction in spite of a certain obvious array of probable consequences dictated by Common Sense. 'At Oxford a Freshman so modest.' The song is so familiar that we need but quote one line.

That Freshman was the inditer of this tale. He had been mixed up much in sport and with sportsmen, but he had learnt to ride a little, to shoot a little, and to play cricket fairly well. Let me now take the first person, and acknowledge that, in the modesty of Freshmanship, I furnished my rooms adequately but not splendidly, though, like the Clive of history, I now wonder at my great moderation in that respect—such magnificent decorations were pressed upon my acceptance by the cabinet-makers ; and that I accepted a pressing invitation to row in the Torpids, from which the ascent was quick to the racing-boat. All this was a happy progress. Rowing and rowdyism are rather incompatible ; and, if you like it, rowing can be allied with reading, very easily and well, while its harmony with the 'tale' of chapels, lectures, and moderate 'battels,' is undeniable. 'Wines' used to be then an innocent form of academic sociability. You had a visiting-list, and had 'wined' with a certain number of your college acquaintances : in other words, you had gone to their rooms after hall and drank a few glasses of rather moderate wine in a formal fashion, and consumed as much 'dessert' as your taste or appetite suggested. Of course, your turn for 'wining' your visitors came, while your hospitable proposal was sent round to the bidden imbibers by merely marking '*Wine*,' on such and such a date on a visiting-card. Your scout, the confectioner, and your own 'locker' or cellar, did the rest.

In my second or third term I was surprised to find a 'winning' proposal from a gentleman commoner of the College, my senior by several terms, whose rooms were furnished with considerable sporting splendour, with emblems of the chase and the road hung round the walls, and whose acquaintance I had made by the merest accident, as in the almost solitary instance of my joining a few men in an afternoon ride. A 'grind' across country had been proposed, and our new host had cut in, and in the course of it a very brilliant-looking hunter of his had come down at a rather trappy fence. I had caught his horse for him, and so broken the icy barrier which then separated the juniors and seniors, and makes it a social solecism to address your senior unless he has intimated his condescension in your favour by a formal call or invitation to his rooms.

Let me introduce my friend as Irby, who may or may not have sprung from the loins of the great Oriental traveller. We considered him a Cræsus in a college cap. He had a nice taste in dogs and horses, kept a well-selected stud of hunters at his private stables, rode light and nicely, and was, generally speaking, a capital fellow, with a pleasant turn for practical joking; one of which jokes, I recollect, was the clipping (machines were not then in vogue) a favourite white poodle of one of the authorities, and then inking him over till he was hardly recognisable by his master. Irby's wines were none of your port and sherry affairs—*Vile potabis modicis Sabinum*—but the vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy glowed purple in his jugs; and Gladstone had not then introduced these wines in cheap form to the bibulous Briton. Hence Irby's parties grew symposiac generally, and more waited for the anchovy-toast and coffee than at ordinary affairs of the sort. Possibly I may have heard that *le grand vin de Bourgogne est très capiteux*; but if I had, I must have forgotten the implied caution, and the generous fluid must have completely obliterated any remnant of prudence and discretion within my constitution, as, ere we dispersed, I had pledged myself to ride the hack I had had a half-guinea afternoon on. The 'grind' was a surreptitious joy of a match of some three miles over a line of country parallel to the turnpike-road between Oxford and Woodstock, the boundary or terminus, if I recollect right, being a lane near the turnpike at Kiddington. We were bound by the articles not to make use of the hard highway, but might shape any course we pleased to the proposed terminus.





"He had a nice taste in dogs and horses"





The stake was quite inconsiderable, and as the weights were catch-weights, in which I had very considerable disadvantage, there was no need of weighing, or dressing-room either, for 'mufti' was the order of the day! I think there was an interval of two days between the wine and the effect—namely, the match; and these days were anything but days of delight to me, as the folly of the proceeding was simply glaring, for, as a rule, a hireling cannot often cope with a hunter, and my ignorance of the elements of race-riding was profound. 'Coaching,' however, is thoroughly understood at Oxford in all its branches, and, of course, I received an unlimited number of instructions, which I did not even know enough to comprehend, much less carry out.

When the eventful day came the Woodstock road was simply lined with lookers-on, principally riders; and when we were turned into the starting-field and sent on our journey the only bit of counsel I could remember was, that by keeping well to the left all through an easy line was to be secured; and certainly nothing could be easier than the fences I met with throughout the journey! Irby's horse balked sometimes, and whether we were too far apart to be able to declare the winner at the finish, or whether, as I imagine, the promoters wanted a repetition of the fun, no decision was made, and the match, it was authoritatively declared, had to be run over again. There are hacks and hacks, but for condition, jumping power, and endurance, those of poor dear old George Symmonds (the brother of the more fashionable Charlie) were sometimes inimitable; and confidence increases when an animal has carried you well over a certain number of fences without error or refusal. So when the second-heat day arrived, and an even greater crowd was gathered together at the rendezvous, my frame of feeling was not nearly so Bob Acreish as on the earlier occasion. So, selecting the same fields, I found the little hack, who had been 'reserved,' I fancy, for this event, better and freer than ever; and when Irby's mount turned round two or three times in succession the issue was never in doubt.

Gentle reader, that *win* proved a very heavy *loss* to me. I had sat on a free-going horse, and had not tumbled off, and this led me to fancy I could 'ride a little bit'—which I really never could do. So henceforth I joined a hunting set, swore by Jem Hills and the Heythrop, thought a dogcart without a leader 'a one-horse affair,' and took a degree in 'Natural Science,' gaining some

little experience in those branches which appertain to hounds and horses, woodcraft and venerie, preferring the sermons in stones and the books in the running brooks to the sciences necessary for 'the schools,' and what Horace calls *totam Socraticam domum*!—a *domus* in which I never sought for domestication. Unfortunately the 'Hebdomadal Board' had no respect for hebdomadal scurries across country; and though the Provost and Fellows talked of a scientific curriculum, they never condescended to encourage tandem driving, or even sanctioned such Pindaric pursuits, while we on our part, I fear, paid little respect to the authorised '*coaches*,' voting them very *slow* and *old-fashioned*: in fact, the animus of the authorities was so decidedly hostile to our chivalrous existence, that fine, starvation, and imprisonment, in the shape of 'gating' and crossing our names at 'the Buttery,' were resorted to, till at last the old Roman penalty of *exilium* was enforced against many of us under the pedantic name of 'rustication;' and sundry members of our brotherhood were at last driven by this system of organized terrorism to seek refuge in a sort of Cave of Adullam, and to transfer ourselves and our sporting properties to a sanctuary known as 'Skimmery,' where a more liberal administration prevailed.

In the times I have referred to, that curiosity of chasing—red-coat racing, or racing in red coats—had not as yet been 'evolved' from the collective wisdom of smoking-rooms and hunt dinners; but in this match there was a capital plan for all such affairs—a start that could be seen from the road, and some three miles, run in a parallel direction to it, and a finish within the eye-range of a crowd. Very few point-to-point chases can be seen in their entire extent, unless the course be circular and commanded by a hill. In the case in point a good man on a smart polo pony, by keeping the road, could command the whole length of the course, and the only drawback or difficulty would be the blocking up of one of the country roads for a matter of twenty minutes, or half an hour at the outside. I commend 'the notion' to the executives of hunt-clubs throughout the kingdom.

I alluded a short time since to a cross-country 'grind,' out of which this match grew. These 'grinds' were naturally highly obnoxious to the farmers of the district, and though capital fun for the riders, were most unwarrantable acts of deliberate trespass and quite enough to turn the friendliest farmer against hunting for though the two things have nothing in common, yet they

might very easily be confounded together by a heated husbandman! A volume might be written about the escapes and captures made in these 'excursions,' for I believe the farmers, who from their situation were most frequently victimised, gave a sort of prize-money to their yokels if they could secure the culprits *en flagrant délit*. Nelson and Collingwood were hardly smarter in their 'cutting-out' enterprises than some of these rapid raids on 'the grinders,' who might be artfully allured into a *cul-de-sac*, or had ungenerous horses that would not jump freely. A story is told of a great haul having been made of a Christ Church party of 'grinders' by a farmer and his men, armed, of course, with the implements of their calling! Among them was a high and mighty Marquis, whose cleverness saved the party from an unpleasant interview with the Dean, Dr. Gaisford. The riders declined giving their cards, so farmer Fieryface said he would accompany them to Oxford and ascertain their addresses. The Marquis, who was a most agreeable man, won over the farmer *en route* by praising the action of his cob and other kindred acts, and 'by-the-by,' said he, 'your throat-lash is quite loose; let me tighten it.' Fieryface fell into the trap, and let go his single rein, when the head stall was instantly whipped off, and, stimulated by a cut of a whip, the cob started off, *ventre à terre*, for home, and Fieryface learnt the practical application of one of old Æsop's fables, and that *grinding* is apt to make young blades extra keen and sharp.

*A propos* of the hireling hunters who, ridden by young Oxford, vexed the souls of the masters of hounds within a radius of many miles, some very interesting investigations might have been made about their antecedents and the how and why they did duty among the undergraduates, for among them were some very fine performers, not up to much weight, to be sure, but resolute, good hunters and huntresses, from whose backs many a young sportsman has seen more real fun than he ever did subsequently, when he became a proprietor of expensive hunters himself and underwent the slow tortures of a specious stud and the tyranny of a stud-groom. Two guineas a-day and no questions asked, so long as the saddle was brought back—in other words, no responsibilities attached—was really a cheap tariff for the ride, considering the risks of all kinds run by the stable-keeper. Perhaps if we had been obliged to ride them to the meets we should have formed a lower estimate of their value, but fast wheels were in our case necessary to take us to covert. I recollect jobbing for



a term an extraordinary good mare, whose only serious defect that I can remember was this, that when she came to a bridge she began to rear, and though she never got very high, she would place her fore-feet on the parapet, which, in her case, accounted for her lapse from a gentleman's stable to the condition of a hireling huntress! This idiosyncrasy was unfortunate at Oxford, where bridges abound on almost every side!

## WHY CHANTICLEER CROWS IN THE MORN.

A DIVAGATION.\* *By 'A WISEACRE.'*



THE Game-cock (whose generic title is Gallus) derived his prefix, 'game,' from the fact that he was always the most important performer in the Sports dear to our earliest ancestors, which were called 'Games.' The Cock's death-despising valour earned him, *par excellence*, this honourable title, which, after a while, came to be the descriptive and laudatory epithet given to human heroes who, like the Gladiators of old Rome, entered the arena with the motto, '*Ave, Cæsar! morituri te salutant,*' and died rather than cry '*Peccavi.*'

The name of Gallus, from which 'the Gallic bird,' as he is often styled, is derived, was—as is well known to all readers of classical lore—simply transferred to the Cock from the brave armour-bearer of Mars, the God of War, for the soul of Gallus still inhabits the race of these noble birds. It is an old and well-received tale (truer than most transformation legends are), that Mars was accustomed to visit Venus after she was married to Vulcan, whose thunderbolt manufactory was at Mount Etna; and that on one of his many consecutive midnight visits, Gallus, who was always posted sentry at the boudoir-door, with orders to announce the coming of Apollo (the Sun) over the distant mountains, having been overcome by Somnus, or Bacchus, or Hocus-Pocus, or all three together, fell asleep on the doormat. The Sun-god, therefore, peeped with impunity through the key-hole, and, seeing the lovers still together, roused Vulcan, who entrapped the pair—just as they were taking a fond adieu—in a net which he had manufactured, as fine as gossamer, but strong

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\* *Divi: vagatio.* Erratic tendency of gods.



Illustration by J. G. S.

"The road was simply lined with lookers on."



enough to hold a rhinoceros. Having caught this erratic and erotic pair, Vulcan removed Mars' sword; and, having bound them together, sent by telephone to call all the dwellers on Olympus to view the God and Goddess *in statu quo*; and here is about the place to take up the Running of the Rhymer, whose Divagation is rather too long for entire reproduction in this periodical:—

OLD Vulcan very soon was brought  
By Peeping-Tom Apollo;

And when he had the lovers caught

He gave a loud view-halloo.

He sent to high Olympus' throne—

By his own private telephone—

To call the gods to see a sight

Fit for their eyes alone;

And one that ne'er in future might

Be to immortals shown.

They came! They saw! They grinned their fill

At Mars and Venus sitting still.

Not *dos-à-dos*, but nose to nose—

But here the *poses plastiques* must close.

\* \* \* \*

WHEN Mars with Venus from the net

By Vulcan's leave were free to get—

And all the gods had left—

Mars' very beard with ire did twist:

He clenched his teeth—he shook his fist—

And seemed of sense bereft;

Then turned on Gallus in his rage,

Who stood there redd'ning like a page,

But sober—wide awake.

'For thy misdeed,' he cried, 'thou sot!

Accurst shall be thy future lot.

Now listen to the penance laid

On him who hath his trust betrayed.'

#### THE METAMORPHOSIS.

'THOU shalt live as feathered bird

In the early morning heard,

Crying out in accents clear

That all lovers far and near

May beware the prying sun,

As to-day thou should'st have done.

Faithless sentry! sleepy guard!

False to soldier's watch and ward!



Thou thy duties shalt attend  
 Till this wicked world doth end.  
 Keep thy boastful strut and swagger,  
 Wear upon thy heels thy dagger—  
 Since it lay unused, unheeded,  
 When its aid thy master needed.  
 See! the sudden change on-going,  
 Armour bright to feathers growing,  
 Helmet turned to fleshy crest,  
 Breastplate to emblazoned vest . . . .’

#### VENUS TO THE RESCUE.

‘STAY!’ said gentle, soft-voiced Venus,  
 ‘He hath suffered much between us;  
 Though his act hath wrought us shame,  
 Not on him be all the blame.  
 You have passed an angry sentence,  
 ’Tis for me to teach relentance,  
 And I’ll use my power of giving  
 That will make his life worth living.  
 Small offence it was, methinks,  
 To indulge in forty winks—  
 Seeing Somnus overcame him:  
 I decree no change shall shame him,  
 And no ill have power to tame him.  
 Cease, brave Gallus! cease to grieve,  
 And from me relief receive!  
 Thou shalt through this world inherit  
 Warrior’s heart and hero’s spirit;  
 Thou shalt live as valiant knight  
 In fair ladies’ cause to fight.  
 Champion of the frail and weak;  
 Death or glory prompt to seek;  
 With thy faithful soldier-nature  
 Thou shalt keep thy mien and stature;  
 Pluck and beauty, strength and sinew,  
 In thy form shall still continue;  
 And thy voice shall sound to all,  
 Rousing, as the trumpet-call.  
 Go! If Venus may have hurt thee,  
 She, at least, will ne’er desert thee.  
 Loyal type of Love and War,  
 Let thy fame resound afar.  
 Name of note I give thee here—  
 Folks shall call thee CHANTICLEER!’

## GALLUS, THE GAMECOCK.

ALONE stood valiant Gallus,  
 But somewhat scared to find  
 Fine feathers massing on his front,  
 And waving plumes behind.  
 Down-glancing at his naked feet  
 He sees the tapering steel—  
 To make the war-god's claws complete—  
 A dagger on each heel.

THEN vanished God and Goddess proud,  
 Enveloped in a fleecy cloud.  
 At once the bird his courage showed;  
 He clapped his sounding wings and crowed.

\*            \*            \*            \*

AND thus they changed bold Gallus  
 Into a fighting cock,  
 And this is why his clarion-cry  
 The earliest echoes mock;  
 For he remembers what the first  
 Of his famed race had done,  
 In falling on a sleep accurst  
 While watching for the Sun.  
 And so it is—since Venus fair  
 Pronounced his well-known name—  
 In English language he doth bear  
 The special title 'Game;'  
 Which fetching word the noble bird  
 To valiant fighters gave,  
 To represent the sentiment  
 Of all that's true and brave.  
 And since his metamorphosis  
 The Cock doth vigil keep,  
 And on his watch no man can catch  
 Bold CHANTICLEER asleep.

## RACE CARDS.

SKETCHED WITH AN OLD MARKING-PENCIL.

*By 'FUSBOS.'*



HAT I likes about 'untin',' said John Leech's inimitable little snob, 'is, that it improves the breed of 'orses, and brings people together what wouldn't otherwise meet.'

If Snob's remark is appropriate to the hunting-field—and nobody, I fancy, will deny that it is—how much more so is it to

the more widely extended sport of racing! Surely such an heterogeneous mixture as that to be seen on any of our race-courses is not to be met with elsewhere. Take Epsom on the Derby Day, for instance. There, gathered together on those historic downs, is every conceivable variety of the human species it is possible to imagine.

The contrasts, when one comes to examine into and ponder over them, are positively startling. Just imagine a bouquet made up partly of the choicest exotics and the commonest wild flowers—the orchid and the camellia, the sweet-william and the foxglove, the Maréchal Niel and the cabbage-rose—all jostling one another; you can then get some sort of idea of the varied character of the crowd elbowing each other all round you. Dive into it—mingle with it—and if, when you have emerged therefrom, you don't agree with me that the 'sport of kings' brings folks together that would not otherwise meet, I shall be astonished. The heir to the throne, the king of the sharps, the duke and his duchess, the coster and his *gal*, the reigning beauty, the *demimondaine*, the smug banker, the blatant bookmaker, the detective, the pickpocket, the Jew and the Gentile—all sorts and conditions of men with a vengeance. It has always been a complete mystery to the writer, and probably ever will be, how on earth the humbler *habitués* of the racecourse manage to patronise the turf in the consistent manner they do. I am not alluding, by the way, to the card-sellers, vendors of race-glasses, and others who really have a definite object in view. I mean the out-at-elbows, shoeless, half-starved vagabond, who attends every meeting as persistently as the most ardent member of the betting-ring—probably more so, if the truth were known.

What is his object in going racing? Does he love the sport? I doubt it. He cannot bet, for he has no money. An uninteresting vagabond, too—not even picturesque; the most freehanded sportsman going would not give him a shilling. Yet, penniless as he looks, and no doubt is, you see him everywhere. Ascot one week, 'canny' Newcastle the next; Ayr he is just as familiar with as Newmarket. How does he get to all these places? He cannot walk, for, in many instances, it would be impossible for him to do it in the time, and he can't *always* stow his dirty person under the seat of a railway carriage.

The nigger minstrels and other itinerant musicians, too, who attend such meetings as Epsom, Goodwood, and Brighton, in force; there are so many of them that there, again, I wonder how they all make it pay. The last time I was at

Goodwood, a London policeman on duty on the course told me that he really believed that there were more niggers present than gentlefolk; and I don't think the man in blue was far wrong. I can answer for this much: viz, that I myself found them a most intolerable nuisance. Unable to walk about owing to lameness, I was forced to stick to the carriage all day, and I shall not forget in a hurry how the vagabonds pestered me. As for enjoying the racing, it was out of the question. They appeared to me, too, to be a rank lot of duffers, with not an atom of talent amongst the lot. Where was my old friend 'Ginger,' with his Spanish guitar, his band, and his Chesterfieldian manners? He might have been there, but I did not see him.

Donkey Jimmy has long since joined the majority; so has poor old Jim Crow—a host in himself; and so has the Improveesa-torr, as he called himself. The latter worthy I miss especially, for he really was amusing. I remember once his whispering in my ear, pointing at the same time to one of the party I was with of rather a military appearance, dashed with a considerable amount of side,—

'What regiment's the Capting in? do you know, Sir?'

'*The Militia*,' I whispered back, with great promptitude.

The Improvisatore took his cue, and at once proceeded to hit off the peculiarities of the occupants of the drag in his usual versatile style, commencing with my military-looking friend, of whom he sang, to the latter's intense disgust and my proportionate delight,—

'There's the Capting with his whiskers from me not very far,  
People *think* he's in the Harmy, but he's honly in the *Milishar*.'

I need scarcely add that, when this satirical Bohemian sent round the hat the indignant 'Copper Captain' (he really was in some militia regiment) did *not* contribute his mite; but, on the contrary, bid the artist go to the devil, expressing at the same time his desire to know who it was that had given him the 'office.' Needless to observe, he got no information from *me* on that point.

Whenever I pay a visit to Newmarket on a big race-day, and, as is usually my custom, make the best of my way on to the course on my own legs, I invariably see, propped up against the wall, not far from the White Lion, a stout, red-nosed party, bearded like a pard, attired in rusty black, wearing a dirty white tie, a shabby hat, and particularly seedy boots, who, as you pass



him, endeavours to present you with a tract, a number of which he has in a bag suspended from his body by a strap. The first time I saw him I accepted one, thinking, in my innocent heart, that it might be a gratuitous 'tip' for the Guineas. Mr. Segrott, the eminent sausage-maker of Newmarket, I argued, always tips the winner in his window; why not, therefore, this rustily attired sportsman of the Bardolphian nose? So I took one. It contained a tip, certainly, but not quite the one I wanted; for having intimated to me, in the plainest possible language, that the road I was going led—not to the Abingdon finish as I fondly imagined, but to quite a different place called Hades; it went on to say that if I did not pull up in time I should, without doubt, lose not only my money but my immortal soul into the bargain.

'Go to, Stiggins!' ejaculated I in disgust, crumpling up this precious effusion and throwing it into the road; thereby causing a racehorse who chanced to be passing to shy, and nearly unship his boy, who promptly proceeded to swear as only a Newmarket boy *can* swear.

Many times since this little episode have I seen my clerical friend with his bag full of tracts, but I never see any one accepting one by any chance. He does not seem to mind, though. There is a merry twinkle in that watery eye of his, indeed, as much as to say, 'Take 'em or leave 'em, my dear friends. I don't care, bless you! one way or the other.' And I don't suppose that he does, seeing that in all probability he is only a paid servant in the matter.

'You've got "company" in here, gentlemen,' said a railway guard at Woodside, popping his head into the window of the carriage a friend and I, returning from Croydon Steeplechases, were in, in spite of the difficulties placed in his way by a burly passenger, who, evidently on purpose, blocked up the whole of the aperture with his head and shoulders.

'Thank you, guard, we know it,' we both replied. The 'company,' as the friendly guard termed our fellow-travellers, were card-sharpers to a man, as I happened to be aware, knowing one or two of them by sight. It was too late for them to get out, or doubtless they would, finding themselves 'blown upon.' However, they went through the form of being utter strangers to one another, and got the cards out; needless to say, it was great waste of time on their part, and they bundled out at London Bridge, indulging as they did so in some excessively virulent—not to say threatening—language at our expense, in

exchange for the chaff that my friend and I could not resist sending after them by way of a parting shot.

I remember another instance of the 'pictur card' gemmen losing their little tempers, occurring at Harpenden some years ago. The pretty gorse-covered little racecourse, guarded as it is by a few bucolic police (very different customers to the A division—eh, Messrs. Welshe, Sharpe, & Co?), is, needless to say, a favourite hunting-ground for these sportsmen, and, on the day referred to, there was any amount of them practising on rustic credulity with impunity all over the course. A party of them had been hard at work for some time not far from the carriage the writer was on, and some light-hearted gentlemen of our party amused themselves, after lunch, by occasionally pushing unsuspecting onlookers on to the card-players, in so doing sending their cards and money flying, and sadly disturbing their equanimity. They were afraid to retaliate, as the enemy was too strong for them. Their time came, however, later on.

In the course of the afternoon, two of our party—one of them a particularly priggish young City gent—wandered away for a stroll to a distant part of the course. By-and-by, in an isolated spot, they came across a little crowd of rustics with their mouths open, looking on at a man performing the three-card trick. One of the new arrivals (not the priggish man) promptly planted his foot on one of the three cards, and, pulling out a five-pound note from his pocket, offered to bet that amount that the card covered by his foot was the picture card. In a second the sharper was on his feet, and with his pals handy, and not a policeman in sight, lost no time in revenging himself for the insults of the morning. In plain English, he *went* for the adventurous possessor of the fiver, whilst his *bonnet* did the same for the priggish gentleman. The latter, who was about as soft as they make 'em, began to cry (so his friend said), and proved an easy victim, whilst his pluckier companion, a much smaller man, fought so well that the sharpers eventually bolted.

I am told that in the City they don't approve of that sort of thing, don't you know. I can fancy, then, how the faces of his highly respectable partners, Messrs. Milkum and Skunker, would lengthen when their priggish partner turned up at 22 St. Sarah Axe, the morning after the battle, with a plum-coloured nose and two lovely black eyes. How plainly, too, I can see the clerks putting their tongues within their cheeks, and sniggering amongst themselves!

I hear the lesson had a salutary effect, so much so that this smuggest of smug men—a Joseph Surface in his small way—has never since ventured upon a racecourse, whilst to hear his discourse after dinner on the turf and its attendant iniquities is, I am told, most edifying.

Poor turf! Why is it that City men, as a rule, are hardest of all on the sport of kings? It is so, though; and many an argument has the writer, who dearly loves to hear the rustle of a silken jacket and feast his eyes on the glossy coat of a race-horse, had on the subject with some of its immaculate detractors. I am bound to say I have always found it waste of time.

According to these gentry, a man can speculate until he's black in the face in the City. Nothing wrong in that! Oh dear, no! But let him back a horse for a coming event and he's going to the dogs straightway. There are no 'Stiff 'uns' in the City, no bogus companies. The widow, the orphan, the retired officer, the poor clergyman; *they* never get ruined in the City! Certainly not! Perish the thought!

Not long ago, in a part of the country the writer was very familiar with, there dwelt, both in the same parish—within a mile of each other, indeed—a leviathan bookmaker and a shining light of the Stock Exchange. The latter was a jovial fellow enough, and though very loud and noisy, as many of his brethren are, was, on the whole, tolerably popular with the neighbours. They described him as not very refined, don't you know, but so very hospitable and kind-hearted that one can't help liking him. Well, one fine day it oozed out that this jolly Stockbroker had possessed himself, together with a few friends—how, it did not transpire—of a silver mine, a real silver mine, in Australia. What a mine it was, to be sure! Never had such a discovery been made since the days of Columbus. And it was in such few hands, too! Why the profits (as Mrs. Micawber would say) would be e-normous!

Now I don't for one moment intend to insinuate that this open-hearted gentleman went about deliberately, like the spider in the song, inviting unsuspecting people into his parlour, and pressing them to invest their money in this marvellous silver mine of his. But I *do* say that when the whole affair 'bust up,' which it did shortly after, it was passing strange that it should come out that scarcely one of his neighbours had escaped burning his or her fingers in endeavouring to pluck out the fat plums from the snapdragon held out to them so invitingly by

this benefactor of his species. He himself was none the worse, bless you! Not he! On the contrary, his white waistcoats (emblems of purity) were more dazzling, and his raiment and jewelry more resplendent than ever; but his neighbours, the Vicar of the parish—a poor man with a large family, of course—Miss Primrose, the middle-aged spinster, and other insignificant folk, were; and it was a very long while before they recovered from the effects of the disaster caused by the oily tongue of Mr. Jingler the Stockbroker—‘Jolly Jack’ as they called him ‘on ‘Change.’

Now let us turn to the reception accorded to his neighbour, the bookmaker. When the latter, having bought some land and built himself a house, appeared in their midst, not one of the good folk around—with the notable exception of the parson of the parish, who was loud in his praise of his generosity when called on for aid in matters connected with the Church—had a good word for him. He was a blackleg, a gambler, everything that was bad, in short, and was to be avoided like the plague. And yet I know for a fact that this dreadful person would not allow a game of cards to be played in his house. And as for a tip for the Derby—well, I fancy, knowing my man, that had any of his neighbours asked him for such a thing, the reply would have been, ‘Will you have it now, or wait till you get it?’ And the wait would have been a long one.

The premature death of the Marquis of Hastings was an opportunity not to be lost by the detractors of the turf for ‘improving the occasion.’ Headed by the *Times*, in whose columns a leader appeared the following day written in the worst possible taste, at it they went with a will. And the best of it is that Messrs. Chadband & Co. were utterly wrong, for people who profess to know declare that, so far from having been ruined by the turf, he left off, if anything, a winner. Large sums, notably over Hermit and Lady Elizabeth, he lost occasionally, it is true; but he also won largely at times—with Lecturer, for instance. It is not at all difficult to believe that a man of his generous disposition could find plenty of ways of getting rid of his money besides the turf. An acquaintance with that eminent financier, the late Mr. Padwick, for instance, I fancy, was generally found a rather expensive amusement.

How well I can remember the first time I ever saw the Marquis on a racecourse! It was at Chester in 1866, Dalby’s second year; Ackworth, Lord Hastings’ horse, with John Day’s best



polish on him, and Tom Cannon, in the scarlet-and-white hoops, 'up,' being a red-hot favourite. Ackworth's owner by-and-by saunters leisurely into the ring. In a second he is surrounded by the bookies, all yelling and shouting like so many wolves thirsting for his blood. He takes not the slightest notice of them. See, his hand steals quietly into his breast-pocket, and the ring men, noticing the action, think he is feeling for his betting-book, and yell, if it were possible, louder than before. But they are premature. It is his cigarette case that comes forth from my lord's pocket, and the daintiest of cigarettes is chosen and lighted with the utmost deliberation. It is beautifully done, and the contrast between the young plunger's calm, passionless face, and the eager excited look of the yelling mob around him, is a sight not readily forgotten. It is not until the cigarette is well under weigh that the Marquis condescends to produce his betting-book, and then to see the little metal pencils all hard at work is, to put it mildly, a caution. I don't think they ceased going until the horses were at the post, the Marquis returning to the Stand, only to hear, in a few minutes' time, the exultant shout from the ring of 'The Favourite's beat!'

Let us see what has become of the principal actors in this scene of twenty-two years ago.

The Marquis, cut off in the flower of his youth, has long since joined the majority; his colours, though, the famous scarlet-and-white hoops, now registered in the name of Tom Cannon, as popular as an owner as he is as a jockey, are still to the fore, and serve to recall to the memories of old racegoers as they flash past the post the palmy days of Danebury. His *fidus Achates*, Peter Wilkinson, the nominator of Lecturer in that memorable Cesarewitch, his companion in many a scene of fun and frolic, died in the spring of this year. A few weeks later we read of the death of Sam Hibberd, who rode Dalby in each of his Chester Cup victories; and the same sporting journal that announces his decease informs us of the fact that Dalby's owner, notwithstanding the large sums of money that he won by his horse's dual success on the Roodee, is at the present time an omnibus conductor. Verily Dame Fortune is but a fickle jade, and the whilom owner of Dalby is by no means the only one who has suffered from her capriciousness. Not so very long ago the writer saw, loafing outside a gin-palace in London, with scarcely a rag to his back or shoes to his feet, a broken-down swell, once in the army, who had owned racehorses and betted

with the best of them ; and a friend of mine told me that as he was driving home one afternoon from Barnet to his country home, and being obliged to pull up to allow some cattle to pass (the road was full of them, it being fair-time), he had some words with the drover, who, to his surprise, addressed him by his name. His surprise was still greater when he discovered that the blue-smocked cattle-drover had not so many years before been his fag at Eton.

Somehow the *severe* order of sporting costume seems to have gone out of fashion of late, and one does not see the 'down-the-road coats,' the knowing-looking hats, and the elaborately folded chokers, one used to do. In place of them you now see the comfortable ulster of alarming patterns, the pot hat, and the dandified sailor's knot with a pin stuck in it. Take the once well-known figure of the late Mr. Wyndham Smith, better known as the 'Assassin,' the sporting—too sporting—son of the witty Canon of St. Paul's, where would you match him for horsiness of exterior and, I might add, ugliness? The reason for his not very pretty nickname was supposed to be that, when he was an Oxford undergraduate, a stray dog took it in his head to visit his rooms on every possible occasion, much to their owner's disgust, who tried in vain to prevent him. At last this unwelcome guest quite tired out the Assassin's patience, and the story goes that the next time the unfortunate dog put in an appearance he was promptly put an end to by that gentleman in person.

'He locked his door, he changed his room,  
Made play with hunting-crop and broom :  
No good, the dog *would* pass in.  
Said he, " My friend, I'll change your note,  
Some night I'll cut your — throat : "  
He *did*, too—the Assassin !'

I always wonder, seeing how intimate he was with Bill Scott, that he did not look after that worthy better on that memorable Derby Day when, mounted on his own horse, Sir Tatton Sykes, he was deliberately hounded before the race, and finally stopped behind at the start in order to swear at the starter, thereby throwing the race, which he otherwise could not very well have lost, clean away.

There was a story told of the Assassin—familiar, no doubt, to a good many—which I venture to relate here on the off-chance of it coming fresh to some of the readers of *Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches* who may not have heard it. The Rev. Sydney

Smith had one evening the Bishop of London dining with him, so beforehand he took his hopeful son Wyndham on one side and begged him, as a personal favour to himself, not to bring out any of his racing talk in the course of the evening. The Bishop would not like it, &c. &c. The Assassin behaved admirably during dinner, but with the second edition of claret he broke out. Addressing his lordship in the most deferential manner, he put to him the following poser: 'Pray, my Lord, can you tell me what they gave Nebuchadnezzar to bring him into condition after he had been turned out to grass?'

Mat Dawson or John Porter would, no doubt, have answered the question satisfactorily. What my Lord Bishop's reply was I never heard. The Assassin belonged to the Garrick Club, of which Thackeray was also a member; and he figured in the latter's *Book of Snobs* as Mr. Spavin. The portrait was unmistakable, and anything but a flattering one, being written in the great man's most pungent manner. What his subject had to say on the matter I am not aware, but when another member of the club, a rising young literary man, now the Editor of a well-known and popular Society journal, ventured to describe the author of *Vanity Fair* in the columns of a paper he was in the habit of writing for, the latter, probably finding the cap fitted him too tightly, took great offence, and, bringing all his powerful influence to bear, succeeded eventually in turning the offending scribe out of the Club. Hard lines on the latter gentleman, surely! for if ever there was a case of the pot calling the kettle black this was one.

The late Peter Wilkinson looked Newmarket all over—whether on the top of his hack, galloping down to 'behind the ditch' to see one of Dick Marsh's saddled, or strolling down Grafton Street after a lunch at the Gridiron, clad in the usual heavy drab box-coat, and with the inevitable giant cigar between his lips.

David Hope-Johnstone's is a stalwart figure, too, one misses terribly on the famous Heath and in the paddock at Epsom or at Sandown. I never knew which get-up to admire most—the summer one, with the swallow-tailed coat, the scarlet necktie, and the fawn-coloured fluffy silk hat, the plaid continuations and the smart shoes and gaiters; or the winter ditto, the long drab double-breasted coat with the cheese-plate buttons, the tall heavy-brimmed hat, the bird's-eye muffler, and the thick boots. He was, indeed, a gorgeous sportsman; and it was pleasant to gaze upon him. It seems but the other day, or rather



RURY LANE  
RUN OF LUCK

LOST  
DOG

ING LIFE £500REW

MURDER

WHEREAS



A former Custodian  
of the Heath.



Danebury

A Patron of  
John Scotts  
& stable



Danebury Redivivus

A sketch at Newmarket  
[Camballo's 2000]



A sketch at Chester  
in Dalby's year.

Cards of the  
Races.  
sketched from  
memory by  
Finch





night, that we were at Evans' ('twas in the good old Paddy Green days, before they let the ladies in and spoilt the place), and witnessed a scene between the great 'Davey' and Mr. Serjeant Ballantyne. The stalwart Scot was sitting all by himself at the end of the room, smoking his cigar, drinking his brandy and water, and listening to the *Chough and the Crow*, when enter the learned Serjeant, who planted himself at an adjacent table, totally disregarding Mr. Hope-Johnstone's friendly nod—he cut him dead, in fact. David smoked away in silence; and it was not until later on, when the Serjeant and his friends were leaving the room, that he took notice of the insult.

It goes without saying that he gave the lawyer a bit of his mind, in language more pagan than parliamentary; and the affair ended by the Serjeant, who had by this time turned very white about the gills, sneaking out of the door in anything but a dignified manner. David Hope-Johnstone then, to the intense delight of the lookers-on, proceeded to address the room in a neat speech. Altogether it was a very pretty quarrel.

One of the most powerful men in England, one would have thought that he would have been the last sort of person to take a liberty with; nevertheless, it is on record that an enterprising hotel thief stole into David's bedroom at the Rutland at Newmarket one fine night and walked off with his watch and, I think, money. Had that *chevalier d'industrie* been caught by his victim he would not have left the room by the door, you may depend.

Three more jovial Scotchmen you would not find in a day's march than the trio I saw all talking together on Newmarket Heath about an hour before Camballo walked off with the Guineas. The said trio consisted of Mat Dawson, on his hack, looking as if the race was all over but shouting; David Hope-Johnstone on one side of him, the Major (Sir James Outram's favourite aide-de-camp) on t'other. 'Very far North,' I take it, this little group, and only wanting Johnny Osborne by way of a fourth to make it perfect.

\* \* \* \* \*

I regret to say that my marking-pencil has at this juncture broken down irretrievably, its long gallop having been too many for it, and may now be considered as 'scratched' for all engagements. I shall have to buy a fresh one before I attempt to describe any more 'Race Cards.'

## MY LAST FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVE.

*By 'A ROADSTER.'*

**Y**OU will find the Deanto be a very nice fellow, I believe; a good sort all round, I am told, though I never had the pleasure of meeting him. So good-bye, old boy, and take care of yourself.'

This colloquy occurred outside the 'Angel' at Islington in the old coaching days. The speaker was a gentleman clad in riding costume of the olden time, and the gentleman whom he addressed was just preparing to take his place on the box-seat of the coach for Carlisle. It will save much explanation throughout this story to say that it was the writer, who was going down to act as curate to the Dean of C——.

Yes, I was bound northward to assist an old friend of my father to drive out worldliness from people who were scarcely of the world at all; that is, in the modern man-of-the-world sense. The Yorkshire bite was to be less vicious under my spiritual advising, and the tyke to become more heavenly, though I question if a pair of wings would ever make a Yorkshire tyke look angelic, let alone raise him off the ground.

'Yes, I've heard the Dean is not a bad fellow,' I replied; 'preaches up to fifteen stone and rides about ten seven—just the sort of man you want to be under when making a beginning in my line.'

'You don't want a better,' said my cousin, in reply; 'but be sure you write and tell us how you get on.'

'Ahem,' said the guard, 'we must rebalance the coach for the stout gentleman with the blue neckcloth. We've a big load of mails all on account of this 'ere General Election which is a-comin' on, and we must start with everything level or we'll be all going a-canting behind the first hedgerow we're a-coming to. I suppose, ma'am, you wouldn't mind sitting alongside of the sporting-looking old gentlemen? You would just about make things equal.'

The gentleman with the blue neckcloth, which only served to bring more into relief his port-wine countenance, chafed very

much at being so alluded to, and the lady blushed till they were of a match in colour. Guards, like coachmen, were privileged characters in those days, and so nobody thought of making any complaint. In the end the coach was made up somehow. I bade my friend good-bye, and off I went whirling northward to a new home in a new country, of which I had as little idea as I had of home and habitation in the vicinity of the North Pole. I have travelled much since then, and run down to Scotland many a time in a Pullman car, joined a Cunarder by steam-tender in the Mersey, and boarded a P. & O. steamer at Southampton; but I have no such vivid impressions of modern farewells as of that one, associated as it was with its four spanking tits, its aristocratic old coachman, its merry guard with his key-bugle always sounding, and my fellow-passengers, the port-wine blue neckcloth old man and the lady, who was set alongside to balance him. The world is getting so small and narrow now-a-days that there does not seem to be any use in bidding good-bye at all to anybody at any time; and, as a matter of fact, the old hug and squeeze of our forefathers and mothers seems to have been milled down into a cold, formal pressure of the tips of each other's fingers and the imprint of almost bloodless lips in a callous, wafer-licking fashion, on each other's brows.

Clear and fair out of London, and amongst the green fields and hedgerows, I gave the coachman's fingers the 'golden cramp' and changed seats. Scarcely, however, had I gathered myself well back with the ribbons in my hand than the stentorian voice of old port-wine face and blue neckcloth was thundering out, 'Guard! guard!'

'Well, sir,' said the latter official most politely, 'anything that I can do for you?'

'See that the coachman takes the reins immediately!'

'But the coachman's hands are cold, I assure you, sir, and he suffers dreadful from drivers' rheumatism—don't you, Bill?'

'Most devilish!' was the reply. Then, turning to the stout complainer, he said, 'Look here, blue handkercher, it's all very well for you as, I suppose, handles yer kerseymere cloth and the like o' that in your line o' business—leastways, I suppose you're a Yorkshire wool-pack buyer—to sit there, with your hands in your pockets, alongside of a nice, comfortable lady as would keep anybody warm.'

There was a hissing, choking sound, as if something was



trying to escape through the blue-neckclothed throat, but all we could make out was, 'Rank impertinence! I'll complain to the inspector, I will!'

On we bowled merrily, the leaders going free and clever, and the wheelers as if being proud of following in their wake. Never had I enjoyed such an exhilarating drive. Very little indeed at the time would have made me do what many a well-bred, well-educated fellow had done before me—chucked up the Church for the coach, and let the pulpit go for the box-seat. No doubt, winter's snows and clouds and summer's thunderstorms made the profession uncomfortable at times; but then, look at the jolly moments in summer, spanking along 'mid fields of golden grain, or of green meadows of waving grass, halting at happy half-way houses for a few minutes' chat with the fairest of Hebes, and then in the evenings enjoying the best company to be found in the land; for the gayest of squires was always proud to spend the evening in company with the driver of His Majesty's mail coach.

Soon we arrived at the first roadside inn, where our change of horses awaited us, and there I tried to make friends with blue neckcloth by offering to get him some brandy and water just to keep out the morning air. All my advances were indignantly repelled, however, and just when the coach was about to start he cried out to the groom, 'Be good enough to inform the inspector on the down coach that a mere boy of a passenger has been driving the whole way from London.' Though I well knew the groom would stand my friend, having slipped half-a-crown into his hand, my temper was rather ruffled, more especially when a charming young lady in the rear began to titter quite audibly.

'Don't you wish you were a mere boy like I am, my gay old cock? And if you were one, would you sit growling there and trying to spoil another fellow's pleasure?' I said.

'I'm not a gay old cock, sir! Don't you dare address me in that way again!' was the indignant reply.

'Perhaps you're going to pass yourself off as a gay young 'un,' said Coachee, 'to captivate some of your lady companions; but it won't do, my old Kerseymere merchant: I've known you on this road now for twenty years.'

'Coachman, you tell a deliberate untruth, sir! a deliberate untruth! I'm not a Kerseymere merchant, and I never was on this road in my life, and I never hope to be again, sir. It's a

disgrace, and I certainly shall complain to my friend, the Postmaster General.

There was a general roar of laughter all over the coach at this, for it was a set phrase and one generally used in fun. At this time it seemed to be used in utter seriousness.

‘Why not say the Prime Minister at once?’ I said, from the corner.

‘Young man, you are a rude, forward, and impertinent fellow, and will come to no good, I’ll be bound. However, I see there’s no civilisation north of London.’

I did not reply, having quite enough to do, as we were scudding downhill at a tearing pace, and my new charges were not running nearly so sweetly as my first. Just as ill luck would have it, there were three or four cows grazing on the roadside, and these commenced to race on ahead in that wriggling and twisting manner which is so peculiar to them when in front of a vehicle. The off-leader shied wildly at one of them, sending the near-leader right on to the bank. I lashed out with the whip to make them spring forward, just as the ladies, who had taken in the situation very readily, let out a scream. It was a near go, but I just saved a capsize by half an inch, the near wheel having been on the very edge of the right embankment.

‘Coachman!’ said a familiar voice. It said no more.

The coachman took my place at once and drove on to Cavington, where I alighted, our stout friend having left at a cross-road three miles off. I changed my clothes at the Cavington half-way house, and soon was shaking hands with my father’s old friend, the Dean.

‘Just think of it, too, dear boy!’ he said, ‘another of your father’s dear old friends whom you never saw has arrived; let me introduce you to—eh—you know, the Bishop of D——.’

I would have bolted if possible, but it was too late. Suffice it to say that I bore the whole of the Bishop’s narrative of his journey down on the coach in silence, and when he at the end said sternly, ‘Now, you’ll promise never to drive four-in-hand again, sir?’ I bowed assent. So that was ‘My Last Four-in-hand Drive.’

‘GOOD-BYE!’—*By* MAURICE NOEL

**B**EAUTIFUL land of the bracken and heather,  
 Favoured by Nature, unfettered by men,  
 Grander in each variation of weather,  
 Rich in thy freedom of corrie and glen.

Back to the breast of thy moss-covered mountains  
 Still every season I long to return,  
 Sigh for the sight of thy forests and fountains,  
 Pine for the musical rush of the burn.

Often I linger in fond meditation,  
 Close to the cairn on some mountain-top high,  
 Certain that all the wide range of creation  
 Scene more entrancing can never supply.

Look where the mists in the valley are clouding  
 Half the bold sweep of the heather-clad hill;  
 See where the shadows, by fitfully shrouding  
 Part of the landscape, make lovelier still.

All the rich beauty of colour abounding  
 Where the warm touches of sunlight are seen;  
 Where the deep loch holds the mountains surrounding,  
 Mirrored in glory of purple and green.

See where the hills, in the distance extending,  
 Roll like the ocean waves height after height,  
 Till the far tops, with the fleecy clouds blending,  
 Vanish away from the limited sight.

Up where the mountain of verdure is barest,  
 Where the blue hare and the ptarmigan dwell,  
 Where the wild voices of Nature are rarest,  
 Silence is casting a magical spell.

Seldom this grandeur of silence is broken,  
 Only, perhaps, by the plover's shrill cry,  
 Or when a far-away screaming gives token  
 Of the flight of an eagle, that falls from the sky.

Bonnie Argyleshire! perchance I may never  
 Breast the fair slopes of thy mountains again;  
 But on my heart there are graven for ever  
 Fond recollections, unmingled with pain,

Of the wild charm in all seasons and weather  
Lent to the chase by the beauty in thee,  
Where the red grouse finds a home in the heather,  
Where flashes the salmon fresh-run from the sea.

When shall my memory fail in recalling  
How my first stag to the rifle-shot fell,  
Where the bracken was crimsoned and crushed in his falling—  
Am I not standing again in the dell?

Yes, and I turn with a pleasure undying  
To many a thought of the kindnesses shown,  
Where the white lodge, by the water-side lying,  
Gave the warm welcome I often have known.

Then, though in sadness, a moment I ponder  
Over the pleasures I tasted before,  
Memory gives me the power to wander  
Over the moorland and mountain once more.

And it is gladness to feel I have known thee,  
Though to thy corries and mountain-tops high,  
And the bounties of beauty that Nature hath shown thee,  
Alas! I must lovingly whisper—'Good-bye!'

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## AUSTRALIAN BUSH TRAVELLING.

*By 'DARLEY.'*

**T**HOSE of us who have ever been unfortunate enough to experience a bad quarter of an hour perched on the top of a very high coach alongside an indifferent coachman, who, with trembling fingers and palpitating heart, attempts to thread the mazes of Piccadilly and The Drive, can appreciate to the full the sense of security, the confidence, the reckless daring, imparted by a master of the art to even his most timid 'outsider.' The talismanic influence he imparts is the same as that received by the hunter from the knees of his rider. We, like horses, are by nature cowards,—we refuse in cold blood,—but when thus fired what will we not dare!

The horror of the former situation can only be compared to that of having to stand fire without shelter, and without chance of replying. The boldest steeplechase rider, the hardest man with hounds, breathes a fervent prayer to his protecting deity



to save him from bad coachmen. In steeplechasing and hunting a man can, to a certain extent, control his destiny; but, unless we forcibly depose him from power and usurp his throne, the coachman reigns supreme.

Such considerations as the foregoing occurred to me when witnessing the marvellous dexterity and daring of Colonials in handling the ribbons. We see prettier drivers at home with a more finished style possibly, but for real hard 'grit' they are not a patch on Colonials. The same remark also applies to their horsemanship. Colonials are ugly riders according to our ideas, and at a finish would likely enough not be within 10 lbs. of a Britisher. But pit the one against the other to ride a real rough horse, or in a pounding match over stiff high rails on a horse that can't jump, and it would be the Lord Mayor's thumb to a toothpick on the Colonial.

In Australia the iron horse has not yet deprived the professional coachman of his bread and cheese. Most of the up-country bush townships are entirely dependent on the coach and the coachman for the expansion of their ideas and their communication with civilisation. So the coachman is still a power in the land, and still unchanged smokes his pipe, cracks his jokes, drinks his liquor, and alternately cusses and coaxes his horses in the way Mr. Weller did, which seems to be innate in the breed.

Before, however, reaching the region of coaches, the traveller must avail himself of the railway for some hundreds of miles inland from the coast. Accordingly one sweltering morning in December, a weary, thirsty, and dust-soiled traveller might have been observed wending his weary way, 'humping his own swag' (*Anglicè*, carrying his own portmanteau), to the Railway Station. That traveller was the writer. 'Got your ticket?' says a consequential-looking gentleman, I afterwards found to be the guard. 'Look sharp, then, or we shall clear without you. You had better put that "swag" in my van.' Having obeyed these directions I ensconced myself in a third-class carriage and 'took stock' of my fellow-travellers. These consisted of a Jew bagman, who said he meant taking a house in Melbourne when he had made his pile—an event which, according to his own account, was not far distant. His race, by the way, are as well represented here as elsewhere, and when the time does arrive for their reassembly in Palestine some of them will have a long journey before them, and rather unpleasant quarters after what

they have been accustomed to in Australia. The other passengers were a policeman and a black-tracker and his gin. These black-trackers are natives employed by the police in tracking criminals. They are wonderful experts at detecting a footprint, and troubled with no feelings save that of fear. The sport they are most partial to is that of shooting their own unarmed countrymen, and the police have considerable difficulty in keeping this sporting tendency within bounds. Another objection to them in European eyes, or rather nostrils, is their overpowering odour, which one has ample opportunity of recognising in a stuffy railway-carriage; and I confess I left that carriage at the end of a long day's journey with not unmixed feelings of regret.

The coach I find does not leave until the following night, so I put up meanwhile at a bush shanty, dignified with the name of hotel. My host, a German, who speaks without enthusiasm of Prince Bismarck and the Emperor William, and who to escape conscription has 'done a shunt' from the Fatherland and sought retirement in 'fresh fields and pastures new,' is a well-to-do fellow; as, indeed, are all publicans here: sheep-shearers with their cheques and drinking-bouts soon enrich a man. He is also a 'good sort,' and sportsman into the bargain. His first remark is, 'Who is going to win the boat-race?' and on my venturing to express a predilection for Hanlan's chance, offers to bet me 2 to 1 Beach beats him. His son, too, he informed me, could hold his own with any one in the Colonies at running, jumping, cricket, and boxing. I am afraid to say in what marvellously short space of time he could run a mile; suffice it to say I didn't lay 'agen' him, for had I not seen horses out there do their mile and a half under Derby time? and did I not know that in that go-ahead country time itself was ahead of what it is in slow Old England—that everything, in fact, was topsy-turvy? So I listened without wonder. Comprehensive as was the list of virtues possessed by Herr Wirth and his family, domestic cleanliness was, alas! conspicuous by its absence. Interesting as would have been his bedrooms to the entomologist, purgatorial (yes, even to the verge of blasphemy) were they to a thin-skinned common-place individual as myself. For what evil thing had not its habitation there? Tarantulas half as big as one's hand which studded the walls, six-inch centipedes, and cockroaches to match, who gaily competed with one another for 'a best on record' across the floor, I could do with. They don't

interfere with you if you don't with them ; but the attacks of combined forces of bugs, fleas, and mosquitocs (ye gods, grant me calmness to tell of them!) in a cramped apartment beneath a heated corrugated iron roof, with the thermometer standing at over 100°, who but a man clad in the steel armour of our ancestors, or a bushman fortified externally with a hide like a Zulu's shield, and internally with more than a modicum of Herr Wirth's square gin, could resist them? Tired out I courted sleep, but it was not to be ; the Fates were inexorable, my evil star that night was in the ascendant. I dozed only to be roused to scratch with redoubled vigour, until it became a serious question what would be left of me between my own nails and the insects in 'the coming by-and-by.' At last I could stand it no longer. A happy thought struck me. I would wander out into the cold pale moonlight with my blanket, brave the mosquitocs—I could put up with them alone, and there, away from the cursed habitations of men, lulled by the monotonous whistle of the tree frogs and the distant howl of the native dog, sleep the sleep of the blessed.

But what about a pillow? One gets a crick in the neck sleeping flat on the ground. The pillow belonging to that accursed bed was inwardly affected, and could not be shaken free like the blanket ; so that was out of the question. Happy thought! the pillow off the sofa in the bar that was hard, firm, and covered with American cloth. There could not be any in that. The thought was parent to the deed. I took it and composed myself, but not for long ; for this, too, was possessed, and I awoke sadder and wiser, determined no longer to put faith in man and his works, but at night at any rate to quit 'civilisation' and become a nomad, mother Earth my bed, stocks and stones my pillow.

At breakfast the bushman from the next bedroom said, 'Nice cool night, mister.'

'I've felt cooler,' said I. 'Weren't you disturbed by the insects?'

'Lor no!' says he. 'They let me rip ; I 'spose they don't like me. I shouldn't wonder if it was a good bit of fancy with you.'

Fancy, forsooth! Well, I read the other day of a man fancying the doctor was curing his dysentery, and being cured accordingly ; but I took the yarn *cum grano* and a little bit of cayenne pepper, as Mr. Jorrocks says ; but I couldn't bring

myself to believe that it was fancy which bunged up both my eyes and rendered every posture for the next few days one of pain.

Now every one asks, 'Have you read Mr. Froude's *Oceana*? He mentions none of these things.' And I reply, 'Yes, I have read *Oceana*, and very interesting it is, like all Mr. Froude's productions. He did find the flies intolerable in the Melbourne gardens, and had to smoke to keep them off; so the presumption is he would have mentioned the other things if they had met him, but they didn't. They were among the things not shown him. I take it this is more likely to have been the truth than that those bottles of champagne, which Mr. Froude mentions as having been so frequently pulled out in his honour, had rendered his hide as impervious as the square gin did my friend the bushman's.

The horses whose mission it was to transport us beyond the limits of civilisation are stabled hard by. Let us go and have a look at them. A grey and a chestnut, the wheelers somewhat stouter and taller than the ordinary run of Australian nags, but 'commoners' from an English point of view, standing, perhaps, 15.3 or 16 hands, and costing, as the coachman remarked with pride, 70*l.* the pair. The leaders—a pair of bays of lighter stamp, with more quality, standing about 15.2,—cost 30*l.* the pair. All are unshod; shoes being only a useless incumbrance where Macadam is unknown. The coachman feeds and grooms them, and they compare favourably with the other horses of the bush, which never experience the dandy or curry-comb.

'With regard to tucker,' says he, 'they get as much Indian corn, lucerne, chaff, and oaten hay as they'll eat. Grass feed won't do for our work. But, bless you! I have a rare job to get most of them to eat dry stuff when they first come to me, and some of them do so badly on it it's better to give them green stuff.'

The coach was standing in the stable-yard. It struck one at first sight as an antiquated concern, but on a closer acquaintance with the country to be traversed and the obstacles to be surmounted its utility became apparent.

In the same way the bullock-cart of India strikes one as a senseless contrivance, until one has reduced one's buggy to matchwood and lamed one's horse in a nullah, and then it begins to dawn upon one that perhaps, after all, the inhabitants



of a country may have learned by experience what sort of conveyance is most suitable to it.

The coach in question looked something like the one Cinderella went to the ball in, without the flunkeys. Its colour was red, the pole massive and continued underneath to the rear, the springs were leather, the wheels high, slight, and buggy-like, and it would at a pinch accommodate twelve passengers—six outside and six in; while, as a stamp of respectability, it was branded 'Royal Mail' in large gilt letters on both sides. At 10 p.m. to the minute the coachman, a youngish man, colonial bred, with a long fair beard and moustache, entered the bar and announced his intention of starting as soon as we had 'shouted' his drink. This ceremony having been performed, and armed with several bottles of whiskey, we took our seats. I was lucky enough to secure the box seat, as the coach was full that night. Inside was a policeman, a black-tracker, the inevitable prisoner, who ran the black very close in richness of bouquet, and a couple of females; while outside was a young Scotch 'new chum' and his wife going up to look for a job on a sheep station.

'Hold tight,' sings out the coachman, and away we go at a canter up the main street of the little town, ploughing our way through the deep black sand. The night was pitch dark save for the twinkling of the stars, and ahead beyond the clearing the dense scrub rose like a massive wall before us. We plunged into it without slackening speed, twisting and turning, avoiding deep ruts, and huge trees, standing like sentries in the way, apparently forbidding further progress. The sand was most trying for the nags, and it needed the whole force of the coachman's expletive vocabulary to keep them up to the collar.

I was never before so convinced of the efficacy of hard swearing, though in a milder form I had noted its benefits in the English hunting-field. This was entirely new; they were strange oaths invented for the purpose. Certainly they broke no bones, and if they had not been accompanied with vigorous lashes of the whip as some sort of explanation, the 'Cruelty to Animals' people could not have complained.

At length down we plunged into a river, nearly unshipping all the outsides with the jolt over a particularly large boulder.

'Don't you ever upset?' said I.

'Sometimes,' said the coachman; 'but I've never had it happen here though. Like enough one of you would spend



At length down we plunged  
into a river.



the rest of the night inside an alligator if it did. It was just here one of them pulled down one of Pat Kelly's pack-horses by the nose as he was drinking.'

At length the moon rose, and we found ourselves commencing the precipitous ascent of a range of mountains.

The track was 'a caution,' just wide enough for the coach, with the most awful ruts that ever were seen, cut deep into the stony soil by the descending bullock-drays. On one side the dense forest, composed of gigantic trees two and even three hundred feet high, massive tree ferns, wild bananas, and strange-looking palms, all interlaced and bound together with every variety of creeper and festoons of the lawyer vine; on the other, a black and bottomless ravine, silent as the grave, save for the occasional scream of some cockatoo roused from his slumbers by the oaths of our driver.

'It's not long since,' said the latter, 'that Ned Jackson, the bushranger, and his chums cut the mail-bags off the back of the coach somewhere just about here. They had got wind of some stamps going up to the postmaster. There were not a great many, so that venture can't have paid them. Caught? bless you, no! it was only last week they "stuck up" Jack Smith's place at Buttamooroo. Jack was away at the time; both his Chinamen "cleared" when they saw who it was, but not quick enough to stop Ned's putting a bullet into the back of one of them. Jack found the poor devil face downwards, not one hundred yards away, when he came back. His fingers had stiffened round his savings—a little roll of notes—poor chap! John Chinaman always takes care of the pieces. That "humpy" on ahead is the stage. Old Bill Jenkins sees to it. I had such a game here with a "new chum" one day. I've seen many green 'uns, but none to come up to him. "Driver," says he, "what animal is that?" pointing to an old-man kangaroo browsing alongside of the track ahead. "Old-man kangaroo," says I. "Pretty creature!" says he. "I've always heard they are the most docile of animals." "Docile isn't the word for it," says I. "They're cute, d—— cute; that's why they call 'em old men. What do you think that varmint does? He comes as regular as clockwork to fetch Bill Jenkins's letters." "What extraordinary sagacity!" says he. "But look, driver, he is running away! how is that?" "Didn't you see him look round before he started?" says I. "Yes," says he. "Well, he could tell from my look there weren't any letters to-day, so he



cleared." There was Ah Sin, Tom Jones's Chinaman, laughing fit to bust himself on the back seat.'

The daring and skill of this man were enchanting. He would, to avoid a bog or a fallen tree, dash out of the track, take a quarter of a mile's *détour*, dodging in and out among the trees, twisting and turning his horses with a hand of fairy lightness, and hit the track again beyond the obstacle. One felt one could drive to the devil with such a man, and come through the ordeal unscathed. If our wheels did run foul of an abnormally big stump and all but overturn us, he would console himself with the reflection that 'it would wake up that sleepy crowd inside.' And so it did, to judge from the language which rang out from the interior on these occasions.

'The last time I came up,' said our coachman, 'I was out of luck. I lost my near leader. A brown snake wriggled out of a rut and was crossing the track just ahead. I tried to pull up, but not before the near leader was on to him and had him all twisted round his near fore-leg. I knew it was all up if he was bitten, and sure enough in ten minutes he was as dead as mutton. A nice young horse he was too, and a favourite of mine. I'll show you where he lies, at least what the crows and hawks have left of him, off the track a bit farther on.'

With such thrilling narratives of his past experiences and exhibitions of present skill our coachman beguiled our way through the tedium and heat of a 150 mile journey in the monotonous bush and sandy plains of the interior of Australia, where, without regret, I exchanged the hard seat of the coach for the more congenial pigskin.

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## A RACE FOR LIFE.

### OPOSSUMING BY MOONLIGHT.

*By 'BOOMER.'*



SAY, you fellows, who will come 'possuming to-night? The moon will be up by ten,' shouts Dick, in a stentorian voice, as he appears on the veranda.

It is the close of a summer's evening; and I—Percy Wyndham, and my four guests, Henty, Ross, Murray, and O'Toole, are all assembled at Kudgewa Station, under the shade of some trees, attired in the coolest of costumes, and

esconced in comfortable hammocks and most luxurious bamboo lounges.

'Ugh! Go away! Too hot! The very idea makes me feel like Araminta Skeggs!'<sup>\*</sup> answered two or three voices, while I appear to be deeply engrossed in the last volume of *Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches*, that has arrived by the mail.

'Nonsense! Come and help me fill up some cartridges,' says Dick. Then, seeing none of us inclined to move, and with a sly look at me (who am thanking my stars that my hammock is out of reach) he disappears through the glass doors and is seen no more for the space of ten minutes. At the end of that time he returns, armed with a huge wet sponge, which gives evidence of having been plentifully deluged, as it drips the whole length of the veranda. Leaning over the rail Dick drops this on Murray's upturned face; the latter springs to his feet, and laughingly remarks, 'I'll pay you out, you beggar!' And then ensues a regular bear fight: round the garden, through the shrubberies they go, till Dick, through very exhaustion, takes refuge on the veranda, and proceeds to barricade his position with every available article, while Murray energetically pounds away with a sausage-like sofa-cushion; and we, forgetting heat and mosquitoes, sit up and watch the scrimmage with interest. After the assault and battery is over we (being too unsettled to read again) adjourn in a body to the gun-room--a nondescript sort of apartment, kept sacred for the use of our hunting and shooting equipments, and disrespectfully designated by Dick, 'The Noah's Ark;' why or wherefore I never could quite understand, save that the idea was suggested by the heterogeneous collection of stuffed animals glaring at us reproachfully from all parts of the room. One corner is ornamented by a melancholy looking opossum, while a bandicoot, two consumptive native cats, &c., repose on different brackets.

'The Noah's Ark' is a long room, furnished mainly with an idea to coolness, with bamboo furniture and Indian-matted floor; here and there are glass cases containing our guns and rifles, while racks of stock-whips, fishing-tackle, &c., fill up the recesses. The walls are adorned (?) by a few pictures (executed by my *fidus Achates* and partner, Dick Sandys), chiefly representing impossible Australian animals and some sketches of favourite horses, rather groggy as to the legs and light about the loins.

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<sup>\*</sup> Araminta Skeggs (see *Vicar of Wakefield*): 'All in a mucker o' sweat.'

Having decided to go on the proposed 'possuming expedition to-night we are soon hard at work, and the business of cartridge-making proceeds rapidly. Ross measures out powder and shot, Henty and O'Toole load the cartridges, Murray stamps out wads and fills the belts, while I, having looked out the guns and rifles with Dick, leave him to chalk the sights, and visit the stable to give directions about the horses, some of which have to be 'run in' from the 'horse-paddock,' a distance of a mile from the homestead. Having concluded our preparations we sally forth for a swim in the creek. And some three hours later we assemble on the veranda equipped for our expedition. We have agreed to ride over to the Blue Forest, where opossums are in great numbers.

'Hurrah, boys! get into your saddles; we're all ready, so off and away!' says Dick, who is commander-in-chief on this occasion; and we—a party of six—are soon crossing the home-paddock at a smart canter, while two of the station hands, with the dogs and sacks for carrying home the game, bring up the rear.

Away we go at a quick pace through the eighty-acre paddock and across the rising ground on to the open plains, keeping beside the creek and skirting the big lagoon, where the startled water-fowl fly out of the reeds as we ride by, and a sly old water-rat disappears with a splash into the depths of the lake. 'Tis a glorious night. The moon is just rising above the distant horizon, making the tall eucalyptus-trees cast ghostly shadows on the turf, and sending a faint streak of silver shimmering over the water. Overhead the stillness of the night is broken by the cry of curlew and coot, while a flock of plover fly shrieking away; and from the distant forest comes the weird howl of a dingo, mingling with the melancholy notes of the mope-hawk; while our appearance on the scene sends a group of *native companions*\* scuttling away over our heads, uttering their peculiar cry.

At a sign from Henty, who is riding in front with Murray, we halt.

'Keep quiet; there's a platypus on that log,' he whispers; and in another instant ping goes a bullet from Murray's rifle, and a dark object rolls over into the water.

Hearing a scuffle in the rear I turn hastily, and am just in

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\* Tall grey birds, resembling cranes.

time to see Dick having an amusing struggle with his great bay horse. Dick being decidedly massive, requires something akin to an elephant to carry him, and his present steed is a huge beast standing something over 17.1. The latter evidently thinks distance lends enchantment to a gun, and is trying his best to bolt in the direction of home.

'Steady! Wo-a, you brute! Gently, old man!' says Dick, soothingly. But it is no good; and with a final buck, Jehoshaphat sends Dick spinning over his head and lands him yards distant in a pool of half-dried black mud, where he sits looking the picture of misery, and remarks in a melancholy tone, as he picks himself up, with his smart buckskins covered with a liberal amount of landed property,—

'I believe the old beast has done it before. Bah! What a mess I'm in!' While we all enjoy a hearty fit of laughter at his expense.

'Never mind, old fellow; there's nothing to see you but the "possums," and they are not fastidious,' I say consolingly as we continue our ride.

A few more platypus fall to our guns, and we congratulate ourselves on our luck, for these little animals are somewhat difficult to shoot, as I know to my cost. *Experientia docet.* And on many a moonlight night have I lain in ambush beside the river, waiting for them for hours, and at last when one did come swimming along, and I ventured to raise my rifle, quick as lightning the little wretch would dive, and I would have to wend my way homewards *minus* my game, and—shall I confess it?—not in the sweetest of tempers. But this is a digression; I must return to our opossums.

Leaving the lagoon behind us, we ride on at a smart pace across the plains till we arrive at our destination. On reaching the forest we dismount, and having secured our horses, prepare for sport. Before setting off we divide into two parties; one to work the south end of the forest, the other to go north.

O'Toole and Murray accompany me, while Dick, who knows the forest well, escorts the rest of the party. With a farewell shout of 'Meet here in two hours' time,' we spring over the boundary fence, and keeping a sharp look-out for snakes, creep stealthily into the forest. The silence is oppressive. Not a sound is to be heard save the whisper of leaves and the occasional chirp of a sleepy bird in the great trees above us. Some ten minutes pass, and we have enough to do to force our



way through the dense undergrowth of scrub and ferns. But at last we are out of it, and as we reach a patch of clearer ground the dogs rush forward to the foot of a tall gum-tree, and utter short sharp yelps as they scent the game overhead.

We follow hastily, and taking care to keep the tree between us and the moon, peer anxiously up into the branches.

'There he is!' says O'Toole, whose sharp eyes, assisted by a gleam of the moon, have caught sight of an unnatural excrescence on the bough.

'Fire away, then,' I answer, and the sharp report of a gun resounds through the forest, startling the sleeping birds and making the bats flit about in all directions, and with a final clutch at the bark the 'possum falls with a dull thud on the ground at our feet.

'Here are two boomers,' calls Murray from a distant tree, and we hurry off in his direction. Crack, crack, goes the sound of a gun, as two more opossums lick the dust, and for the next hour the forest resounds with the shots from our guns and rifles. At the end of that time we are all energetically peering up into the branches of a giant red-gum, in search of an obstinate old 'possum, when we are surrounded by a mob of cattle, bellowing lustily, and stamping the ground as they watch our movements. They have evidently smelt the blood of our game, which has made them highly excited. After vainly trying to frighten them away, we give up the attempt as hopeless, and again resume our search for the opossum. For some time our efforts to dislodge him are in vain, but after a time Murray manages to throw a stick into the thickest part of the foliage, and as the moon suddenly gleams bright and clear we see the 'possum come out and run along the bough, and then swing himself on to a lower branch by his tail, and observe he is a fine specimen of the species termed 'ring-tail.' In an instant I raise my gun just as he is nearing his refuge and home in the trunk, and in another moment he falls a 'dead coon.'

By this time the bellowing and stamping has become worse than ever, and as I turn away from the tree I notice a huge brindled bullock coming to the front at a steady trot.

'That beast means mischief! Look out!' I yell, and the words are hardly out of my mouth before the great brute is down upon us.

'Run!' I shout, knowing it is our only chance, for we have left the boundary fence some two miles distant. Away we go,

helter-skelter, dropping guns, game, and everything, while the dogs, evidently thinking discretion the better part of valour, also turn tail and fly for their lives, as the bullock crashes through the forest in our rear.

As I run on between the trees I catch sight of a somewhat low-limbed gum. It is the only one visible, and in an instant I have swung myself up and arrive on the bough with scratched hands and *minus* my hat. As I reach my perch I see O'Toole, who is just behind me, catch his foot in the gnarled trunk, and come down heavily in spread-eagle fashion. Fortunately for him, the bullock passes him as he lies concealed in the tall ferns, and as I hail him he picks himself up, and, snatching up his rifle, reaches my harbour of refuge very much pumped, while the infuriated beast crashes on past our hiding-place, and we peer anxiously after our companions. Sam is nowhere visible, having dropped his bag of 'possums and dodged behind a tree at the first alarm. Murray is not so fortunate, and we see the bullock tearing madly after him with foaming mouth, glaring eyes, and extended tail. Eagerly we watch the chase, which is a most exciting one.

After racing some distance Murray sees he is losing ground, and takes to dodging round stumps and behind trees. Holding on like grim death to our bough, we try to draw his attention to our retreat with shouts of 'This way, Murray! Here's a tree! Run for your life!' while O'Toole, in his excitement, let's go his hold, and falls on to some timber just below us.

In less time than I take to write it he is on his feet again, and, scrambling up beside me, remarks, 'Sure, and it's mighty prickly down there,' as he rubs an arm that has come into violent contact with a stick. The situation is so comical, and O'Toole's face so excessively woe-begone, that I feel inclined to give vent to a hearty fit of laughter; but the danger Murray is in prevents, and once more we turn to watch the chase and yell to our companion.

'It's his only chance,' gasps O'Toole; and such is indeed the case, for as far as the eye can reach there is nothing to be seen but the tall red gum-trees towering above us, with not the veriest sign of a foothold anywhere visible on their straight trunks.

'Here, old boy! This way!' I shout, while my excitable companion jumps about on the bough like a caged ourang-outang, and narrowly escapes another header into the brushwood below.

'For Heaven's sake, keep quiet!' I exclaim impatiently, being nearly shaken off the branch by O'Toole's antics.

On they come, nearer and nearer, pursuer and pursued still tearing madly along. As the latter darts over a great fallen trunk the bullock loses ground, and we are not a little relieved to see Murray, who has heard our shouts, heading in our direction. 'Tis only for a moment, though, and the bullock is after him, and the dodging round trees and stumps begins over again; but our companion has gained a little, and we lean forward and crane our necks nearly to dislocation point as we again urge Murray to come our way.

'By Jove! once get him up and he's safe!' I pant, as with bated breath we watch them come nearer our refuge, and I see, to my horror, poor Murray is nearly spent. Bit by bit the huge beast is gaining. In another instant the tossing horns will have caught their victim.

'Be jabbers! he's nearly done!' says O'Toole, as Murray nears our tree and falters when within a few yards of our refuge. In an instant O'Toole (who is the only one who has retained his rifle in spite of his encounters with Mother Earth) raises his Martini and sends a bullet crashing through the temple of the great beast, while the latter sways, staggers on for a few paces, and then falls a quivering mass of flesh at our feet.

'Well shot, old boy!' I exclaim, as we scramble down and proceed to administer comfort to Murray from our flasks. The latter is too exhausted to speak for some minutes, and as the moon shines brightly down through the space between the timber I am not ashamed to confess that all our faces look somewhat ghastly.

'A near shave, Murray!' I say, as I proceed to bind up an arm that has been badly torn by the brushwood.

'By Jove! I thought it was all up with me. Ugh! the brute!' he replies, as soon as he is able to speak, with a glance at the fallen foe.

'O'Toole, you rascal! you've killed one of my best cattle,' I say, as I examine the beast stretched before me.

'And saved my life. Shake hands, old fellow,' adds Murray, as we rest on a fallen log, and discuss our late adventure.

'Where's Sam?' some one asks at length; and it is not till we have sent some ringing 'coo-ees,' echoing through the forest that that worthy makes his appearance, looking very much *skeered*, with the dogs following at his heels. It takes some





Be jubers! he's nearly done.

A.C. Howell.





time to collect our scattered property, guns and game, lying in all directions. Leaving Sam at the foot of the tree to frighten any dingoes that may venture to attack the dead beast, we set off for the boundary fence. As we near our rendezvous we can hear our companions coo-ee-ing lustily, and as we emerge from the forest we are greeted with a storm of reproaches, which soon come to an end, as O'Toole gives a graphic description of our late adventure.

As we ride over the hill, a startled wallaby springs up from the bracken and hastens away, and for a moment we contemplate following; but the night is waning, and we are now far too tired to be keen about the chase, so jog quietly homewards over the open plains, where all nature seems to be conspiring to welcome the sun. In the isolated clumps of gums the 'laughing jackasses' are sending forth their noisy 'Ha, ha, ha,' and the magpies are warbling merrily, as only an Australian magpie can warble in its wild state.

On reaching the home-paddock I stop for a moment at the men's hut to give orders to the overseer about sending to relieve Sam, and bring in the dead beast. On arriving at the house I find the rest of our party busy counting the game.

'How much?' I say, as I enter the veranda.

'Five platypus, fifty-six 'possums, and three ducks,' Dick answers, as he gives directions about skinning the game; after which we retire to our rooms, not a little relieved to 'turn in' after our night's sport, which has been an exciting one, and will not be easily forgotten, at least by the three of our party who took part in the race for life when 'opossuming' by moonlight in the Blue Forest, Victoria, Australia.

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## THE TRITON OF ALLEN WATER.

*By 'KINGFISHER.'*



THROUGH many a league of moss and moor  
The Shannon wends his way  
To where, with brackish ocean waves,  
He blends in Limerick bay.  
And here and there o'er either bank  
He pours his waters wide;  
But Allen is the fairest loch  
That drinks his ample tide.

To anglers strolling on its shores  
Most wondrous tales are told,  
By natives, of the giant fish  
Those mystic fathoms hold.  
Young Percy Quinn, for health and sport,  
Had sought this fair retreat,  
With full determination that  
The 'record' he would beat.  
But when he asked that record from  
The 'bhoys,' and tipped a crown,  
'Twas wondrous how the weight went *up*  
As more potheen went *down*.  
By strict investigation, though,  
Our hero quickly found  
The heaviest fish yet brought to bank  
Weighed 'five-and-twenty pound.'  
It chanced while in the crystal lake  
His spinning-flight he plied  
A monster jack a moment showed  
His ample gleaming side.  
No rest for Percy from that time;  
He rose with morning light,  
Tried all he knew till sun went down,  
Then lay awake at night,  
Devising means, or, sleeping, dreamed,  
A tempting bait he'd cast  
That proved too much for greedy Jack,  
And vanquished him at last.  
But still it seemed that Percy Quinn  
For once had found his match,  
His daintiest morsels nought availed  
This wary pike to catch.  
With hope deferred his heart grew sick,  
At length he ceased to try,  
And took his tribute from the loch  
Among the smaller fry.  
One morn among a 'shoal' of perch  
He found some glorious fun,  
His minnows bright from distant streams  
Secured him many a run.  
At length, when one had gorged the bait,  
He made a dext'rous stroke,  
But found he'd caught a Tartar, for  
His rod he well nigh broke.  
Round went the reel, out flew the line,  
And Percy's heart beat fast;

Thinks he, 'tis on the cards that now  
The Triton's hooked at last.  
But small his hope to land the fish,  
His tackle was so fine;  
Without a boat what chance had he  
With forty yards of line?  
It soon ran out; the pike fought on,  
Till, with a sudden dash,  
He made poor Percy so o'erreach  
There came an awful splash.  
Our hero gripped his 'greenheart' firm,  
And battled with the wave;  
Though icy cold the loch that day  
Still Percy's heart was brave.  
He held his own an hour or more,  
But, chilled in every joint,  
His strength relaxed, when hark! a gun  
Fired round the nearest point  
Showed aid was near: his voice he raised,  
And made the echoes ring;  
Till, joyful sight! two fowlers strong  
Rowed up with steady swing.  
They laughed as Percy scrambled in,  
His rod still fast in hand,  
But soon he tired the Triton out,  
And hauled him safe to land.  
The scales were brought, and you may guess  
The trio did not fail  
To wet the 'forty-pounder' well  
With draughts of 'Irish ale.'

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## THE FEN COUNTRY.

*By 'A FENMAN.'*



DREARY country, that can have but little interest to any but the agriculturist.' This is the general opinion of tourists, who, after visiting the Cathedral at Ely, scuttle out of the fens with as much expedition as possible. To appreciate and love the fens, as I do, may want a certain kind of education and adaptability; a little searching for that which does not flash upon us all at once like grand and striking scenery, but more like some quiet, gentle bit of nature that, when known and understood, binds us to it for



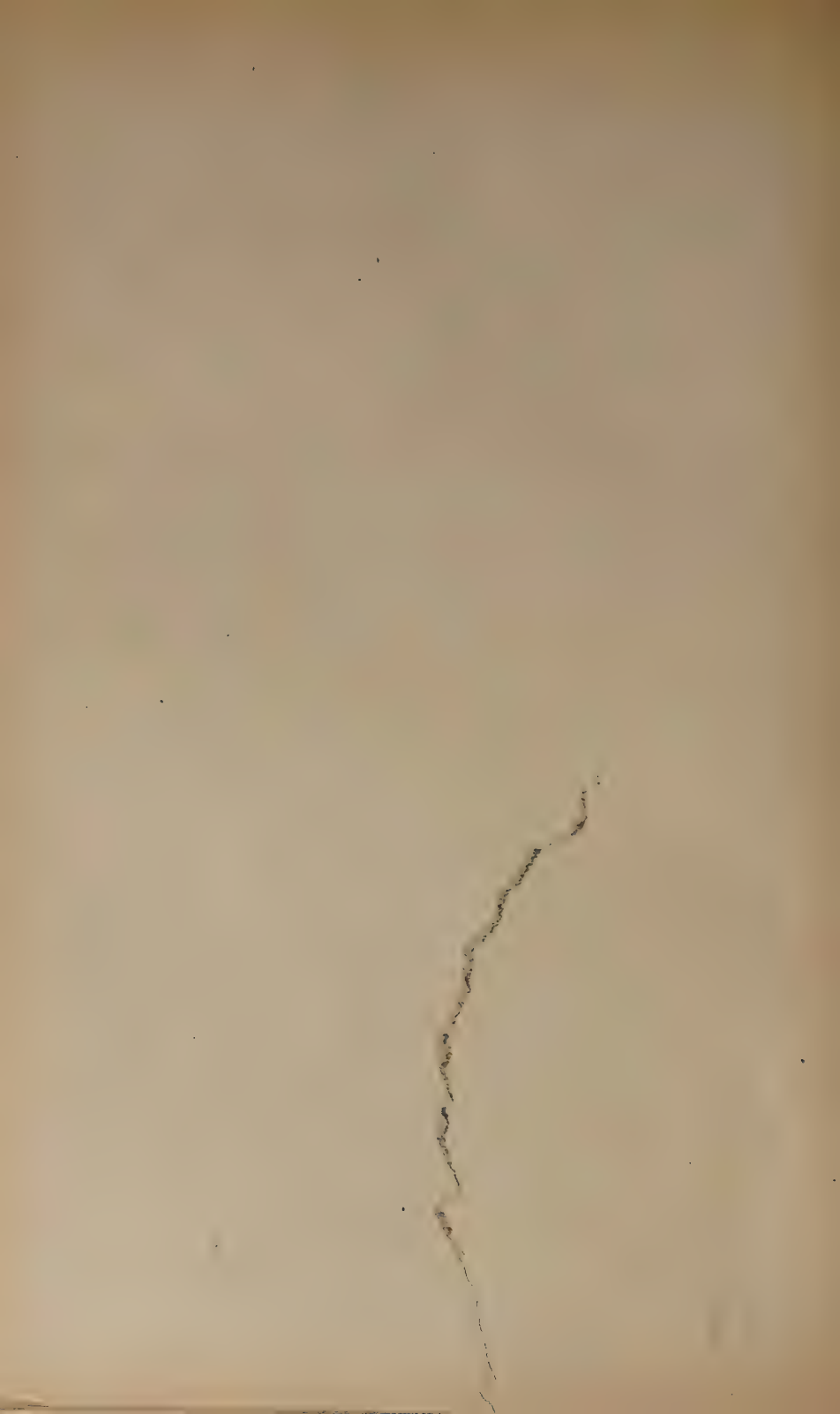
ever. I have not studied the fens in vain, and I am more than thankful for the small artistic skill I possess, that enables me to sketch many a sweet scene in my little-known country, where the ocean-like horizon gives, perhaps, the most beautiful cloud-land in the world. The fenland itself is full of interest to the lover of nature ; its ethnology, botany, geology, and natural history, are peculiarly its own, and the pursuit of fencraft, such as fowling and fishing, gives an additional charm to fen life, as it continually brings an observer in contact with something to amuse or instruct. Perhaps I can best illustrate this by the experience of a day.

Putting a few drawing materials in my pocket, I proceeded to some very remarkable excavations, commenced a century or two ago to supply material for the embankment of the fen rivers, and here is to be seen enough to puzzle the geologist ; the strata are not continuous, but Kimmeridge clay, chalk, and rag, in singular confusion. And here I keep my little boat that I use for fishing or shooting—not a fancy thing of paint and varnish, but light, strong, flat-bottomed, and well tarred ; a boat of the country, which is propelled by punting, or, as we say, *spreading*, the spread being a light pole some twelve feet long, with wooden or light, short, steel prongs, called *grains* at one end and a hilt at the other. My gun and trolling-rod I keep at a cottage hard by ; these I stow away in the boat, and am ready for a quiet day about the rivers and big drains of the fens, and such a one I now describe.

For the first half mile my way lies through forests of that singular aquatic plant, the water soldier (*Stratiotes aloides*), and reeds that wave their purplish, fiery tassels high over my head, much of it being more than twelve feet high. I surprised many moorhens feeding on the seeds of the white water-lily, and now and then a coot, who floundered off with splashing and noise enough for a goose ; then a couple of snipes rise from some floating weeds ahead. Carefully putting down the spread, I reached the gun, and stamped on the bottom of the boat. The noise put up three more ; one fell dead, the other barrel breaking the wing of the second I shot at. A little further on I came across a good subject for a sketch, so, lighting my pipe, I sat down and worked away until I had done as much to it as was necessary, when a kingfisher, not perceiving me, darted past, poisoning himself, like a humming-bird moth, a few yards off. Sparkling for a second in the light like a gem, he shot down into the water, and returned



"A Sharp fight for a minute or two"



with a tiny fish, quivering crosswise in his bill, to a twig of willow above. To have moved in the slightest degree would have instantly caused his flight. Then 'kuk-kuk' sounds from the reeds, and a coot sailed out, with feathers erect, ready to repel the invasion of his domain. The kingfisher suddenly twisted the little fish in his bill, bolted it head first, and calmly watched the absurd antics of the coot.

Plunge ! splash ! and a large pike dashed at a shoal of roach. The kingfisher was gone ; gone, too, was the coot, who dived out of sight, and a curious long squeal peculiar to the frightened water-rail came from some rushes behind me. The first thing was to get out of the way without disturbing the water, which would have made the pike shy, and cause him to suspect something ; having accomplished this perfectly, I got my tackle ready, taking care to see that my bait would tumble over and over in the water like a wounded fish—to imitate this is the surest way to excite the pike's ferocity ; even if he be not hungry he will often dash at it out of sheer savagery. Making my way back by land to a point some twenty yards from where he rose, I cleared a small space for room to cast ; then sending my bait lightly across to a bunch of *lily* opposite, something strikes it as though hit by a stick. Missed it—no, the line passed through my closed fingers and tightens on the rings of the rod ; then I struck with all the strain I dare put on the line, for I knew his jaws were closed like a vice when he felt the slight resistance offered at first. A sharp fight for a minute or two and his strength is exhausted. I put my finger and thumb in the big socket of his eyes to prevent kicking, and throw him down in the reeds. As I do so I say, 'fifteen pounds !'

'Twenty, master !' says a voice behind me.

Turning round I see one of two types of men common in the fens. There is the dark-skinned, long-visaged, wiry fellow, with straight black hair and sharp-looking black eyes, with a certain foreign look about him, denoting, as I think, descent from the old Norman-French blood. The man who addressed me was clearly of the Saxon race ; his hair and beard were a yellowish brown, his eyes a bluish grey, thick set, and slow in his movements, with every indication of great bodily strength—indeed, the Phrygian-shaped cap which adorned his head, tunic of woollen stuff, and leather hose, were all but ancient Saxon costume. Hereward, disguised as a fisherman when he fired



the reeds at Aldreth, could not have looked more Saxon. The reed-hook the man held might have been the terrible *byl*.

'Shall I kill the fish for you, Sir?' he asked. Thanking him, he took it up by the head and middle of the back, and broke its neck by bending the head downwards, apparently without an effort, but requiring no little strength.

'You are a fisherman,' I remark; 'that is a trick of their own.'

'Yes, I am a fisherman,' he said, with a smile; 'so was father, but my grandfather first told me how to "crown" a jack—stuff a few roach down him to make him weigh, you know, Sir. I'll carry the fish for you. I've seen and tried to get him a good many times with a net, but he was too artful for me. I saw how you did it; you took him off his guard, and no mistake. I saw you do it all.'


Our chat turned upon the prehistoric oaks of the fens, that lay by thousands embedded in the black land. He spoke of one nearly seventy feet long, that laid in a turf dyke nearly half a mile away. I determined upon starting off to have a look at it. He told me I had better take my gun, as a flight of snipes were over. This I found to be true, but there were too many to lie well; they rose in bunches, and disturbed others, but by marking down single birds I managed to bag three couple by the time I reached the oak. I found it remarkably straight, and without any indication of a branch for fifty feet. More than fifteen hundred years ago the wild boar may have devoured mast in the dense forest where it stood. Deer-horns are frequently met with, together with remains of other animals that existed at that epoch. Celts are not often discovered hereabouts, but there is the well-known circumstance of one being found in an adjoining fen imbedded in the skull of a British ox.

Returning to my boat I picked up a teal, three whistlers (golden plover), and a couple more snipe. As I slowly rowed (spreaded) down the river I disturbed several good pike at one particular bend. I rigged up and had an hour's spin, catching three and losing two. They were nice fish, but looked small beside their big brother. Having made up my mind for one more sketch I hastened on, until I had arrived at a spot not far, I think, from where Canute composed his famous song, 'Merrily sang the Monks in Ely.'

Before I had finished the sun began to sink below the 'camp of refuge,' the blue sky passed from one delightful phase to another, the stratus was rising and spreading over the land, the young moon shone bright through the clear upper atmosphere. Except for the light splash of thousands of fish as they played on the surface of the water, the distant croak of a heron, and the wail of a lapwing, all was still, with a silence amounting to solemnity, flooding my brain with a thousand memories and fancies of the past history of the fens—and thus another of many such happy days had passed pleasantly away.

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## NOTES ON NOVELTIES.

 S 'Brevity is the soul of Wit,' even so is Simplicity the soul of Mechanism. This must have been present to the minds of Messrs. Urch & Co. the enterprising firm of Saddlers of 84 Long Acre, when they recently applied themselves to the simplification and improvement of their already ingenious and valuable invention, the Patent Double-Spring Bar for releasing the stirrup-leather when the rider is thrown, and the foot should become fixed in the iron; and this is specially important should the rider chance to be a lady, who in such a case would be more powerless than a man. If the fall should occur on the near side the stirrup-leather is immediately released by the weight acting on the back spring, whereas if the fall take place on the off-side the action releases the central portion of the bar with the leather. In its present form we cannot imagine the possibility of the bar getting out of order, or by any combination of circumstances failing to answer the purpose for which it is designed.

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A DECIDEDLY novel combination, with an unusually happy result, is the 'Murietta' Buggy, just completed, under the direction of Mr. C. De Murietta, by Hooper & Co., Coachbuilders to Her Majesty. The old-fashioned curricule body, with a modified outline and a material reduction in weight, has been mounted on the equally old-fashioned 'Stanhope' carriage, with mail axles, compassed shafts, cabriolet steps, and curved dasher. The sides

are caned, whilst the back panel is painted a plain dark green. The finish is in perfect harmony with the general design, and the vehicle, unique in its way and possessing in a marked degree individuality of style, has been pronounced by such a judge as Lord Arthur Somerset to be a 'tremendous success.'

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MR. W. W. GREENER, the eminent Gunmaker, is again to the fore with a new work, profusely illustrated, entitled *Modern Shot Guns*, which should prove of great interest to sportsmen, explaining as it does every variety and principle of these weapons, from the early 'Flint Lock' to the 'Hammerless' of the present time. The critical and practical sections give valuable advice as to the selection and use of guns, shot, and powder, and other important information which a shooter should possess. It is published by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

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Wool  
I've just  
I think

Find More





# FORES'S

## SPORTING NOTES AND SKETCHES.

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### RACING FOR PLEASURE.

By 'FUSBOS.'

**T**HOUGH passionately fond of Racing as a sport,' says my friend Lounger, 'I don't bet to even the extent of sixpence; and I can't help thinking that, in consequence, I enjoy it far more than my race-going friends who do. What do I care,' he goes on, 'if the favourite for the Derby goes amiss at the last moment, and is reported, in consequence, a doubtful starter for the coveted Blue Riband of the Turf? I don't look blue, bless your hearts, when *the* good thing of the day is beaten on the post by a short head. Not I, indeed! On the contrary. Whilst my companion, that incorrigible little punter, Tommy Tensthemain (you know Tommy, Fusbos), is grinding his teeth and trembling with excitement in his varnished boots, as he watches the outsider gradually creeping up all the way from the distance, there am I as cool as a cucumber. Tommy watches him with horror as he reaches the favourite's quarters. He gets to his girths! Tommy turns purple. The pair are neck-and-neck! Tommy's countenance turns sea-green. Finally, when the outsider gets his head in front and wins, as I have said, on the post, Tommy's language is—not to put too fine a point upon it—Pagan.

'What a magnificent race!' I delightedly exclaim, with an emphasis on the 'mag.' 'Magnificent Devil!' rudely replies Tommy; 'I never saw such a piece of bad riding in my life! Fancy, with all that weight, making strong running!' &c. &c. Tommy and I return to town together. What a contrast between the pair of us! All the way back in the train, whilst I am smoking my cigar in peace and comfort, my unhappy friend is gnawing his moustache and groaning in spirit, for it is the last

day of Ascot, and Tommy, who has had a shocking bad week, knows he can't possibly get his money back between this and Monday. I shall enjoy my dinner at the Club that evening, discuss the day's racing afterwards with some congenial spirits in the smoking-room, and devote my energies to getting up a little party of four to go to Stockbridge—a meeting I am extremely partial to.

Tommy, who has no appetite, makes a wretched dinner, drinks a great deal more champagne than is good for him, endeavours to make up his losses at baccarat, at which he drops seven hundred, and finally goes to bed at 3 a.m. with a rattling headache and an unholy consciousness that he will have to devote the whole of what few energies are left to him on the morrow in endeavouring to find that confiding friend to *jump* for him, without whom he knows very well a visit to Cork Street would be pure waste of time, and, in consequence, "Settling" on the Monday a moral impossibility.

Now, can anybody say that Tommy has enjoyed his week's racing? I say, No! emphatically, No! I, on the contrary, was as happy as a king, for the time being. I did not care a rap what horse won or what horse lost. I admired the winsome faces and the pretty dresses. I looked over with immense satisfaction the horses in the paddock, and thought I wouldn't mind having a day on the brown hunter bestridden in such workmanlike style by the noble Master of the Buckhounds, the sight of whom, of course, recalls pleasant visions of Emblem and Emblematic, to say nothing of Thalestris. My eye was immensely gratified, as of yore, by the sight of the big field for the Hunt Cup streaming up, for all the world like a parti-coloured ribbon (find me a prettier sight, if you please), and also by the artistic way the winner was handled by little Chaloner—a veritable chip of the old block. It seemed but the other day I saw his late father on Pell Mell, as near as a toucher doing Maidment on Cremorne for the Derby of 1872. (I wonder how many hearts Tom Chaloner sent into their owners' mouths that day?) In short, winds up Lounger, I leave Ascot with none but pleasant feelings. I have won no one's money; I have lost none of my own. I have seen good horses and good racing, and what more is there to wish for?

What queer times we live in, to be sure! In former days, before that wonderful invention the electric telegraph came into vogue, if a man wanted to bet on a race he was obliged to be

on the spot. Now-a-days it is very different. Heaps of people—sportsmen, I suppose they call themselves—bet away like fury, and never go near a race-meeting from one year's end to another. And yet they have got the Book by heart, can tell you a horse's form to an ounce, and would have you believe that they are better judges of the noble animal than you are, who go a-racing for the pure love of the thing.

Not long ago I came across a man who I knew betted persistently, and tolerably heavily. Said I: 'Are you going to Epsom next week?'

'Not if I know it,' answered he. 'I'm not going to Epsom, or Ascot, or Goodwood, or anywhere.'

'Why not?' inquired I, in surprise: 'don't you like it?'

'Hate it!' was the reply. 'I like betting immensely, but I never go to races by any chance: *it's too much trouble.*'

Well, that's honest, at all events, thought I.

One advantage my non-betting friend, Lounger, claims to have over his brethren who look upon the great game as a mere matter of business, is, that, arrived on the scene of action, he has plenty of time to look about him, whereas they certainly have not. In fact, he derives a vast deal of pleasure from the sport, which to the other is simply a toil.

We will suppose him to be at Epsom. He can leisurely look over the horses in the paddock. (How fond Lounger is of that paddock!) No rushing, no hurry-scurry with *him* to the ring to back this or that before it is too late. Not a bit of it! He will watch with great gratification to himself, the while he smokes the soothing cigar, the adjustment of the toilette of a great favourite from the popular Kingsclere stable, which operation is being carried on by the paddock hedge, under the personal superintendence of John Porter, who adjusts the saddle and buckles the girths, indeed, with his own hands. That done, he waits until Tom Cannon, the jockey of all others Lounger sets most store by, is hoisted into the saddle; and, waiting for a minute or two to admire the group, thinking at the same time what a good subject it would be for a painter to depict—as, indeed, it would—the yellow jacket of the Duke of Westminster and the rich chestnut coat of the favourite (in all probability a son of the peerless Bend Or) coming out in bold relief against the dark green of the hedge behind them; walks leisurely off to his stall or box, as the case may be, in the Grand Stand, arriving just in time to see the horses emerge from the paddock and canter down



the course in Indian file. Occasionally, too, our non-betting friend will walk down to the starting-post, and amuse himself with watching Lord Marcus Beresford exercising his talent—and we might add, patience—in the manipulation of a large handicap field. Always a pretty and an amusing sight this, what with the manœuvring of the jockeys and the anxiety of the horses to be off, and its attendant false start or starts, as the case may be. Sometimes, too, he will abandon the Stand and the sight of the finish, and take it into his head to look on at the races from another point of the course; such as Tattenham Corner at Epsom, or the Bushes at Newmarket. ‘Grand place, the Bushes,’ says Lounger, ‘to watch the race for the Cesarewitch from.’

Occasionally he will remain in the paddock at Epsom on the Derby or Oaks day while the race is being run, so as to have a look at the winner when he walks into that haven of refuge after the struggle. He will watch the start comfortably from just outside the small paddock gate, by the Durdans wall, and, when the flag falls, make the best of his way back again, just in time to meet the horses as they come tearing in.

My enthusiastic friend is fond of relating how he did this in Bend Or’s year, and how poor Fred Archer replied in answer to a bystander’s query, as he pulled the gallant son of Doncaster up: ‘I think I’ve *just* won!’ How one of the other jockeys shouted out to Rossiter, the rider of Robert the Devil: ‘*You’ve* won, old feller!’ And how pleased he (Lounger), was when he found directly afterwards that the Duke of Westminster’s horse had done the trick; for, though not pecuniarily interested in the race, for some reason or other all his sympathies were with the boy in yellow and the chestnut with the white hairs in his tail.

A great admirer of Bend Or and Archer was my friend Lounger, and never tired of talking of the pair.

But to behold Lounger in his glory, you should see him at Newmarket. He is very great on his native heath, as he calls it—no holding him in, in fact, so exuberant are his spirits. Lounger possesses two lovely daughters, quite as sporting in their habits as their papa. (‘What’s bred in the bone—eh, old fellow?’ Lounger is wont to say.) Therefore, just before the first Spring Meeting, three good-looking ponies and a horse for the attendant groom are sent to Newmarket

for the riding of the Lounger family, and there they remain until after the Cambridgeshire week; for not a single meeting at the headquarters of the Turf do they miss, if they know it. The young ladies, as a rule, don't go in for doing the early morning gallops, like that jolly enthusiast their father; preferring, no doubt, their beauty sleep, with a view to conquests on the Heath later on in the day; so Lounger does the touting part of the play by himself, and may be seen at most unearthly hours of the morning, be it wet or fine, warm or cold, pervading the Heath, the Limekilns, or the Tan-gallop, as the case may be; you never know where to find him, in fact. Possessing a capital eye for a horse, he is a most useful man to come across, for he knows most of the equine celebrities, even in their clothes. A professional tout once even went the length of observing that Mr. Lounger had mistaken his vocation. 'He should have been one of *us*!' which remark being repeated to Lounger, that gentleman took as a great compliment.

Morning gallops being over, Lounger returns to an enormous breakfast, and later on accompanies his fair daughters on to the Heath; where, needless to say, he is very much *en évidence* all day. It is quite a treat to look upon him, in fact, so supremely happy is he.

I think, of all the Newmarket meetings, Lounger gives a slight preference to those during which the two great autumn handicaps are decided. The moment the entries are published for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, down sits our friend, with *Ruff's Guide* at his elbow, and busies himself for days adjusting the weights for those two races on his own account; an accomplishment in which he takes especial pride. And, generally speaking, when the weights as given by the official handicapper are compared with those of our amateur, there is not to be found a vast deal of difference. Should Major Egerton place, say, seven pounds less on a horse's back than he does, he likes it all the better; 'for now we shall see,' says he, 'who's right and who's wrong.' 'I can't help thinking,' he will go on, 'that the Major has made too much of that two lengths' beating the horse got from Boanerges at York, don't you know. I watched the race closely, and there's no mistake about it, he hustled the old 'un up, though he was by no means fit at the time, as I happen to know. However, we shall see, Major; we shall see.'

Like the good fellow he is, and accustomed to derive a

great deal of pleasure from it in the course of the year, Lounger prefers to take a cheerful view of the Turf and everybody connected with it; for my friend is no pessimist, you may depend.

'I believe,' says he, 'these stories they tell me of jockey rings, and horses being pulled right and left are, half of them moonshine. A great number of people, Sir, who go racing, in my opinion, don't know a horse from a cow. Those are the fellows who make no allowance for the trials of training. A horse, according to them, must be *always* well, and never sick nor sorry. We'll take for example, Charibert, that roarer of Lord Falmouth's, who won the Guineas simply because the bright, clear atmosphere of that particular day suited his pipes; or Dutch Oven, belonging to the same owner, who recovered her two-year-old form all of a sudden, just in time to win the Leger. Supposing, I say, that either of these two mares I have mentioned had belonged to some small man; what would have been said by all those clever people (and there are plenty of 'em knocking about) who are always ready to put the worst possible construction on everything? Why, I have no hesitation in saying that there would have been such an outcry through the land as never was. As luck would have it, however, the spotless character of owner, trainer, and jockey was such, that the veriest mischiefmonger of the lot dare not draw his bow and send his poisoned shaft at any one of them. Take Shotover, too, who won the Two Thousand and Derby, and was third for the St. Leger. When entered for the City and Suburban the following year, with a lenient weight, and with Fred Archer on her back, was it possible for the racing public to look upon it as anything but a "good thing?" Certainly not! They backed her to a man, of course; and so should I if I had been betting. When the day came, however, the mare was never in it. She had lost all her three-year-old form, and what is more, never recovered it, though they gave her another opportunity at the following Epsom summer meeting—in the Gold Cup won by Tristan, if I recollect rightly.'

'Were there any unpleasant remarks made for this ex-Derby winner being beaten out of sight for the City and Suburban?'

'Not a bit of it! Shall I tell you why, my dear Sir? Because she was the property of the Duke of Westminster, was trained by John Porter, and was ridden by Fred Archer.'

'Had Shotover belonged to plain Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown, with some obscure jockey on her back, there would have been a

howl of indignation, and the public—the fair and just public—would have probably endeavoured to lynch the unoffending jockey on his returning to weigh in.’

‘What won’t they say? is what I want to know. Did they not declare that Gladiateur was a four-year-old when he won the Derby? And why? Simply because he belonged to a Frenchman, and happened to be the best horse of a bad year. Christmas Carol, the second in the race, never did any good afterwards; and Eltham, the third, I believe, eventually descended to the cab-rank. I forget how old they made Caractacus out to be when he won the Derby—“more than seven,” though, eh?’

‘No,’ wound up my friend Lounger; ‘when people come to me with their rumours of Turf scandals, as they are pleased to call them, I shut ’em up with the remark that I never believe, on principle, half what I hear—very often not so much as that; also that, in my humble opinion, these stories, nine times out of ten, are concocted by some evil-minded person, probably no better than he should be himself, out of pure malice, envy, and hatred. Besides which there are always any amount of people who, detesting the Turf, are only too delighted to open their ears to anything they hear to its discredit. Nobody will gainsay that I’m thinking.’

‘I used to think there was more nonsense talked and written about pheasant-shooting than any other sport in existence (I should just like to put a gun into the hands of one of these inkslinging gents who are so fond of inveighing against the “so-called” sport, as they term it, of shooting tame pheasants, and let him have a shot at a rocketeer coming down wind as hard as he can split: I’d back the rocketeer—what?), but it seems to me that racing is the favourite theme for them to enlarge and show their ignorance upon now. What do *you* think?’

Though ready to admit that my cheerily disposed friend Lounger is decidedly apt to view things, as a rule, through rose-coloured glasses, still, for all that, I think his remarks with regard to the abuse jockeys and trainers, to say nothing of owners, often incur only too readily the moment a horse in a race fails to run up to his previous form, are nothing but fair and just.

In the recent trial of Wood *v.* Cox, General Owen Williams hit a good many people very hard when, in giving his evidence, he said: ‘I have not believed all I heard about the jockeys; some men are so dishonest, they think that all men must also be dishonest.’ The popular owner of the cardinal and white jacket



in those few words got at the root of the whole evil, in my humble opinion.

A case bearing on the subject that occurred some years ago at Sandown just occurs to me. A horse belonging to a member of the Jockey Club, and ridden by a popular jockey, not happening to win, for some reason or another there was an outburst of indignation from some of those who presumably had lost their money. One person in particular, an owner of a racehorse or two, made himself especially offensive, and proceeded to assail both owner and jockey with all the lowest abuse in his vocabulary. In the middle of a violent harangue he was suddenly interrupted by a gentle tap on the shoulder. Turning round, he met the smiling countenance of a member of the ring, notorious for his witty sallies and power of repartee.

‘Don’t you think,’ said the latter, in his most insinuating way—‘don’t you think, Mr. S——, that you are going just a little *too* far? I *have* heard, don’t you know, that *your* horses don’t run quite so straight as they might do at times.’

The result of the row, which proved to be quite uncalled for, was that this bullying ruffian had to eat his words and apologise for his conduct—an easy let-off, that he was solely indebted to the good nature of the owner of the losing horse for.

It was refreshing in these degenerate days to see the way in which Charles Wood’s former masters rallied round him during the recent trial in the Law Courts; and it goes against the grain to believe much harm of a man when such pillars of the Turf as the Duke of Beaufort, Sir John Astley, and General Williams, stick up for him through thick and thin. It was the ‘mate’ all over to shake his old jockey by the hand as he left the witness-box. You never hear of racehorse owners such as those just mentioned being hard on their jockeys should their riding be not quite up to the mark occasionally; and no matter how large the sum lost on the race, they never make a fuss about it: it’s your outsider, as a rule, who does that.

Some years ago a well-known jockey had a race at Ascot well in hand, but, consequently on taking things too easy, he was just done on the post. He was so cut up by the disaster that he burst into tears. What said Mr. S——, the owner of the mare he rode, who, having backed her heavily, had, of course, lost? Instead of blowing his jockey up sky high for his carelessness, as many would have done, he met him with: ‘Never mind, Jim dry your eyes with this.’ This, was a hundred-pound note.

This same owner it was who, owning the favourite for the Derby one year, was intreated by his friends to put up another jockey instead of the one he usually employed ; they not having sufficient confidence in his horsemanship. Not a bit of it ! Mr. S ——— insisted on his old servant having the mount, and was duly rewarded by the latter winning the Derby for him. It was a narrow squeak though.

Talking of being caught napping, reminds me of an amusing scene I witnessed once at Newmarket, some years ago now. I think it was during the Cesarewitch week that the powers that be inaugurated a race called the Apprentices' Plate, the conditions of which were that the horses should be ridden by boys who had never yet appeared in silk. The race in question was won in a canter by a horse of Sir John Astley's, the boy on his back being so pleased with himself that he took off his green cap just before he passed the post, and turning round in his saddle waved it in derision at his defeated companions.

The next day the first race was run up at the top of the town, and one of the runners was Sir John Astley's Drumhead (the same horse he afterwards rode himself in his celebrated match with the late Mr. Alexander), the victorious apprentice of the day before being in the saddle. He was winning in a canter, but being a young gentleman possessed of an unlimited amount of confidence, must needs show off a bit, and deliberately pulled his horse up, as if to show how easy it was to win if one only knew how. Quick as thought, Jim Goater, who was riding the second, set his horse going, and as near as a toucher did old Drumhead and his too-confident jockey on the post. However, the latter won all right, and rode into the enclosure to weigh in, his mouth stretched into about the broadest grin I ever saw. Another minute, however, and my young friend was laughing, as the saying is, the wrong side of his mouth ; for the late Charles Blanton, the trainer of Drumhead, who had witnessed the episode just described with anything but the amusement the writer of this article had, came up behind the victorious apprentice just as he was getting off his horse, and with the heavily knotted dogwhip he carried administered such a reminder to him on what a Yankee would call the 'western' part of his person, as nearly made him jump out of his skin. I took the trouble some time afterwards to inquire what had become of Blanton's over-confident apprentice, and was told he had run away. Possibly the part-owner of Robert the Devil, finding it necessary to apply the

dogwhip more often than was pleasant to his pupil, caused him to throw up the Turf in disgust.

There is no pleasing some people.

Well, I quite agree with my friend Lounger, that the Turf is, taking it on the whole, a glorious institution ; the only difference of opinion between us being that I like to back my fancy occasionally, whilst he, as I have already said, does not. In spite of all its detractors may say to the contrary, I maintain that it was never in such a flourishing condition as just now. I certainly don't believe there were ever so many rich and influential people giving it their active support all at once as at the present time.

Referring to *Ruff's Guide* I find therein the following names :—H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Beaufort, Hamilton, Westminster, St. Albans, Portland, and Montrose ; Lords Falmouth, Portsmouth, Rosslyn, Fitzwilliam, Bradford, Coventry, Westmoreland, Yarborough, Zetland, Hartington, Calthorpe, Cadogan, Alington, Dudley, Eglinton, Ellesmere, Hastings, Gerard, Suffolk, Durham, Rosebery, and Londonderry ; Sir Frederick Johnstone, Sir John Astley, Sir Robert Jardine, Sir George Chetwynd ; and amongst the commoners, Generals Owen Williams and Forester, Captain Machell, Messrs. James Lowther, Houldsworth, Baird, Rothschild, Perkins, H. Chaplin, Vyner, H. T. Barclay, and many others, too numerous to mention. With such supporters as these, many of whom don't wager a sixpence, but race purely for honour and glory, the Sport of Kings will never decline, you may depend.

### *In Memoriam.*

✠ JOSEPH ANDERSON. ✠

*By 'H. H.'*



AMONGST all the celebrated horse-dealers that have lately passed away from our midst, men known not only in England, but all over the world, such, for instance, as 'Charley Symonds,' as he was usually called, Newcome Mason, and John Darby, we fancy the foremost place would be accorded to Mr. Joseph Anderson, who for so many years carried on business at 108 Piccadilly, where he ultimately died during the present spring. To the younger generation his name may perchance not be so familiar as some





The Jan Gallop





others, as he has for a long time been out of business, but to those whose heads are grey, and to whom the decline of life has come, the name of Anderson will recall the memory of many a flyer that has found its way from his stables (the neatest and best kept in London) to their own. About thirty years ago he divided with the Elmores the cream of the hunter dealing in London, and while the latter perhaps did more amongst steeplechasers, Anderson quite equalled, even if he did not surpass them in the number of hunters passing through his hands, so that it was written of them in an old hunting song,—

‘O Elmore and Anderson why did ye say  
Of your horses the things that were not?  
Piccadilly’s proud cattle are dying away,  
And Uxendon flyers reduced to a trot.’

If there was a horse of celebrity in the market at one time he would have him, no matter what the price, and we fancy perhaps no one but the Elmores, and Quartermaine, who owned the celebrated steeplechaser, Discount, whose victories at Liverpool and Worcester suddenly lifted him into fame, could at that time at all rival or compare with him in that respect.

One who, at an early period of his life, bought for Mr. Anderson, has told us that he was on one occasion sent a long journey into the country to buy a certain horse and at once bring him to his stables. When he arrived he found the owner at dinner, and, on stating his mission, was told it was impossible he could see the horse that evening, as he had just come in from a long and hard day’s hunting. However, he put matters in such a light to the owner that he did see the horse, and, moreover, got him cleaned and clothed up to go away with him that night, so that he should be in Mr. Anderson’s stables the next day (leaving a very handsome cheque in his place), where there is very little doubt that there was a customer ready to take him, even if he was not already sold.

Mr. Anderson always affected the dress, style, and manners of the nobleman or country gentleman of the old school, his ambition being, as he used to say, to raise his trade to its proper status. As ‘the Gentleman in Black’ wrote of him many years ago, ‘He is a dignified member of a very undignified class, and, as he once observed, has thought it his duty to raise the profession to which he has the honour to belong, which he certainly has done by a career of unqualified success.’ For there can be no doubt who the Mr. John Thoroughpin figuring in *Crumbs*

*from a Sportsman's Table* was intended for, or that Mr. Joseph Anderson, who lived in the parish where Charles Clark was curate, sat for the picture. Why so much gall was thrown into the sketch it boots not now to inquire. If Anderson copied the manners of men of rank he did it in more than dress, as, while his business place was Piccadilly, he generally had a residence in the country, and, as may be surmised, that country was generally a hunting one of note. For many years he lived at Old Oak on the Uxbridge Road, and while there he was constantly to be seen with the Royal Buckhounds; indeed, so constant was his attendance as to induce Grant to introduce him into his picture of the meet on Ascot Heath during the mastership of Lord Chesterfield. He was also a good deal with Mr. De Burgh's staghounds, and, moreover, kept a small private pack of his own, with which he showed capital sport, his field for the most part consisting of his brother dealers in London, and the steeplechase jockeys of the day, amongst whom Jem Mason and Billy Bean were frequently to be seen. In truth wherever Mr. Anderson went he constantly kept hounds of one sort or another, as we find him when at Weadon, as well as at Hilmorton Paddox, where he built extensive stables, with a pack of beagles, although Northamptonshire is about as unlikely a country for hare-hunting as can well be imagined. From there he moved into the Vale of Aylesbury, living for a time near Bletchley, but varied it by going into Hampshire, which, however, suited neither him or his horses, so that he quickly left his residence near Botley in the Hambleton country, and retreated to the Vale once more. Then, having given up his business to George Rice, he bought Mr. William Etwall's place, Longstock Grange, near Stockbridge, where Ægis, Andover, Anton, and Antonio, were bred, and here had one of the finest hare-hunting countries in England, which Mr. John Day of Danebury had relinquished a short time before. He soon got a capital pack of hounds, and, with his son, Captain Anderson, and Captain Stuart, to turn them to him, assisted by a wonderful small boy who had perhaps the greatest amount of nerve and cheek ever found combined in so small a frame, if we except Jimmy Grimshaw in the Hastings era. Mr. Anderson made himself very popular with the farmers, and, when he turned out deer in the spring, showed some first-rate runs, in most of which we had the good luck to take part. At this time he was wonderfully well mounted on some horses bought at long figures at the sale of Sheward, who succeeded his

brother, John Anderson, who also did a good trade in hunters as well as high-stepping harness horses in Green Street. However, he did not let them out much, even with the deerhounds, and might have been seen going along on his favourite old grey (for which he gave *on dit* a rattler) at quite a regulated pace as if he was on a *manège* horse, although we believe earlier in life he could go well for a burst. Indeed, one often questions whether he was really fond of hunting, or only went out as part of his business and for his health's sake. One day, during a quick thing with his own harriers, he was seen to pull up in the heat of the chase, quite regardless of the fact that the hounds were running away from him, and, having dismounted, commenced to search diligently for something on the ground. Of course we thought that nothing less than the loss of his watch or a piece of money of some value would bring him up short in this way, but on reaching him found that he had dropped his cigar, and was searching diligently to find it.

He soon tired of Longstock, why, we could never make out, as he had apparently there all in the way of sport that a man of his years could wish. There were good breeding paddocks and training grounds handy, nice open country to hunt over, the best of turnips to hold partridges, pheasants in his plantations, flappers to shoot in autumn, wild duck, teal, and snipe in winter, with some of the very best trout fishing in England to be got, if not quite from his own park, at any rate within a few hundred yards from it; while for coursing, had his mind turned that way, he could rival Amesbury or Ashdown. Indeed, the Etwalls were as celebrated for their greyhounds as for the thoroughbreds that carried the white, green sleeves and cap, or went across the hill to Danebury to carry the colours of Mr. Gully or Sir Robert Peel to victory. Whatever might have been the cause, he sold the place to Mr. Joshua East, the great jobmaster, and took or bought a snug little residence at Southcourt, called Southcourt Lodge, just outside Linslade, or perhaps we shall be better understood if we say Leighton Buzzard, as the two places form part of one town, practically speaking. Here we have heard on very good authority he commenced to ride straight to hounds again, a thing he had not attempted for some years; but it proved only a flash in the pan, a last expiring effort, as he soon gave up the chase altogether, and spent the greater part of his time in Paris, until he returned to die in his old residence this spring at the ripe age of eighty-two.



We have said he was not so prominent a figure in the steeplechase world as the Elmores, nor had he ever the luck to have quite such good horses, but it must not be imagined that he was out of the game, as many good ones ran in his name if he did not absolutely own them. For instance, The Poet by Catton, who gave Jem Mason his first winning mount, if not his first mount in public altogether, as we believe it was when he won at St. Albans in 1834, was, we know, the property of the eccentric Lord Frederick Beauclerk, who was Rector of Kimpton, and used to smoke a cigar in the vestry before going into the pulpit, and rode his own horses at the Hoo races, yet he ran at Aylesbury in Mr. Anderson's name. He also owned a share in Moonraker, who twice won at St. Albans with the Elmores, but got out of it because he thought the horse would break down, and then was continually running second to him at Finchley, Barnet, and elsewhere, with Grimalkin and other horses. The Flyer and Rochelle were either his or ran in his name, but he was never very successful until he bought Cigar by Petworth from Mr. Robinson, and won the Horncastle Steeplechase with him, run in Northamptonshire with Alan McDonough (who did not long outlive Mr. Anderson) in the saddle.

After he had retired into private life he owned Yorkshire Gray, and it was always thought had a share in some of Mr. Arthur Yates' horses, but whether the rumour was true or false we cannot say.

In his time Mr. Anderson had some of the very best judges of horses in England buying for him. Mr. Darby, who became afterwards so celebrated at Rugby, did so in his younger days both in England and Ireland; Mr. Weston also was with him before he went to Mr. Darby in the same capacity, and we knew several good hunters that he sent into Anderson's stables. George Rice, whose neat black coat and boots and broad-brimmed hat were so well known at Tattersalls' and in the Row, was with him for years, and succeeded him at Piccadilly. Mr. Anderson was much attached to him, and no doubt sold many a horse through his delicate handling. Of course we need not remind our readers that he is the original of Mr. Sago in *Tilbury Nogo*, who had 'the finest show hands in London.' Neither must we forget Mr. Alfred Dyson, who bought horses in the Hambledon country and the Isle of Wight, where he had the hounds for some seasons, rode steeplechases, and was altogether a first-rate sportsman. He came to Longstock with Mr. Anderson

and had a house in the village that Mr. William Etwall lived in after he left the Grange. Some one once asked him what he was to do if he came to a high locked gate on a beaten horse? 'Sir,' said Dyson, 'a sportsman never sees an unjumpable piece of timber without seeing a "creep," if not close by the side of it, at any rate not very far out of the line.' We believe it was Mr. Anderson who sold the chestnut Heptarchy, that Alfred Day hunted as a two-year-old, to the King of Italy (Victor Emmanuel) for 400*l.*, but we are open to correction on that point. Altogether we can safely say that one of the most extraordinary men that ever made horse-dealing his profession, passed from amongst us when Joseph Anderson died. Later generations do not know much of him as a matter of course, but to those men who are now in the fifties or older, he was for years a prominent figure in the sporting world. Peace to his *manes*.

## OUR OPENING DAY.

By 'TOM MARKLAND.'



THROUGHOUT the long ages sour cynics you'll find  
To bore you with sneers at the 'ill-balanced' mind,  
That finds it a burden to calmly await  
November the First and the old Kirby Gate.  
As well might they chide the disconsolate swain  
Who sighs for the sight of his lady again—  
Why tried they poor Jorrocks for loss of his reason?  
His landmarks through life were from 'season to season.'

*Chorus.*—A health to the flower of the Anglian race  
That gathers in Autumn to join in the 'chase,  
The fair ones who ride to the muster at morn,  
No music they love like the echoing horn;  
They grace with their beauty the gathering gay  
That lights up the lawn on the Opening Day.

The Downs of fair Sussex, Northumbria's dales,  
The plough lands of Essex, the Marches of Wales,  
Are ablaze on 'the first,' for the scarlet array  
May all go a hunting the almanacks say.  
So barristers throw off their wigs and their gowns,  
While army men rush from the garrison towns,  
With parsons and farmers, and butchers and doctors,  
And 'Varsity men who've eluded the proctors.

*Chorus.*—A health to the flower, &c.

How anxious the huntsman and whips are aye found  
 To descant on the points of each fav'rite hound !  
 To all the fair critics they'll speak in his praise,  
 And boast of his feats in the cub-hunting days.  
 Their joy knows no bounds as they proudly explain  
 Some new entry is sprung from the Rallywood strain ;  
 A strain whence we seldom derive a deceiver—  
 There's Rallywood blood both at Quorndon and Belvoir.

*Chorus.*—A health to the flower, &c.

How hearty the grasp when old comrades you greet,  
 As from the four points of the compass they meet ;  
 They hail from the banks of the bright Highland streams,  
 Where snow-crowned eternal the Matterhorn gleams.  
 Come yachtsmen to England from every shore,  
 All eager for work in the pigskin once more,  
 To wake the same echoes with strains of Tantivy,  
 And cross the old acres in glorious chivy.

*Chorus.*—A health to the flower, &c.

But Time's on the wing : we must now make the most  
 Of fast-fleeting minutes for greeting our host,  
 For tasting his wines and his bountiful fare,  
 A matter requiring discretion and care ;  
 I mean as regards when you've had '*quantum suff.*'—  
 Some get *too much* powder, some don't get *enough*.  
 These flag in the chase, those go faster and faster ;  
 These crane at the fences, those trouble the master.

*Chorus.*—A health to the flower, &c.

Joy thrills the keen sportsman and mettlesome horse  
 When hounds are thrown into the sheltering gorse,  
 Where cubs have been 'rattled' and practised to run,  
 In spite of all danger to share in the fun ;  
 Right gamely to 'break,' 'rings' and 'chopping' to hate,  
 And fearlessly give us a line that is straight,  
 For stud-grooms have sent out the best they are able,  
 The 'Opening Day' claims the cream of the stable.

*Chorus.*—A health to the flower, &c.

The whips may have trouble with many a hound,  
 For 'skirters' at present are sure to abound ;  
 But little they care as they gallop, and say,  
 'Remember that Rome was not built in a day.'  
 A week or two wondrous improvement will work,  
 No longer their duty the tyros will shirk ;  
 Their faults we mark kindly, we're all jubilation,  
 Like schoolboys just home for the Christmas vacation.

*Chorus.*—A health to the flower, &c.



# Our Opening Day





A host of bright mem'ries is borne on the mind  
As homeward you ride through the cold bracing wind—  
You'll gratefully think on the men of the day,  
When old 'Farmer' George in Great Britain held sway,  
The Tarporley boys, and my Lord Barrymore,  
With Salisbury's dame, who once 'pounded' fourscore;  
You'll own o'er the wine-cup 'twere nought but rank treason  
To shirk that grand toast, boys, 'The First' of the season.

*Chorus.*—A health to the flower of the Anglian race  
That gathers in Autumn to join in the chase,  
The fair ones who ride to the muster at morn,  
No music they love like the echoing horn;  
They grace with their beauty the gathering gay  
That lights up the lawn on the Opening Day.

## CAPTAIN BARR'S FIRST YACHT RACES.

### OLD YACHTING REMINISCENCES.

By 'ROCKWOOD.'

**T**HERE are few professional yachting skippers who have taken their positions so quickly as Captain John Barr, who sailed the famous *Thistle* all last year, and held the tiller in the International Matches in New York waters against *Volunteer*. As his early connexion with yachting reads rather romantically, some reminiscences of the first races he sailed by one who sailed with him cannot be uninteresting to the readers of *Fores's Sporting Notes*.

'Will you come with us? we are short-handed,' was the query put to the writer, as he stood on the paddle-box of the *Dandie Dinmont* steamer, chartered by the Royal Clyde Yacht Club to follow the races at the Annual Regatta. The speaker was a stout, thick-set yachtsman, seated in a punt which was rocking underneath on the wash of passing steamers. We did not answer. Yachtsmen were crowding across the gangway, and the fluttering of gay dresses, thoughts of a good luncheon with strawberries and cream galore, and the music of a military band, made me ponder for a moment. Only for a moment, however; for one of the passing ten-tonners turned up her bilge like the belly of a newly hooked salmon, the sun shone warmly

on her burnished copper as the white spray spurted from under her forefoot, and no man fond of yacht-racing could resist the temptation. 'All right!' was my reply, and in the next minute I was being pulled out to the cutter in the dinghy. Soon I was shaking hands with John Barr, skipper and half-owner, as yet undignified by the title of Captain, and ungilded by the brass band and buttons which mark the well-known professional yacht sailing-master. In his shirt sleeves of grey, Scotch wove waistcoat, and trousers of plain blue cloth, and a Scotch cap of the well-known Balmoral cut, we would have taken him as he stood by the tiller to be a fair specimen of a Scottish herring-fisher. Such, indeed, he might have been considered at the time; for only a few days previously he had smelt his first Commodore's gunpowder. His father is one of the crew; and as we race up Holy Loch to keep clear of the large fleet of twenty-ton yachts which are gybing and staying close to the starting-line waiting their signal, we have time to discuss the *Blanche's* history and recent performances.

The lovely little cutter which we have under us was built by Mr. John Inglis of Pointhouse, Govan, the well-known shipbuilder, a keen yacht-racing man and author of that interesting little volume, *A Yachtsman's Holidays*. Intended to lower the colours of a very successful fleet of Clyde ten-ton yachts, she was designed with all recent improvements and sailed very hard; but her success was not remarkable. She could reach and run very fast, and generally could do better with a free wind than most boats; but in tacking she was slow, and lost at this work all the advantage she may have gained on the points mentioned. One night, towards the end of the season, it had blown tremendously hard from the south-east. From the Royal Clyde Yacht Club windows nothing could be seen but a long white foam line against a black cloud; the thin shells every now and then, like charges of grape-shot, rattled against the windows, and yachtsmen, as they sat comfortably in the smoking-room, thought of the *Blanche* riding outside at her moorings just off the pier. Looking seaward the next morning the smart little cutter was nowhere to be seen; she had broken adrift, and was a sad wreck amongst the ragged rocks on the beach. The beautiful hull was riddled like a sieve, and with copper and ironwork removed to the marine stores, she looked only fit for firewood or the mending of farm fences. It was resolved to sell her by auction as she lay, and

amongst those who attended the sale were John Barr and his father, quiet fishermen from Gourock, the favourite winter-quarters for Clyde yachts, and which is situated just over the Frith. They succeeded in purchasing the lot for a very small price, and yachtsmen bade good-bye to the *Blanche* as never likely to be seen again under a yacht-racing flag.

The yachting season wore round once more, and at length came the Royal Northern Yacht Club's Annual Regatta. The programme, which was issued on the morning, contained many new racing flags besides the familiar yellow and red of the old *Fiona*; the *Britannia's* ace of hearts; *Bloodhound's* red and white chevron, and many others; but none were more strange than that which was 'all black.' This was opposite the entry: '*Blanche*; cutter, 10 tons; *Forth Yacht Club*—John Barr.' 'What! the *Blanche*?' said some keen Corinthians, as they hitched their blue serge trousers. 'What can Barr be thinking about?' And they had a hearty laugh all to themselves. If *Blanche* had been true to her name she should have carried white colours; but black, of course, is a hue associated with 'the mysterious,' and so, of course, was appropriate enough. It blew pretty fresh all day, and, fortunately for our doctored-up craft, the wind proved a 'Sojers' one—that is, there was no beating in it. Down the Bute shore, past Mountstewart House, the residence of the Marquis of Bute, the black flag was carried to the front; and, rounding the first mark, she increased her lead, to the consternation of all those who in the morning had thought the starting of *Blanche* a capital joke. At Largs' pier the crowd had gathered down from the village to give the leading vessel a cheer. But it was not *Lancer*; it was not *Merle*; it was not *Queta*; it was not, indeed, any one of the fliers. It was some piratical craft, carrying a flag which only lacked the cross-bones to complete its character. John Barr did not linger long in his gybe round the Largs' mark, but kept his charge going quickly up the Ayrshire shore. She had well won the race at Skelmorlie, and in Rothesay Bay drew the winning gun, no one being more surprised than the acting Commodore of the day. That race determined John Barr's career; and ten years afterwards, in the Jubilee year of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, he was Captain of the Champion Yacht of Great Britain, after winning more prizes at home and in America with ten-tonners, twenty-tonners, and forty-tonners, than has fallen to any two yachtsmen possibly in double the time.



But we are overreaching our subject as some will say, and must stick to our little boat, still flying the black flag in Holy Loch. Captain Barr is anxious to get away with a good lead for the first mark, which is the Powder Buoy off Kilcreggan. The wind is free the whole way up, and *Blanche* ought to show most of them her heels, whilst we get a good look at the four-feet of the best of them.

'Look out for the five minutes' gun,' cried the steersman. 'My watch has Commodore's time, and I am only a minute behind the starting hour on the card.'

'Give them time to warm their poker,' says a man at the fore sheet naively. 'Cold pokers are no use for firing guns, and the Commodore's galley-funnel has been unshipped since breakfast-time.'

The speaker we recognize. He is the well-known Geordie Gillies, favourite trooper of the Duke of Hamilton's Queen's Own Yeomanry, and a great favourite with His Grace. A true Scottish character of the old-fashioned type in every way; winner of troop races innumerable at Hamilton, judge of West-country coursing meetings, victor in many a boat sailing and pulling match at Gourock, champion sword-dancer, pantomime clown, and the Lord knows what not besides. There are few professional yachting men round the British coast who do not recollect poor Geordie, now some years grounded in the big sandbank.

'The gun! the gun!' comes the call, as a puff of smoke flies out from the port-side of Lord Glasgow's steam yacht, *Valetta*. 'Mark off the time, some one, will you, and we'll go off up the loch for a run? Ready about!'

Sheets are let over easily, and we race up Holy Loch, chased by *Merle*, *Lancer*, *Queta*, and some other of our competitors, a few hanging close to the starting line. We gybe and come round as the call goes two guns, and come down with spinnaker boom out on starboard side, ready to lower the big cloth as soon as we get the signal. Inside the last minute we are almost jostling each other for berths, but separate a little as we avoid all risk of being put over too soon. The interval narrows down to a quarter of a minute, then the seconds tick themselves slowly out.

'Out spinnaker! let her rip!' is the call as the second puff springs off from *Valetta's* side, and away we are for the Kilcreggan mark-boat. Captain Barr knows every inch of the

water, and needs no piloting. Straight for the flag-boat he goes, but the Liverpool crack, *The Lily*, has had a little the start of us, and refuses to close back an inch. There is very little distance between the first boat and the last one; and no finer sight could be seen in yacht-racing as we cross Loch Long with spindrift flying from our sterns. *Lily* is the first to take the lee mark, and wear round for the Ashton Bay flag-boat, but we manage to take second place, though it is touch and go. After all it matters not we find, for in the beating to windward which subsequently ensues, we are not at all equal to the crack new vessels, and add to our leeway at every tack. Twice round the course we sail, but a stern chase is a long one, and it proved far too long for us. But our resources were not exhausted, for Highland games ashore proved attractive, and, taking the yacht's dinghy, poor Gillies was seen trying to dance a winning flag to the boat's masthead in competition at Gillie Callum.

Captain Barr did not take the *Blanche* down the Irish round of regattas that year, or he might have won several prizes. At the Loch Ryan Regatta, however, in September, he raced the cutter, still under the black flag, against the then famous Clyde fliers, *Florence* and *Gondola*. On the second day we led *Florence* three-fourths of the first round, and well beat *Gondola* for second prize. There was not much possibly in such performances, but those who watched the sailing determined that John Barr was worthy of being placed in command of better craft.

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## THE PETTICOAT POLO CUP.

By CUTHBERT BRADLEY.

**L**ADY DOLLY SPANKER was—but words fail me to say what she was—all that a lovely woman should be, that was she, and a forty thousand pounder into the bargain.

Her ladyship had caught the polo fever, and never was there such an enthusiast in petticoats; she graced the game with her presence on every possible occasion, vociferously applauding any piece of good play, with the result that there were more accidents from rash riding than had ever been known before.

Arthur Random of the 22nd Greys had fallen head over ears in love with this matrimonial plum, which was the wisest

thing he had ever done in his life, considering he was only worth his pay, although much gifted by nature, for he was handsome, lighthearted, extravagant, immensely popular, and a crack poloist, an appreciable number of good qualities to be crowded under one hat.

At the beginning of the season it was any price you like about Arthur's chance for this prize, but it happened on one unlucky day the Ballyhooley Dragoons sent over a team from the Emerald Isle, and, in spite of Random's superhuman efforts and reckless expenditure of pony-flesh, the Irish team captured the Lady Dolly Challenge Cup.

Unfortunately, too, for Arthur, the sterling good play of the said team so fascinated her ladyship that the Ballyhooley Dragoons backed their leader for pounds, shillings, and pence, down to two to one, that he would take the heiress along with the cup back to old Ireland.

But before the bells could be set ringing, a dusky despot arrived on the scene with an invincible Indian team, who made a clean sweep of all the cups.

Those who best knew Lady Dolly's disposition, anticipated the possibility of her adopting the Mussulman faith, and becoming a Maharanee in her unbounded enthusiasm for polo.

At this critical juncture poor disconsolate Arthur took sweet counsel of his friend, the Hon. Jim Tallboi, a bigoted bachelor, who, having been well roasted by a petticoat in his salad days, was an excellent adviser in difficulties.

'Well, Jim,' began Arthur, 'my lady-love's nearly broken my heart, and, what's worse still, my pocket is quite stone broke. I shall soon have to sell out or do something desperate, so I've come to you for advice, old chappie.'

'I am all attention, dear boy, so long as you don't want to borrow fivers.'

After lighting a big cigar, Arthur opened his heart, told his tale of love, the hopes of success on which he had staked pretty well everything, the caprice of his lady-love, the worries of the money-lenders, and the clouds that were surely gathering over the bright sunshine of his existence

'The odds certainly look against you, Arthur, although I don't think I would risk a fiver on the Maharaja's chance either.

'But, you see, I cannot carry on the campaign; our team are altogether out of form, and my ponies want rest, the firing-iron, and the blister-pot. What am I to do?'

‘From the crippled state of your ponies and your resources, you seem to be in no position to carry on this wild goose chase—begging her ladyship’s pardon—for I wish I had a goose that was likely to bring such golden eggs. It’s of no use trying to gallop down the Maharaja and all comers, so I should advise you to change your game.’

‘But I tell you that polo, and nothing but polo, *par excellence* will win Lady Dolly; and I’ve been clean ridden out at the game.

‘Never fear! you have more good cards in your hands than you are aware of, but you simply don’t know how to play them; she’s to be won right enough. I only wish that I were in your shoes, dear boy, I’d play high enough for this prize, and win it, too!’

‘Oh, it’s easy enough to play a game of brag,’ said Arthur, gloomily.

‘Now, if I am not very much mistaken, a little flattery would force her hand.’

‘Nonsense, Jim! birds are not so easily caught with that chaff, and I’m not quite such a coxcomb to win that way, even if it were possible,’ replied Arthur, indignantly.

‘Well, I speak as an observer of human nature in general, and the female portion of it in particular, for the last twenty years, and my deductions must be very much at fault if I am not right. Now why not sink yourself and your polo accomplishments, and persuade this enthusiast in petticoats that she can play polo herself as well as any of you.’

The bright idea flashed through Arthur’s brain like magic; five minutes ago he had been ‘up a tree,’ now his imagination occupied a castle in the air.

In less than a week’s time the Hon. Jim’s idea took a tangible form, in the shape of a chaste design in silver, ‘The Petticoat Polo Cup,’ to be competed for by an unlimited number of teams of lady players.

The Irish Captain, the Maharaja, and all the polo cracks, faded into oblivion and dim forgetfulness. All her ladyship’s time was devoted to practising with the polo clubs, pony-riding, dumb-bell exercise, long walks, and a strict course of training, in order to contest for the Petticoat Polo Cup. Arthur was once more guide, counsellor, and trainer, in fact, everything to Lady Dolly.



## II.

THE Hon. Jim Tallboi knew everybody that was anybody, the natural consequence of being a somebody who had been everywhere, and had been made much of by mammas with daughters. In the course of a few days he succeeded in raising a team of four lady poloists from among his numerous acquaintances, and the more easily as he was still considered fair and possible game to any one's bow and arrows, whereas Arthur, on the other hand, was crossed off the list of possibilities, being generally regarded as the *fiancé* of Lady Dolly, and so ceased to interest the unmarried ladies and their mammas. He was in consequence not so successful in getting a team together.

The oracle (Jim) had to be again consulted, for Arthur foresaw that, if Lady Dolly's team failed to win the cup, there was no saying what effect the disappointment might have on his chance of winning her hand.

'I tell you what it is, Jim, I have no end of a bother to get my team together. You see her ladyship is so mighty particular about the players, seems to expect all of them to have handles to their names, so at present there are only three, Lady Dolly and her two cousins, the Hon. Misses Rideaway. I'm a bit afraid that they are all too dignified for polo, they won't bend or warm to the game as I should like them to do, their play's too much like croquet on pony-back, so I hope, old chap, that the team you've found isn't a very strong one?'

'Isn't it, by Jove though! they are all nailers at it, I can tell you!' replied the Hon. Jim, trying the *role* of 'Job's comforter.' 'Two of the ladies play like natives; they've sailed three times to India and back and failed to get married, so their game is a bit desperate. You had better find a good player in number four, or you'll lose the game for a certainty, and hash the whole concern.'

'Well, I know a professional lady who could win the game for us, but you see my difficulty is to get over the scruples of the three high born dames. Her ladyship is such a stickler for pedigree. The lady I have in my mind's eye can play like a man. She is the widow of the late farrier of the 65th, who got kicked to pieces by a troop horse. Finding that she had to get a living, and being a fine enterprising woman, she went to London, started a riding-school for ladies, and rides at shows under the name of Miss Amelia Slasher.

‘That won’t do,’ said the Hon. Jim, decisively; ‘I know what she would be like, one of those circus riding-gels of the kick-about species.’

‘You see her first, my boy! she’s a ladylike-looking woman, and rides nine stone two. She’d pass anywhere if I could only get over the difficulty of the pedigree.’

‘Change her name. I don’t suppose the lady would object,’ said Tallboi, sarcastically.

‘That’s exactly what I came to you to talk about,’ said Random, cheerfully. ‘I knew you were a good-natured sort of fellow, who would help me out of a difficulty if you could, and so I thought that you would not mind my telling Lady Dolly that Miss Amelia Slasher is your niece.’

The Hon. Jim’s face became a study, an expression of being shocked for the first time in his life passed across it, and the idea of acquiring a full-grown niece at his time of life fairly staggered him.

But Arthur stuck to his guns valiantly, and over the second cigar they came to an arrangement. Miss Slasher was to be engaged to win the game for the aristocratic team, rooms were to be taken for her at the Blue Goat Inn, where she was to arrive two days before the match to get accustomed to riding Random’s ponies. If she succeeded in winning the match, and Arthur, in consequence, was as successful in winning the heiress, the Hon. Jim was to receive some of the plunder for his generosity in lending his aristocratic name to Miss Amelia Slasher, *née* the Hon. Miss Sybil Tallboi.

When the lady arrived, Random mounted sentry at the Blue Goat to frighten away all inquisitive people who might wish to call on the Hon. Jim’s niece, who was reported to be in for a strict course of training, and, therefore, ‘never at home.’

Random was the lucky owner of a well-seasoned old Yorkshire-bred groom, one of the valuable old pig-headed sort, that know everything there is to know about a horse. He had the whole stable arrangements so thoroughly under his finger and thumb that no stable-boy could have bagged an oat without being instantly detected and summarily dealt with. To say that Random owned is more correct than to say he was the master of him, for no man, whether he be captain of a troop or head of a household, can honestly say he is master of this particular breed of groom, who always manage to get their own way. How then to explain to his old groom Heycock that

Miss Slasher was to ride whichever she liked of the team of five ponies puzzled Random not a little. But after interviewing the lady, and noting her expression of assurance which showed that whether it were man or horse if Miss Slasher got hold of the reins he would have to go bang up to his bit, and in good form, too, and, coupled with this, the amount of side which she took pleasure in putting on to play the part of the Hon. James Tallboi's niece, Arthur decided that she would be more of a match for old Heycock's objections than was he himself. He therefore wrote his orders to his groom, and excused himself accompanying the lady to the stable on the plea of important duty.

Miss Slasher turned out early on the first morning of her arrival, before the fashionable world was up and afoot, to inspect the team of ponies. Charming as the fair sex look in the many bewitching costumes they know so well how to wear, they never show to greater advantage than when attired in well-fitting riding-habits, presuming the fair one can scale the right weight for horse exercise, and as Miss Slasher was the pink of perfection in these respects, it is not surprising that, when she strode into the stable-yard, every groom about the place saluted her as if she had been an empress. The cut of her riding-habit commanded respect, and the masterly way in which she handled her riding-whip at once settled the question whether her orders should be attended to or not. Even old Heycock, who looked upon the female portion of the human race as decidedly his inferior, was a little nonplussed at her commanding presence, but heartily congratulated himself on having put the best ponies safely under lock and key.

'This, my lady, will be the pony as you will like,' said he, showing off an old practice pony that had done a lot of poloing in his day, and was becoming stale and groggy, and considering it an excellent opportunity of having him used up. 'He's just a lady's pony, my lady.'

'Yes, he'd do for an old lady who wanted a basket-carriage trundled about,' said Miss Slasher, who knew the points of a polo pony if any woman ever did.

'He's as handy as a toy-terrier, I assure you. There's not a turn of the game he isn't up to,' persisted old Heycock.

'Let's have a look at the old quad's mouth. Ah, yes, experienced as you say. Well, I don't fancy sitting on the top of those poor old forelegs; let me see something else.'





The Old Quad.

Albert Bradley





So old Heycock grumbled and tried the same old game with another practice pony, but Miss Slasher was not easy to please. 'You have plenty of crocks, groom,' she merely remarked; 'hope you are keeping something up your sleeve for a surprise.'

As a last resource old Heycock trotted out a cocky Arab pony, very straight in front, and a source of constant anxiety to keep him sound on his pins with anything like Random's weight in the saddle. But it was no go, Miss Slasher did not seem to recognise him in the light of a pony at all.

'I can see, groom,' she said, 'that you don't know anything about mounting a lady, so I'll just tell you that I want the smartest pony you've got in your stable, so trot him out, if you please!' bringing her whip down with a swish to emphasise the last three words.

Old Heycock didn't like it at all, he grumbled and growled that the best ponies were no use, they wouldn't carry a side-saddle, and he inwardly anathematised his master for letting loose such a warmint into the stable to bewitch the ponies and give them all sore backs. Miss Slasher, of course, got her own way, and soon had her saddle on the back of the best of the two little blood bays. Cantering him round the paddock, she speedily got on good terms with him, and gained the admiration of all who saw her by her good hands and easy seat.

'Well, what do you think of my ponies,' asked Random, when he met Miss Slasher.

'Oh, some of them are just nice useful tits,' replied the lady, condescendingly.

'But do you think you can win the game for us on them,' demanded Random, anxiously.

'I don't know,' was the unsatisfactory answer, 'the requirements of our game are rather different to yours. You break the ponies' backs, but we shall break their hearts, you'll see.'

'What! my ponies are not fast enough for you?'

'I like ponies clean thoroughbred; they suit a lady, too, ever so much better, they are so quick. I could win the game for you, Mr. Random, on a thoroughbred pony.'

'But where on earth do they grow such animals at a moment's notice?' asked Random, despairingly.

'If anybody knows where to get one it would be a dealer in town with whom I am acquainted. I will telegraph and ask him if you like.'

The dealer, who was at once communicated with, had, of

course, the required article in stock, and by the next train arrived a coal-black miniature racehorse, one inch under fourteen hands, with a long bang tail. When tried he could race like the wind, and turn and twist like a piece of machinery. Miss Slasher was charmed, and declared she could win from anything.

Arthur began to congratulate himself on the satisfactory turn things had taken since Miss Slasher's arrival, for she could play an excellent game of polo. But, unfortunately, people will talk, and Lady Dolly's lady's-maid got to hear strange stories of Arthur's constant attention to the lady staying at the Blue Goat Inn. Consequently, at the last minute, Arthur found out that there was need of no end of diplomacy to prevent a 'dickens of a row.'

### III.

THE day of the long-anticipated ladies' polo carnival at last arrived, and with it string bands, tents, ices, flags, strawberries and cream, to make existence possible with the thermometer at eighty-nine degrees in the shade.

Charity had lent her cloak of propriety to the novelty, and the blue-blooded Debrett-bred crowd eagerly paid their two guineas a-head to witness the play, and enrich the funds intended for the new wing to the deaf drummer-boys' inter-regimental lying-in ear hospital.

Random felt that he had extinguished his chance for Lady Dolly's hand and fortune, as she refused to recognise him as her faithful lover. What was worse, she seemed resigned to her disappointment, and argued with some bitterness that it was no doubt quite the right thing for Arthur to do to make the crack lady poloist of the day the woman of his final choice. When fair woman takes it into her head to think and argue thus, poor man is utterly defeated in his efforts to try and convince her that she is mistaken.

The bell at length rang out and the two teams of ladies marshalled into the field before the admiring crowd of spectators, to indulge in a little effective practice and mettle their ponies.

The visitors' team were a very serviceable quartet of light-weights, with wiry active ponies, and they played together with such precision and certainty as to convince all that they were powerful opponents.

The aristocratic team made a good show on parade, such a

bevy of beauty on ponyback was never seen before. Lady Dolly's poses in the saddle would have done justice to a Mary Anderson, and her ponies showed lots of quality. Her two cousins ran her hard for good looks, although perhaps they were hardly feather-weights. But when Miss Slasher, known to the assembly as the Hon. James Tallboi's niece, riding the miniature black racehorse, put in an appearance, wearing a saucy little cap, she was the admired of all the men, and the envy of all the women.

The umpire dropped the ball in the centre of the field, lowered his flag, and then wisely skedaddled. Miss Slasher and one of the Anglo-Indian ladies, riding a barb, raced for the hit off. The thoroughbred reached the ball at least two lengths before the barb, and getting a good hit she followed it up, raced in, and shot a goal before half the people knew the game had started.

This put the visitors on their mettle. They saw that Miss Slasher meant to make the pace, and, as she was getting away with the ball from a scrimmage, one of the Anglo-Indian ladies rode her out with such determination that the little thoroughbred was knocked clean off his legs. His rider fell cleverly, but before she regained her feet he was up and galloping off, leaving her standing in the middle of the field, while the enemy was working the ball towards goal. Gentlemen started to Miss Slasher's assistance, but she waved frantically for a fresh pony.

Old Heycock in the excitement of the moment trotted out the wrong pony, an old practice animal, but suspecting the old man of doing so purposely, she gave it him roundly in no measured terms. As old Heycock told his missus afterwards, 'She's a real good un, she swore like a hoss soldier.' The visitors scored a goal, and the bell rang for the quarter, one goal each.

For the final quarter there was great excitement, the visitors were four goals to the aristocrats' three. Miss Slasher was evidently rather shaken with her fall. Poor Arthur was in a fever of excitement, for Lady Dolly never gave him a look or a word of encouragement, and he fretted and fumed under her royal displeasure, and did the most stupid thing he could have done under the circumstances, coached and applauded Miss Slasher's play, for he had set his heart on the Aristocrats winning at all costs.

In the final struggle Lady Dolly suddenly forgot her pretty poses, and electrified the field by her dash and vigour, and, ably



backed up by Miss Slasher, she scored two goals, so that when time was called the aristocrats had won the game by one goal.

Every one swarmed round Arthur to be introduced to Miss Slasher. The polo men were raving about her, never had they seen such play—barring their own.

But Arthur's only thought now was to get Miss Slasher started back to town before her would-be inquisitive friends discovered her origin, and made matters more complicated for him.

While Miss Slasher was being the observed of all observers, a little stud-groom sort of man, almost a deformity, for he was something like a tadpole, all head and breeches, worked his way to the front, and having been treated to champagne, a beverage he was unaccustomed to, seemed to have more Dutch courage on board than discretion.

'Dash my buttons, Eloiza,' he exclaimed, embracing Miss Slasher, 'what a game you've been having to be sure. You ain't hurt, I 'ope, my dear?'

'Why, I didn't know that you were here, love,' said Miss Slasher, nothing abashed, returning the little man's embrace. Then turning to Random she said, 'Mr. Random, my husband, Mr. Joshua Jinks.'

'At your service, sir,' said Mr. Joshua Jinks, who was no other than Jinks, the world-renowned horse-dealer, and husband of Mrs. Jinks, better known as Miss Amelia Slasher. 'I think, sir, as the black pony I sent you about did the trick for you along with the missus.'

'Why, Miss Slasher, you never told your uncle that you were married!' said the Hon. Jim Tallboi in astonishment, 'and however you came to unite yourself in the bonds of matrimony to such an ugly little devil I can't think!'

Jinks enjoyed the chaff immensely, he smiled till his small eyes disappeared from sight. 'Ah, sir, a good seat on hossback has a strange fascination for a woman, ain't it, Eloiza.'

Random shook Mrs. Jinks warmly by the hand, and expressed his obligations to her in his hearty way for her exertions in winning the game for them. He did the same with little Jinks, and thanked him for sending such a sterling good pony as the black thoroughbred had proved himself, and he hoped to send a cheque for a hundred guineas in exchange as soon as he could.

He cared nothing for the black looks of the crowd who a



The Winning Team.



few minutes before had been eager to be introduced to the crack lady-poloist, but now stood aloof in offended dignity. It only reminded him of their probable behaviour to himself when he had to 'go under,' as he most assuredly would have to do very soon, as his affairs were in such a desperate condition; but he was amused and pleased with the fond but odd-looking couple, for Miss Slasher stood proudly by her little husband, and looked the whole world in the face.

Lady Dolly, however, was a witness of the little romance, which naturally caused a change of feeling towards Miss Slasher, and, like a true-hearted woman, she was sorry for her unfounded suspicions of Arthur's loyalty and her unkindness to him after all the trouble he had taken to make the game for the Ladies' Petticoat Polo Cup a success. She therefore very prettily asked Arthur's forgiveness. Needless to say, he gave it her, along with his heart and his hand, and is now the happiest married man living.

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## THE BEST ON RECORD.

### A PEDESTRIAN PHENOMENON.

*By* WALTER HELMORE.

#### CHAPTER I.



WAL, I'll go one hundred miles under thirteen hours!' An event of some importance had just been successfully decided at the Bow Running Grounds, which, as everybody interested in such matters is aware, are dedicated to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; and now a large number of those sportsmen who had witnessed the competition were assembled in the 'Tom Sayers' Tavern, a celebrated adjacent hostelry, and the great East London rendezvous of professional pedestrians. Men of every description were here grouped together—short, tall, stout, lean, florid, sallow; but all, with few exceptions, were close cropped and clean shaven, and all, without exception, of a dogged and hardy appearance.

'He's a miracle—that's what he is!' said a short rubicund gentleman, with a blue cricket-cap and no shirt-collar. Then he looked round to see if any dared contradict this statement.

'Your training's got a 'and in it, Matey,' answered another short, stout man. 'We all knows that.'



Matey shrugged his shoulders modestly.

'Running comes by nature, training's a 'art,' he admitted.

'You didn't do much good by Tim Sadler, though,' interrupted a loud-voiced athlete, with a broken nose and no visible linen.

'And why?' came the speedy answer. 'Why didn't I, Samuel? I'll tell you. 'Cause Sadler never did nothing but suit hisself. When you 'andles a novice what's wiser than his purfess'nal trainer and backer put together, what's the good talking?'

In reply, the man called Samuel reminded his antagonist that Tim had done himself ample justice when in other hands than Mr. Matey's. Thereupon the question was taken up generally, and reminders from behind the bar became necessary to quell a rising disturbance.

'Why didn't Tim beat George Connor? Give us your opinion, will you?' said Samuel, addressing Mr. Harry Carless, landlord of the 'Tom Sayers.'

After a moment's reflection 'Arry,' as he was familiarly termed, answered,—

'For two reasons,—He didn't run fast enough, and he didn't do as he was bid.'

'Good, old 'Arry! I'll shake 'ands with you!' exclaimed the delighted Matey.

Then the controversy was slowly drowned in various liquors, and would have been quickly forgotten had not somebody electrified the company, and turned the conversation back into its old channel, by asking, 'Who is this Tim Sadler?'

The surprise occasioned by so complete a confession of ignorance can hardly be realised by those unfamiliar with the reputation that Mr. Sadler had acquired.

'Where was you born to then?' the broken-nosed man asked.

'New York, I've been told,' answered the other carelessly. He was a powerful, sinewy fellow of about five-and-twenty, and evidently a stranger to those around him. But their educated eyes took in certain likely points at a glance, as, with perfect nonchalance, he puffed a cigar, and outstared in turn each respective member of the company who fixed his eyes upon him.

'What's your name and business, guv'nor?' inquired Matey.

'I've been called Greenleaf pretty often,' answered the American; 'and as for business, I'll get through a *cigar* fastern any gent around at this minute—bring the smoke out of my left ear, in the bargain.'

'You can run a little, I fancy?' hazarded Carless.

'I fancy I can—a little.'

'Long distance, I reckon?' put in Matey.

'I reckon so.'

'Go-as-you-please, maybe?'

'Maybe.'

'And what did you think of to-day's sport, Mr. Greenleaf?' asked Samuel.

'Not much,' came the laconic reply, which, considering that 'Bat' Jarvis, already alluded to as a miracle, had within the past hour lowered a 'record,' created considerable surprise, and but little pleasure.

'Record breaking ain't a every-day game,' remarked Matey.

'Who's broke a record?' was Greenleaf's reply.

A very small man with a red tie, a squint, and an ugly white face, deeply pitted by small-pox,—a man who rarely opened his mouth unless to say something offensive,—now seized the opportunity, and made indignant answer,—

'Why, "Bat" 'ave, 'aven't he? One 'ud think you was a *dook* a-standin' there a-gassin!'

'All right, Goliar, don't you hurt *yourself*,' said Greenleaf, coolly, and continued: 'Your English greased-lightning record's gone like enough; but 'pears you forget that there's a little spot called 'Merica.

'Merican record one and a half secs less. I know it,' said Mr. Jarvis himself, who now entered with all his blushing honours thick upon him.

'Yes, old sweetness,' replied Greenleaf, shaking hands heartily; 'and when you've rubbed that off 'twill be time enough to talk of records. What do *you* think? Have a drink?'

Further conversation elicited the following facts.

Mr. Greenleaf was himself particularly anxious to make some money, having, as he said, 'considerable more Greenleaf than greenback' about him. Several professional men present made offers, but none appeared quite to his taste; and, finally, flicking the ash off his cigar, and depositing it with accuracy in an empty glass half-way down the counter, he remarked,—

'I've got one hundred pounds in the wide world, and I'll back myself for that sum against ten times the money to——'

He broke off and looked round.

'To what?' asked Carless, and everybody listened.

'Wal, I'll go one hundred miles under thirteen hours.'

A moment's profound silence followed this terrific announcement, and the speaker, taking advantage of it, proceeded,—

'Yes! I'll run on English roads, and if there's any here 'ull lay me ten to one in hundreds I'll close right away, and run in two months' time from now.'

There was not a man present but would have jumped at an offer so tempting, had a thousand pounds been within their reach. Even as it was, one and all expressed their willingness to find the money. But Mr. Carless, among his many other accomplishments, was a noted 'penciller,' and had booked the bet before his patrons recovered from their surprise.

'We will have some real "sparkling" over this,' said the landlord, with one of his rare but pleasing smiles. 'A cool hundred easily and honestly netted,' he whispered, in a stage 'aside,' which nobody heard more distinctly than Mr. Greenleaf.

The transaction was cemented by two bottles of something everybody believed to be champagne. The men arranged to meet and draw up articles at the office of a sporting newspaper on the following day, and from that hour Harvey Greenleaf became an object of universal interest in the sporting world.

'You'll run on the Brighton road, I expect,' said Mr. Matey.

'I guess not,' was the answer. 'Can fix the track later.'

'Going to look after yourself?' was the trainer's next question.

'Why, certainly,' answered Mr. Greenleaf, and the conference came to an end.

## CHAPTER II.

ABOUT a week after the events related in the previous chapter the following arrangement was agreed upon between Harvey Y. Greenleaf of Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., and Harry Carless of Bow.

Greenleaf undertook to go from the Royal Exchange, London, to the 'Peacock Inn,' near Colchester, and back, in a space of time not exceeding thirteen hours, using no other means of progression than those with which nature had provided him. If successful in his undertaking, he was to receive from Carless the sum of 1000*l.*; but if, however, he failed in his attempt, he was to *pay* 100*l.* to Carless.

The money and articles of agreement having been placed in the safe-keeping of the proprietors of a well-known sporting paper, Mr. Greenleaf put himself in training for his extraordinary task, which it was arranged should take place in two months'

time. He selected the main road which leads from London through Romford, Chelmsford, and Witham to Colchester, as the scene of his labours; this highway being, he declared, the best for his purpose in the neighbourhood of London.

Carless, in order to prevent the possibility of any unfair play on Greenleaf's part, had determined to witness the entire performance of the American himself. To accomplish this end he had only to follow his man on a bicycle, an easy matter for a cyclist of the worthy publican's capacity.

And now let us turn our attention to the 'Peacock Inn,' the house which was to form the turning-point of the American's long journey.

Though bearing so proud a title, there was little pretension about this humble hostelry. Situated a little more than a mile from the town of Colchester, it seemed to shrink modestly back from the London road; but it had left a large outpost in the shape of a sign-board, which, as it overlooked the highway, seemed quite an obtrusive affair compared with the little low-roomed public-house nestled away some thirty yards in the rear.

It was on a fine afternoon about a week before the day fixed upon for Greenleaf's extraordinary attempt that Mr. Davis, the landlord of the 'Peacock,' stood on his door-step, smoking a long clay pipe. By an occasional shake of his head, and a far-away look in his eyes, it was evident that he was ruminating. At last he put his thoughts into words:—

'I'll ask Mr. Kebblewhite. The runner said he must have a room on the ground-floor.'

With these words the innkeeper entered the 'Peacock,' and, crossing the hall, knocked at the door of a room at the back of the house.

'Come in,' answered a gentle voice.

Davis entered. Seated in an arm-chair near the window was an old gentleman, apparently of about sixty. His long white hair and venerable beard would have made him appear older, had it not been that the healthy colour in his cheeks and the brightness of his eyes took off at least ten years of his age.

Seeing that Davis hesitated at the doorway, and was evidently at a loss how to begin the conversation, the old gentleman broke the ice.

'What is it?' he inquired; 'you know that I told you never to interrupt me in the midst of my studies.'



Mr. Kebblewhite waved his hand in an airy manner, as if to call the innkeeper's attention to the rows of bottles, filled with different coloured liquids, a couple of telescopes, and other scientific apparatus, which filled the chamber.

The old gentleman in question had arrived at the 'Peacock' some two months previously, in a fly which had been hired at the Colchester Railway Station. On alighting from his vehicle he had explained to the innkeeper that he was a scientific man, desirous of making certain chemical and astronomical experiments : he wished to find a home where he could live quietly for a month or so, and be perfectly free from interruption. Davis pointed out the fact that the 'Peacock' was a house of public entertainment, and that he, the landlord, could scarcely guarantee *perfect* repose in his bar and bar-parlour ; at the same time, he had two rooms built out at the back of the house, overlooking the garden, where one was, 'so to speak, quite shut off from the noise,' and that if the gentleman would like to see the larger of the two rooms, he, Davis, would be proud to show it. Accordingly the stranger inspected the room, declared himself satisfied, caused his luggage, consisting of two large boxes, to be deposited there, and from that day had made the 'Peacock' his place of abode.

'What is it?' again inquired Mr. Kebblewhite, finding that the innkeeper hesitated to reply.

'Well, you see, sir,' answered the proprietor of the 'Peacock,' 'there's a little room alongside this one, through that door'—here Davis pointed to a door of communication between the two rooms—'and,' he went on, 'I want to put a pedestrian gent there for a 'arf hour next Sunday.'

The landlord's tongue being now loosened, he proceeded to explain to the scientific gentleman the particulars of the Green-leaf match.

'You see, sir,' said Davis, in conclusion, 'that I don't like to give you a neighbour without your permission. You've been a good customer ever since you come here.'

'I must confess to you,' said Kebblewhite, 'that the scientific and astronomical calculations I am making might be greatly injured by a noisy neighbour, but when that neighbour is only to remain a few minutes in the house, I should indeed be unreasonable if I deprived you of a profitable customer ; so let the young man have the room, and I hope his bold enterprise may be crowned with success.'

'You don't suppose, Mr. Kebblewhite, that he can do it, do you now?' asked Davis.

'No, I suppose not,' answered the astronomer; 'and yet, it *is* possible.'

He seized a large sheet of paper from the table, and in a few moments had, by the aid of a pencil, covered it with figures.

'Yes,' he cried excitedly, giving the paper to Davis, 'I am convinced that if the effort is properly attempted it will be crowned with success.'

With these words the old man sank back into his easy-chair, apparently overcome by his mental exertion.

The landlord looked at the paper with a puzzled expression; to him the figures conveyed no idea.

'You see, sir,' he said, 'a lot of things is possible on paper.'

'But,' interrupted the old man, 'this *is* possible; I'm sure of it. The young man, whoever he is, must have reason to think so, too, or he would never have undertaken the business.'

He stopped short, as if an idea had just occurred to him, considered for a few moments, and then addressed the innkeeper once more,—

'It would be a serious mishap,' he said, 'if the man chanced to burst into this room by accident on the day of his plucky undertaking; such a mishap might upset the brainwork of days, to say nothing of the danger he would encounter if any of these drugs were spilled.'

Mr. Davis began to feel uncomfortable, and cast an uneasy glance at the bottles, which were to be seen in all parts of the chamber.

'So,' continued Mr. Kebblewhite, 'be kind enough to give me the key of the door of communication between the two rooms, and then I shall feel perfectly secure.'

The landlord immediately complied with his guest's desire, and the old gentleman, having safely deposited the key in the drawer of an old cabinet which stood in the corner of the room, gave Mr. Davis to understand that the conversation was now at an end.

### CHAPTER III.

AT five minutes before six o'clock on the morning of Harvey Greenleaf's great undertaking a fly stopped at the closed eastern gate of the Royal Exchange, and three gentlemen alighted. The pedestrian himself, ready dressed for action, and muffled to

the chin in a heavy ulster, got out first; a pleasant-faced man in spectacles followed him. This was the representative of the sporting paper which had interested itself in the American's wager. Lastly emerged Mr. Carless, in a superb bicycle costume, which included a pink jockey-cap and crimson stockings. Cheers from a select and early-rising company of East-end sportsmen greeted the trio, and the noise was redoubled when the publican mounted his steel steed, carefully lowered from the roof of their conveyance, and Greenleaf rapidly prepared for action. He was a picture of health, and, in his white attire, presented as fine a specimen of muscle and determination as any lover of pedestrianism could wish to set his eye upon. That the young fellow looked like doing 'a good show' all admitted, at the same time not doubting for one moment the impossibility of the feat he had set himself.

The man in spectacles pulled out a stop-watch.

'Get ready!' he said.

Mr. Greenleaf planted a tightly-fitting cloth cap upon his head, tied a wrap round his throat, pulled a jersey of wool, in which he purposed beginning the journey, over his lighter one, moistened his palms, and took into each an elongated cork tied about his wrists with string; finally, he gave his entire wardrobe a jerk, which suggested that he was coming bodily out of everything, and quietly waited the signal.

'Go!'

A long, swinging trot—something over eight miles an hour—started the runner on his way.

'Keep behind me, old pal,' he remarked to the bicyclist. 'I couldn't go a hundred miles with them legs of yours a-wobbling in front all the road.'

'But Mr. Carless had not the slightest intention of making pace under the circumstances, and as Greenleaf settled into his stride the other fell back, and prepared to follow at a distance of about fifty yards. Through Whitechapel, Mile End, Bow, and Stratford, followed by a crowd of hardy athletes, travelled the pair. Their admirers quickly tailed off, however, and at Romford—twelve and a half miles from the start—Carless and the American were plodding along alone. But many, after seeing Mr. Greenleaf and his companion leave London, had taken the earliest train available, and on reaching Brentwood numerous friends, the official gentleman and his big watch amongst them, cheered the procession on to renewed efforts. Mr. Carless here dismounted for a few minutes, while some

aërated drink, and a sponge of cold water emptied about Greenleaf's well-developed ears, appeared to refresh him wonderfully.

'He runs beautiful steady, and will go fifty miles in six and a half hours right enough,' the backer of time remarked, as he leisurely prepared to overtake the vanishing pedestrian. 'But what about the 'ome journey? He aint got no return-ticket. Don't you make no mistake about that!'

Chelmsford was reached at a quarter to ten o'clock, or three hours and three-quarters from the start. Here, according to direction, various nourishing delicacies awaited the runner, who had now gone thirty miles, and was travelling steadily and well. Mr. Greenleaf ate a few oysters, drank a glass of champagne—not the 'Tom Sayers' brand—and journeyed onwards. An hour later the little town of Witham was reached, and at twelve o'clock Mr. Carless went to the front, and rattled through Marks Tey closely followed by his companion. Marks Tey is distant forty-seven miles from the Royal Exchange. Here Greenleaf quickened a trifle, and twenty-four minutes later a cheer both loud and long greeted him as he arrived at the 'Peacock,' Colchester, having traversed fifty miles.

No sooner had Greenleaf entered the room prepared for him than he flung himself into an easy-chair.

'Wal,' he said, addressing Carless and the innkeeper, 'I've done ha'f the distance in something less than ha'f the time.'

'Yes,' answered Carless, with a grim laugh, 'plenty of peds can go fifty miles in six and a 'arf hours, but none of 'em could do another fifty on the top of the first in less than seven.'

'That's because they don't understand the art of stayin'.'

With these words Greenleaf rose and began to make use of the sponge, water, and towels which Davis had placed in readiness.

At the invitation of the London publican the landlord of the 'Peacock' accepted the offer of a drink, and they left the American to his ablutions.

'Call me in five minutes,' said Greenleaf, as they were going. 'I want to have a rest.'

Having finished his refreshment Davis once more sought the little room where he had left Greenleaf. On opening the door he found that the pedestrian had wrapped himself in a blanket, and was reclining with closed eyes upon a couch, which was placed across the doorway of communication with the next room.



'Time's up, Mr. Greenleaf,' said the innkeeper.

The American sprang from the couch, and stretched himself.

'All right,' he answered : 'I'm ready, and as fit as a fiddle.'

His rest had evidently refreshed him. Davis looked at him in astonishment.

'What's the matter?' inquired Greenleaf.

'Why,' replied Davis, 'to look at you, no one would suppose that you had run fifty mile.'

'Ah! I told you I had the art of stayin'!'

Mr. Carless now appeared at the door, and asked if Greenleaf was going to give in at once, without attempting to return to London, or whether he should mount his bicycle once more.

'Get your machine ready,' replied the American; 'I'm going back like greased lightnin'.'

When the pedestrian emerged from his room, and walked out into the road for the purpose of continuing his long journey, the crowd gave him a ringing cheer, and many a remark was passed upon the extraordinary staying power of this American. He seemed but little fatigued by his great exertions of the morning, and when, at 12.33 precisely, he started off along the road to London at a good swinging trot, a shout went up from the assembled spectators as they witnessed the marvellous pedestrian.

'With all his cheek he'll chuck it at Chelmsford.'

After uttering this triumph of alliteration Mr. Carless set his bicycle once more in motion.

Never in the history of the 'Peacock Inn' had such business been done as on this day. Davis and his wife were the hero and heroine of the locality, and the number of sporting characters who came to the bar and called for drinks for the purpose of chatting over the American's bet were simply enormous.

In the midst of the clatter a bell was suddenly heard to ring.

'Oh, lor!' exclaimed Davis; 'that's Mr. Kebblewhite! I'd clean forgotten him.'

He hurried to the old gentleman's room, and knocked at the door.

'Come in,' said Mr. Kebblewhite.

The landlord entered.

The scientist was seated in his dressing-gown at the table. Before him burned a light which was placed in a tin pan : every now and then he would throw different powders in the flame, which produced various flashes of coloured light. He appeared

so much absorbed by his occupation that Davis was compelled to speak.

‘You rang your bell, sir?’

‘Ah, to be sure!’ exclaimed the sage. ‘Yes, I wanted to know how the young man, the runner, got on. This was the day, I think?’

‘Yes, sir. He’s come and gone. He did the journey from London under six hours and a half, and went off again precious game.’

‘Thank you,’ said Mr. Kebblewhite: ‘I thought I should like to hear how he got on. I need not detain you further.’

Davis retired, and the old man once more bent his venerable white head over the flame, but this time he blew the light out, threw himself back in the chair, while a crafty-looking grin illuminated his usually benevolent features.

Meantime the athlete was well upon his return journey, and to Harry Carless, who grew more and more gloomy as mile after mile was left behind, the legs swinging along in front of him still showed no signs of tiring.

‘I didn’t know it was in mortal man,’ Mr. Carless confessed to an admiring group half way back. He had made a short halt, and the pedestrian, followed by the referee in a trap with a good trotting pony, was already round the nearest bend in the road.

‘That lad will be worth a thousand pounds pretty soon,’ added the bicyclist, ‘so he don’t drop dead in his tracks. If he’s a ’ordinary human he ought to have dropped two hour ago.’

Greenleaf’s performance was truly an astounding one. He had gone seventy-five miles in about nine hours, with but one halt of a few minutes’ duration.

‘He’s a blank machine, that’s what he is,’ concluded Mr. Carless, as he remounted his own, and overtook the pedestrian once more. All precedent certainly justified ‘Arry’ in this conviction; and now telegrams flew about like autumn leaves, for the American was within measurable distance of accomplishing his extraordinary undertaking. Crowds of sportsmen took to the road, and dog-carts, bicycles, tricycles, hansoms, and men on horseback or on foot, appeared at every turn as the runner neared London.

But Mr. Greenleaf had had very nearly enough of it by this time. He was haggard and kept his mouth open, his elbows moved with spasmodic jerks, and he continually tripped. Much

application of sponge, together with more champagne and a cup of soup, did wonders for him, however, and on reaching Bow, at which point he was escorted by not less than a hundred persons, Greenleaf began to run again, after having walked nearly four miles. As for Mr. Carless—to his discredit be it spoken—that sportsman seemed by no means in a good temper. He had not enjoyed the kind of day he expected, and was, moreover, tired, and annoyed at his grave loss. He appeared, nevertheless, among the first to congratulate Harvey Greenleaf when that extraordinary youth at last found himself back under the walls of the Royal Exchange, five minutes to the good of time.

‘Well, you’ve done it—Lord knows how, I don’t,’ admitted the publican, shaking hands with his conqueror, and looking at him in a mingled expression of wonder, gloom, and disgust. ‘Money’s awaiting at the newspaper place,’ he added: ‘good evening to you.’ And Mr. Carless retired with his following.

The American, however, received a very different greeting from those hundreds who clustered about and carried him to his cab. A perfect tempest of cheers and noise swept about the exhausted performer, a thousand hands struggled to meet Mr. Greenleaf’s palm, and that young man nearly paid the penalty of fame by being torn to pieces in the rough but friendly mob. Finally his conveyance was reached, a couple of privileged friends entered with him, and our hero was swiftly carried from the closing scene of his great and unprecedented exploit.

### CONCLUSION.

ABOUT six weeks after Greenleaf’s wonderful run, two men were to be seen strolling down one of the streets in Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

If Harry Carless, of Bow, could have seen these men, and heard their conversation, a light would have dawned upon his mind respecting the still dark secret of the American’s extraordinary staying powers.

They spoke as follows:—


‘Wal,’ said one of them, ‘we have no reason to grumble at our reception in the old country. I only wish that we could repeat our pedestrian enterprise. I’m afraid, though, that we shouldn’t get such a halfway house as the ‘Peacock’ again to change our characters in.’

‘No,’ returned the other; ‘and a pretty close watch would be kept on us if we tried another hundred-mile show, you bet. It

wouldn't be very pleasant if the venerable wig and beard of Mr. Kebblewhite were torn off either of us, and the sporting world discovered that Harvey Y. Greenleaf was a couple of healthy twin brothers!’

‘BRAVO! LEICESTERSHIRE!’

By ‘PROPERTY SHORT.’

E bold champion players, ye Mary'bone swells,  
Whose prowess the cricketing chronicler tells,  
Whom bright stars of the premier counties we call,  
As ye flourish the willow or trundle the ball;  
From the great ‘Stonewall’ Doctor, the cock of the game,  
To young Lohmann who's earned the old Surrey such fame;  
All ye ‘Varsity cracks; all ye men of renown,  
Where the Trent to old Humber goes tumbling down;  
From the land where the Thames past its palaces flows,  
To the great Northern teams of the Red and White Rose,  
Stand around just for once—it's but fair ‘tit for tat’—  
And, with Hornby excepted, each take off his hat  
To the players who hail from those pastures so green,  
Where in winter brave squadrons of scarlet are seen,  
When their confines are blithe with the notes of the horn,  
And alive with the flyers of Belvoir and Quorn.  
You may laugh at our crowing—I care not a rap;  
We've for once a brave feather to wear in our cap.  
And I think, on the whole, it's by far the best plan,  
As we've not many chances, to crow while we can.

*Chorus:*

So right bravely you'll cheer while the story is told  
How we lowered th' Australian banner of gold,  
How the Leicestershire men nailed their flag to the mast,  
Like the tars of Old England in days of the past,  
And, in spite of their foemen's prestige on the green,  
Got the best of the fight, though the struggle was keen.

Leatherhunter's aye ready *your* triumphs to tell,  
Should not Leicester rejoice in a warbler as well?  
The brave deeds of Achilles had never been known  
Had not Homer's grand verses so tunefully flown.  
Now blind Homer's retired to Olympia's hill,  
But old Property's ready his function to fill,  
Of the contest at Aylston the facts to relate  
From the third of July in the year eighty-eight  
To the fourth, when the arduous contest was o'er,  
All their ten wickets down, and just wanting a score!



Bravely Warren made play with the bat for his side,  
 Quite 'at home' with their 'teazers' whatever they tried,  
 Putting on forty-two ere he left in such style  
 You could hear the men cheering for more than a mile.  
 Just one short of six score on the record was seen  
 When the Leicestershire men tumbled out on the green;  
 And the knowing ones smiled, for they thought we had made  
 A good score on that wicket—so badly it played;  
 Which raised hopes that to Leicester the honours might fall.  
 If we'd managed the bat, we'd scarce fail with the ball.

*Chorus:* So right bravely you'll cheer while the story is told, &c.

Arnall-Thompson and Pougher took leather in hand,  
 How the wickets went down! there was never a stand!  
 For the state of the ground and the 'work' on the ball  
 Made it hard for the batsmen to play them at all,  
 And the trundlers' deliveries were straight as a dart,  
 While our spirits were up, and the fielding was smart.  
 From beginning to finish they played through a 'rot,'  
 Just three-score and a couple disposed of the lot!  
 There was joy in the town as the tidings went round,  
 And a rush from all sides to the Aylstone Road ground;  
 From the mart and the workshop men hurried away,  
 In the hope it would end with a red-letter day,  
 Like the one when the Surrey, the team of the year,  
 Were surprised by a check in their dashing career.  
 Fifty-seven for balance made matters look bright;  
 But the wicket was 'awful,' and so was the light,  
 And an oldster's advice to our batsmen was good—  
 'Never holloa, my boys, till you're out of the wood.  
 Though it's tame in the eyes of spectators, I know,  
 Keep your wickets erect though the scoring be slow.'

*Chorus:* So right bravely you'll cheer while the story is told, &c.

How well-timed was his warning the sequel will tell:  
 Half-a-century up when the last wicket fell!  
 And an ominous murmur went circling about  
 That the Leicestershire fellows had played themselves out.  
 It seemed scarce to be hoped for, that twice the same day  
 Such a team as Australia should fail in their play.  
 They had bats in that team each well able when 'set'  
 By his simple exertions the total to get!  
 You may judge we all felt that the match was 'clean gone'  
 When the telegraph scored two-and-forty for *one!*  
 But our bowlers plucked up, and they made it so hot,  
 They induced a return of the first innings' 'rot,'

Which went on to the end—nay, it seemed to increase—  
Till we floored the whole nine for a ‘lustre’ apiece!  
How the great concourse cheers! how the larrikins yell  
E’en the ladies join in, and the oldsters as well.  
’Twas a night in old Leicester! and you may go bail  
That the magnums of fiz and the bumpers of ale,  
Which we quaffed to our champions ere thinking of bed,  
Made us rise the next morn with ‘a deuce of a head!’


*Chorus:*

So right bravely you’ll cheer while the story is told  
How we lowered th’ Australian banner of gold,  
How the Leicestershire men nailed their flag to the mast,  
Like the tars of Old England in days of the past,  
And, in spite of their foemen’s prestige on the green,  
Got the best of the fight, though the struggle was keen.

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## A SHOT AT CHAMOIS.

*By ‘C. P. W.’*

T was a hot September, and all the men you cared to meet (save the old dry City toilers) had migrated to some cooler and breezier sphere, out of hearing of the bells of London. It seemed to me that, of my set, I alone was left in town, and the dust choked my throat and blinded my eyes more than I had ever known it do before. The people I met were all on the wrong side of the road, and jostled me so unnecessarily and so roughly, that two or three times it was just touch-and-go whether I was ‘run in’ for assaulting my fellow-citizens or not. My collar cut me like a knife, my patent-leather boots burnt like hot irons, my chimney-pot was a load too heavy to bear. At home the dear little wife uttered no reproaches, but her white face haunted me in my office, and came between me and my figures all day long.

Old Popham, our doctor, had just run up from Devonshire for some additional luxury to take back to his family, then revelling in all the delights of laziness, sunlight, and sea air, and against him I stumbled whilst in one of my worst moods.

My own creed is, that exercise and abstinence will cure every disease which has ever marred the happiness of man, so that when I consult a doctor it is in order that I may be better fortified, in case his opinion agrees with my own. The spirit

within me was pleading for another fortnight's work for the sake of the children's future; the flesh was urgently demanding fresher air and more congenial toil. I wanted the flesh to prevail, so consulted Popham, in order that if he prescribed a holiday, I might be able to plead 'doctor's orders' to my reproving conscience. Many a doctor's fee is earned in this way, and half the bills for medical attendance paid by men over thirty, are voluntary taxes on their self-indulgence and weakness.

'Nelly, the doctor says I must have a holiday! I don't think it is right, but he says that I shall break down altogether if I stay in town. What do you think, little woman?'

'Think, George! Why, your wife or your looking-glass could have told you as much, and made no charge for the information; however, it is no good consulting a doctor if you don't mean to follow his instructions.'

This was rather good from Nelly, who knows just enough of Latin to guess most of the component parts of a prescription, which she modifies and varies according to her superior wisdom, but has more faith in one well-advertised American quack than in a whole College of Physicians.

However, Popham's prescription pleased us both, and in a week's time Nelly was attracting the attention of the gallant Frenchmen of Calais by the extreme unsteadiness of her gait as she entered the salon of the little hôtel.

No doubt they thought the poor islander was suffering from the national curse of gin, but they were wrong. It costs Nelly so much misery to acquire her sea legs, that, having acquired them, she insists on taking them on shore, and is as miserable before she gets used to the shore as she was in getting used to the sea.

It is only a step (but a very wretched little step for a land-lubber) from gloomy London to cheery Paris, and from thence we flashed in a few hours to the shores of Lake Lemman.

It seemed only an hour ago that I was being hustled and choked and blinded in Fleet Street, and now a breeze off the great lake steals into every sense with cooling and healing on its wings. Across the lake, some sixty miles away, towered the hoary monarch of mountains, clad in his thousand years of snow, making even the great lake with its pleasure-steamers look diminutive by comparison.

However much an Englishman may require change he

seldom (in youth, at any rate) requires rest, and before a week had passed both my wife and myself were complaining that, beautiful as Geneva was, we were sick of it, because there was 'nothing to do' there.

The coaches still ran as far as Sallanches, but from Sallanches to Chamounix there was no longer any public means of communication. The winter season had set in, and such a season! There is on the plains of Montana a period which the natives call the Indian summer, when the colour and brightness of early June is blended with the crisp raciness of a frosty October.

Such a season had come to Chamounix, and the little population which remained in the mountain hamlet was revelling in such sunshine as had not gladdened the eyes of the summer tourists from May to August.

We drove into the yard of the 'Union' Hotel by moonlight, and had it not been for a letter from our host at Geneva we should have had some trouble in finding lodging for the night. All the great white hotels were empty, dumb, and disorganized. The town had not one foreigner within its limits, and seemed to have settled down to hybernate until a fresh tourist season should recall it to busy life.

The host and hostess of the 'Union' were living a quiet life amongst forests of chairs in covers, veiled mirrors, and other winter stowaways. So lonely and dreary did the empty rooms look with a great white moon staring in at the uncurtained windows, that we were glad to get into the cosy little den usually set apart for 'Madame,' where the worthy couple served us a fairly dainty supper, terminating with halfpenny cigars and Asti. The wine, I think, in spite of my wife's protestations in its favour, should be spelt with an initial N, but the cigars were marvels for the money.

For two or three days we amused ourselves with the stereotyped expeditions, having the whole body of guides at our disposal; and all the time, far as the eye could see, the whole landscape shone like a vast icicle in the bright October sunlight.

On one sunny afternoon we had been lunching at Argentière, when our attention was drawn to the excited crowd round the great telescope which stands before the porch of the village inn. At last it was my turn to look through the glass; and from that moment one idea only possessed me. High up on the white slope of the mountain a small crag projected from the snow, far



above the line of dark pine-woods, and underneath, in various attitudes, was a group of chamois, one beast standing out above the rest, his feet gathered together on the point of a pinnacle on which no man could stand. He stood looking downwards, every line of his dark profile bespeaking the vigilant sentinel on guard. The little animals had only just come upon the scene; and one of our neighbours informed us that this was the first of the many small herds which visit the neighbourhood after the summer invasion of tourists.

On the way back to Chamounix, Adolphe (best of guides!) bemoaned our hard fate.

‘If that confounded snow had not fallen last night we might have had a shot (who knows?) to-morrow! But now *la chasse* will be prohibited, and the gendarmes would arrest any one found in pursuit of game.’

This was heart-breaking. To have lived to see real chamois alive, and feeding almost within shot as it seemed, and then to be told that a few mutton-headed gendarmes were to prevent the instincts of the British sportsman from obtaining their legitimate gratification, appeared monstrous. Adolphe watched me some time in silence, as I chewed the bitter cud of this melancholy reflection; and then a merry twinkle came into his eye, as he murmured,—

‘I know some sportsmen who never ask the gendarmes, Monsieur, and the gendarmes here are fat, and their feet are slow in the mountains; and if they did catch us, we could pay the fine.’

Now I am perfectly aware that poaching is wrong, and in England no one is more zealous in his support of the game laws than the writer of this article; but as I have no intention of signing this with my own name, I have no hesitation in admitting, under the screen of a *nom de plume*, that there lives no more arrant poacher at heart than the present scribe. To stalk game, and kill it when it belongs to you, is good; to stalk wild fowl which belong to no one is much better; but to stalk and slay game which belongs to some one else, with the knowledge that that some one else is probably stalking you at the same time, is simply rapture. I make no attempt to defend these barbarous views, but merely advance them to explain why I instantly closed with the suggestion so delicately hinted by Adolphe, and agreed to leave my hotel with him at four o'clock next morning; and further arranged that my wife was to be a

party to our misdoings, and lend an air of respectability to the expedition by accompanying us as far as Les Pendants.

Hardly, as it appeared, had the candle been blown out, and almost before the chill had been taken off the sheets, a knock came at our door, and with a momentary inclination to abuse chamois-hunting we turned out, and, shivering, hurried through our toilette. Below, in dark regions still tenanted by the nocturnal cockroach, we found a dishevelled young woman preparing coffee for us, which we drank as we stood by the kitchen fire; and then, screwing our courage to the sticking-point, plunged into the icy air. It was still dark; more snow had fallen during the night; and as our footsteps fell soft and noiselessly we felt more like felons 'on the burgle' than honest Britons starting on a sporting expedition. Besides Adolphe, we had with us a second man, who was to take care of my wife at the huts at Les Pendants, while Adolphe and myself pursued 'the little evil beasts' (as he called them) on the heights above.

At first our way lay through the darkness of the valley, and a heavy mist that hung over the river added to the gloom. Then we wound our way upwards through great pine-woods, and, emulating the long unfaltering strides of the two mountaineers, I rejoiced that there was a lady in the case, who every now and then required breathing-time. Then the mist left us, and the light began to grow. Gradually the blood began to course in our veins, and the colours of dawn crept slowly over the snowfields, and it was day. Just then we reached Les Pendants, and the use of certain little knots of resinous pieces of pine collected by Adolphe was explained to us. A tiny fire was kindled in an empty cowshed, certain arrangements made to prevent the smoke being observed from below, and my wife and her guide were left busily engaged in the preparation of breakfast.

Having seen them comfortably started, Adolphe and I once more faced the mountain, and for half an hour my whole energies were devoted to putting my foot into his footsteps as fast as he made them. Then we stopped and drew breath under a huge boulder, amongst the highest pines, which were now so laden with newly fallen snow that they looked like huge white ostrich plumes, and discharged small avalanches upon your head as you passed under them. The boulder seemed a favourite haunt of Adolphe's, for after a short search he produced from beneath it a bottle which once held cognac, and

contained a little roll of paper, on which was inscribed, 'August 14th. 10 black cock and 1 hare. (Signed) H. von L. with Adolphe.' I suppose they had killed the hare on the low ground, but many and many a black cock falls every year to Adolphe and this sporting patron of his, in the woods above Chamounix, every day's sport being thus recorded in the bottle which cheered their mid-day meal.

The woods we passed through were full of tracks, all easily recognised by my guide, and suggesting to the uninitiated that these fine pine-forests were scarcely large enough to contain the multitude of their wild denizens. Alas! some of us know how many tracks one innocent coney will make in a single night; and though the forest floor was filled with fresh tracks, we saw only one black cock during all our tramp through it.

At length we cleared the trees, and sharp and keen the peaks towered right above us. By ten o'clock we were on a different face of the mountain to that on which *Les Pendants* lies, and just above us, within a stone's throw it seemed, was the ridge over which we hoped to get our first glimpse of game. Straight up to it led a big track, plain on the new snow as a high road in the valley. Long ago Adolphe had found it with his glass, and had set my heart beating by saying, 'There he goes! the big old buck by himself!' Not that he had actually seen the beast, but merely saw and interpreted the track.

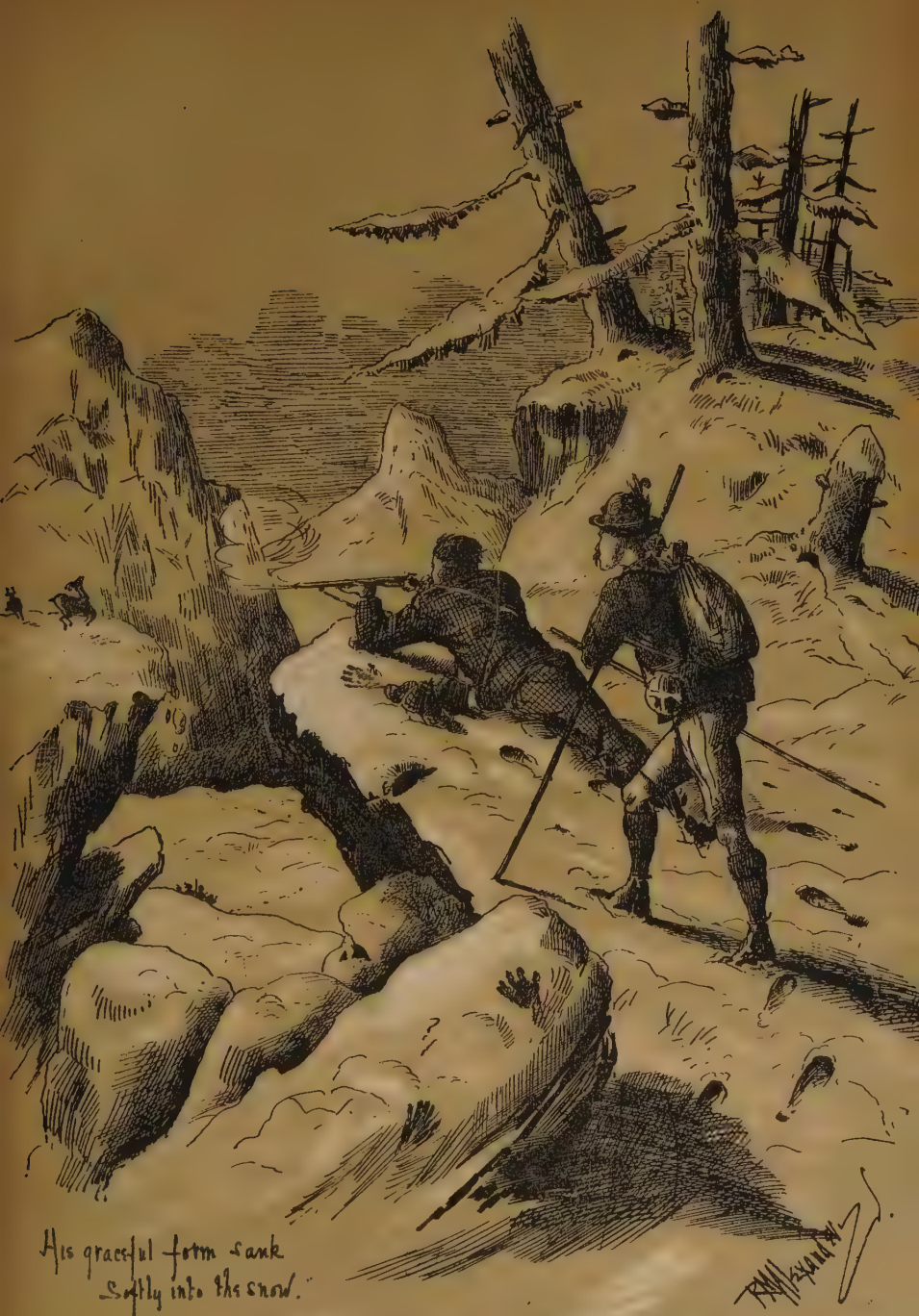
Though the crest of the ridge seemed but a stone's throw off, it took an hour's toil to win it; and then we lay down for a moment's breathing-space ere we peeped over into the unknown. As we lay there I thought a faint whistle was borne to my ears, and looking up I saw Adolphe bolt upright, his keen face intent, and every faculty strained to listen. Together we crawled to the ridge, and, as we drew ourselves to the very edge, again the whistle came sharp and shrill, and close at hand.

'The gendarmes for a monkey!' I muttered, and thanked my stars that as yet we were criminals in intent only.

'Hist! look!' muttered Adolphe; and there, right before us, about two hundred yards below the crest on which we lay, stood the beast we had sought so long, looking at something his keen eyes had seen far below, and from time to time bounding a few paces forward, and emitting the shrill hissing whistle which I had wrongly attributed to the gendarmes.

Turning quietly to Adolphe, I held out my hand for the rifle; to my disgust he withheld it, and shook his head. Just





His graceful form sank  
Softly into the snow.





then, far away on a great white snowfield to our right, an invisible hand seemed to draw a broad blue line, and a crash like the opening fire of a park of artillery roared and rattled from hill to hill. At the first sound, Adolphe thrust the rifle into my hands: 'Fire! fire!' he screamed—if a man can scream in a whisper. I had just sense enough to keep cool. It was an easy shot, broadside on at a hundred and fifty yards; and the buck's knees bent, and his graceful form sank softly into the snow before the report of my own rifle seemed to reach me, blended as it was with the still echoing thunder of the ice crack in the glacier below. For full five minutes the cracks in the glacier kept extending; loud reports following each crack, until it seemed as if the live thunder leapt

'From peak to peak, the rattling crags among.'

Then all was still again, and Adolphe, dragging me back, explained his late behaviour by saying,—

'Thanks to the glacier, Monsieur, we'll have the chamois yet, in spite of the gendarmes.'

'Oh, hang your gendarmes! They are safe still in Chamounix, Adolphe.'

'What! did you not see them, the four figures down below, that the chamois was looking at before the glacier cracked? Look now!'

And following Adolphe's direction I looked, and far below between us and the glacier were indeed four dark figures toiling upwards. The chamois had seen them, and that was why he had sounded his alarm note; and, thanks to them, that being preoccupied with the danger below he had not noticed the enemy above. Luckily for us the noisy glacier had covered the report of the rifle, and probably drawn off the attention of the gendarmes from the chamois (if they had ever seen him); so that all we had to do was to wait until a ridge hid them from our sight, long enough to enable Adolphe to retrieve our game, and then we were soon merrily tobogganing down one side of the mountain, while the enemy plodded wearily up the other.

From Les Pendants the march home was less rapid, my wife having slightly sprained her ankle in our absence. Being of fairly stalwart build, for a time I shouldered my unfortunate incumbrance. The time, however, might have been measured in minutes, and immediately thereafter the two guides were busy

collecting fragments of Mr. and Mrs. J. from amongst the pine-trees around. Mrs. J. and myself have agreed that the phrase about 'standing or falling together' is all rot. We will *stand* together for the future, if you please, but will fall—*separately*. For the rest of the way Mrs. J. preferred being carried by Adolphe, at which I was very little annoyed; and after the shades of evening had begun to settle down, a weary but happy party returned to the 'Hôtel de l'Union;' their sin (all excepting its head and one quarter) buried in the snow amongst the pines, and the rifle laid beside it, until such time as Adolphe could remove both unnoticed.

And then there was revelry by night. Fresh chamois (tasting like a goat fed on garlic), Asti, and halfpenny cigars, was the unpretending *ménu*; but after a day spent in the purest of 'God's glorious oxygen' it was good enough for us, and next morning, with the fear of gendarmes before our eyes, Mrs. J. and myself returned somewhat hurriedly to our native land, rich in the possession of pleasant memories, one game little head, and a larger sympathy with the poaching classes.

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## A GOSSIP ON PIKE.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE.



O salmon! no trout! The glorious salmon-fights of Tweed, or Dee, or Shannon, are things of the past, and the tussle with that 3-lb. trout on the finest-drawn gut and number O.O. quill-gnat at Winchester, where the lucid Itchen speeds its delightful course, is an event of September last. Yes! the 'game' fishes have long since finished the piscatorial session, and are now either arduously engaged in the discharge of their domestic obligations, or recuperating energies for the ensuing season. Only the grayling presents himself for the fly-fisher, and as often as not he fastidiously shuns the artfullest imitations of the natural insect; and for a very sufficient reason—he knows perfectly well that the *ephemera* don't come to life on a January frosty morning or afternoon.

*Esox Lucius*, Esq., *alias* the Pike, however, has a considerable time yet to tyrannise—is he not addressed by the poet as 'fell tyrant of the watery plain?'—and from September to

March he does effectually act the law of compensation in nature, by decimating the streams wherein he dwells with a rapacity which only those who are constantly in his company can estimate, or even believe. I have proved that a 3-lb. jack will consume nearly its own weight of gudgeon in a day. If a man of 150 lbs. weight did this, his meal, to say the least of it, would be remarkable.

At least eight out of every ten fishermen look on the pike with somewhat the same dislike, and even hatred, that the sailor beholds the dark fin of the shark. It is true that the character of the pike's countenance—if the term is admissible—is unprepossessing in the extreme. The under-jaw protrudes, and the immense indicated gape—over which, like the gate of Dante's, there might fitly be written, '*Voi ch'entrate lasciate ogni speranza*'—gives an appearance of saturnine ferocity which stamps the disposition of the sardonic fish. There seems to be a grin of remorseless and unrelenting determination to seize and slay. Armed with razor-like teeth, some anchylosed, others retractile, its mouth is comparable only to the dragon-like capacities of the crocodile or alligator. Its method of seizing its prey is somewhat similar, also, to that of the saurians; and, indeed, who shall positively assert that they were not intimately related in the antediluvian ages?

So much for the worse aspect of the pike. Granted it is relentless and rapacious, yet it is not cruel—rather, indeed, otherwise. Unlike the cat, it does not sport with its capture; but despatches it at once, with a few determined crunches, and proceeds to pouch it immediately. It pursues not, I think, from the love of the chase: as the fact that the live bait, which has but a circumscribed area wherein to struggle, is superior to the spinning bait, will testify to every fisherman. Further, I do not believe that the pike cares to pursue a fish so far as the trout even. Recently I saw the latter fish chase a minnow nearly a dozen yards in a shallow stream, and I cannot recall an instance of such persistent pursuit in any other fish—the shark excepted, perhaps. Its rapacity has probably been given it for the special purpose of keeping down the superabundant produce of the water in which it lives and moves and has its being. It fulfils its instincts in a precise, and hence actually merciful, manner, as we have seen. What is the reason, therefore, for the prejudice which unquestionably exists against it on the score of its generally vicious character?



As to its positive and actual beauty of form—if beauty of form be conceded to be the perfection of a means to an end—and of colouring, I must be allowed to say, at the risk of being prosy, that in this particular the pike compares favourably with even the admitted king of fish—the salmon. The powerful motor power of the pike in its huge and muscular tail, and ventral and dorsal fins, adapt it for swift rushes; whilst its mottled sides, wherein green, black, and silver, and even yellow occasionally, are the constituent parts of the colouring, are, in variety and combination, of exceedingly handsome appearance, providing the fish be from water fished in the winter months, whereof January is one of the best.

After what I have jotted down, it is perhaps needless to say that I am an enthusiastic jack-fisher. And so I am. I am willing to concede that in rivers where other fish have been so reduced by various causes, such as pollution, floods, navigation, and over-fishing, it is highly improper to encourage pike. He will, as I have said, devour an immense amount of fish; and is, therefore, an element of destruction in such case, which must not be allowed to work its will. If, however, a river has been unmolested for many years, and allowed to glut itself with fishy denizens, then, like war amongst the nations, the depleting pike should be allowed to have its way. Here, again, the grand universal law of the survival of the fittest exhibits itself. Over-population weakens the individuals of the stream: the pike begins its depredations—it kills and eats the weakest—the strongest escape—and from them a healthy and improved breed is generated.

Herein, therefore, lies the true philosophy of the preservation of preying creatures. They are beneficial in keeping down the weaker of the species on which they feed. There may be, I am aware, some few apparent exceptions to this; but I submit that the principle is, notwithstanding, almost universally applicable. In any case it is so in regard to the pike of our waters. In Germany the carp-ponds are sometimes supplied with a few pike of smaller size than the existing carp—when the latter run large—and the increased activity of the carp in consequence is found to improve their edibility to a remarkable degree. In other cases pike are introduced for the direct purpose of killing off the weaker fish and of inducing exercise in the larger; and a further item in the law of compensation is exhibited by the fact that as soon as the depredator is fat enough he is in

turn demolished by the greatest of all tyrants and depredators—Man.

But to revert to the sport afforded by the pike. What more delightful picture of a day in its pursuit can be imagined than that presented by good sport from a large lake, like Virginia Water, for instance, with its verdurous autumnal undergrowth and trees of majestic proportions surrounding the lucid water on every hand? Perchance, on setting forth from the shore the beneficent glory of the morning sun, with the ripples dancing and quivering, are making a gladdening sparkle of visual music on the water. The bush undergrowths on either hand are brilliant and waving with varied tints painted by the soft finger of the waning year, and the carpets of green moss are almost metallic in their gleaming lustre. A little brown squirrel—a veritable tricky sprite of the woods—sits quaintly nibbling a beech-nut under the Gothic arches of the overhanging trees, and on seeing us suddenly scuds aloft. And the splendid golden-brown-leaved beeches, with their great boles and thick-leaved roofs! How grandly they stand in their ‘sere and yellow’ vesture! ‘Those also serve who only stand and wait.’ Beyond, on either side, the sable-plumed pines are ranged haughtily, as if they disdained the companionship of things aquatic—as, indeed, they do, for pines do not care for too much of the watery element. All this, and more than pen can describe, we view as we draw near a shadowy nook, over which droops that symbol of sadness, the willow, and the shore of which is fringed with rushes not yet touched by the frost.

With a light splash the silvery dace takes the water, and, with a spring which can only be likened to that of the jungle tiger, a large pike is upon it. A quick strike fixes the barbs. First for the weeds he tries, and then, with stubborn courage, he steers outwards to the wide water. The experienced touch of the angler detects the signs of a heavy fish; and, knowing the lightness of his tackle, he allows the pike to run, till, like a runaway horse given its head on a straight road, its strength is exhausted, the fish is sped and the victory comparatively easy. This is but a slight sketch of a most unexaggerated nature, and that sublime moment of triumph, when the dozen-pounder is secure in the landing-net and piscator takes the conventional dram of whisky before adjusting another bait, is beyond the expression of either poet or painter.

Ah! and how health-restoring is a good day’s sport under such

auspicious circumstances ! The statesman, 'his mind half-buried 'neath some weighty argument,' like Lucretius—the student fresh from the fumes of the midnight oil, the man of business in populous cities pent, the artist—all alike derive a sort of mental rest and bodily recuperation. The air is light and dry, and charged with oxygen and electricity ; the breeze fans the thought-fevered brow, and the gentle, unsinning excitement of fish capture, sends the blood with fresh impulse through the veins, making every nerve tingle with delight. To end all, the pike-fisherman goes back to his home and friends to reap an aftermath of pleasure in the exhibition of his fish to admiring beholders and the recounting of the day's adventure.

Look, however, on 'that picture and on this.' Rendered enthusiastic by an autumn success, the jack-fisher, knowing also full well that in winter the pike are in prime condition, and feed even more generously than at other times, secures a fisherman for a day's outing—say, on the Thames. It is January, and, despite the threatening aspect of the weather, he determines to encounter the climatic emergencies that may arise—forgetting all about possible rheumatism (the bane of anglers), coughs, colds, and cramps, and all the pains of a St. Simon Stylites. Behold ! he arrives at the water's edge, and the river, swollen to twice its normal size, rejoices in a boundary of ice ; and further inland the snow lies thick. The sky above looks leaden and comfortless, and to a weather-man would indicate dirtier weather—or rather cleaner, for the snow is clean—than ever. However, he steps into the boat with confidence, and is soon afloat. Directly after the first throw there are some reasonable indications of sport in the shape of a run, which, however, ends in nothing, as the fish has dropped the bait. Then the ominous clouds burst, and, falling thick, the great snowflakes soon envelope everything, even the near scenery, in a dimness which the eye cannot pierce. Then arises the stormwind Euroclydon—the biting, bitter blast, that, despite the intercepting snowflakes, creeps shrewdly into and round the bones. Muffled to the nose and booted to the hip, the jack-fisher yet experiences the marrow-chilling discomfort. The line freezes in the rings and has to be thawed in the mouth from time to time. Then there are the little accidents which numbed fingers and the blinding snow and wind engender. On the day I have in my mind's eye, and which I have endeavoured to depict, a most annoying incident occurred. A silver whisky-flask, given

me as a keepsake by a dear old friend, long passed into the silent land, stood on the well of the punt, ready for use, and after throwing the line again, I coiled it on the well for the next throw. Whish-er-er tug! and the line comes to a sudden stop, for it has become entangled somehow with the flask. Overboard the latter goes, into thirty feet of water, to be recovered when the sea gives up its dead. This was the proverbial last straw which broke the camel's back, and I packed up and departed.

Successful pike-fishing does not depend on mere chance. This should be distinctly understood, and such methods adopted as will secure fish under varying circumstances. Of course, if one be so fortunate as to find localities unfished where fish abound, he can take pike with a cork for bait, so to say. But supposing the locality a well-fished one, there is great necessity to be circumspect; and to be aware of the hiding-places, &c., of a fish so noted as the pike for its solitary habits and monogamic orthodoxy as regards its marital duties. A pike which has been hooked several times is not quite a fool in the matter of hooks and tackle and the consequences thereof, and he must be treated accordingly. It is, therefore, necessary to use the extremest care in the use of either the flight or spinning bait, the gorge or the live bait.

And now just a jotting or two *in re* the use of the spinning bait. Putting on one side the very unsportsmanlike character of trailing, it is certainly a most deadly way of getting whatever fish are left uncaptured, and especially as after a time the ordinary spinning bait becomes nugatory in respect of its killing power. Even the trailing tackle also soon becomes equally useless, though not so quickly as the spinning method. Thereafter it is advisable to make use of either the gorge or live bait. Of course, after a cessation of fishing for a greater or lesser term the normal condition of the fishing returns, but not for years in some cases. I make these remarks because I have known anglers, after using the spinning bait and finding it inoperative, declare their disbelief in the existence of fish in the water.

The casting of the spinning bait should be easy and graceful, not noisy or jerky; and just before it alights on the water let the point of the rod be raised slightly, that it may fall lightly and with little splash. It is quite a mistake to deem the pike careless of noise and disturbance. Truly he is not endowed with



such fortitude to withstand the pangs of hunger as is the wily-headed old water-fox, the carp, and consequently in many cases the noise made by the fisher's clumsy movements, and other unusual occurrences, may not disturb the course of sport. In both America and England casting tournaments have, during the last few years, been extremely fashionable. They are distinctly of great use, in that the different modes of delivering bait can be seen and understood. There is also another part of jack-fishing which needs a comment—viz., striking the fish when he has seized the bait. Briefly, I would say, wait till the fish turns, and then strike; not as if you were smashing a lump of granite, but sufficiently hard to fix the barbs. By-the-by, it is very interesting to watch the pike feed in an aquarium. It eyes the live, frightened bait for a moment or two, and then, with a terrific lunge, nears it. The fleeing fish seems instantly paralysed, as if aware of the impending terrible death in store. There is just a perceptible pause on the part of the pike, and as the mouth opens while the gills are closed a powerful current of water is drawn into it, and with this the bait is borne to the cavernous receiver of the pike's jaws—that is, if the fish be large in comparison with its prey, and if otherwise it is nevertheless fixed by this sucking movement. After two or three vicious bites the bait ceases struggling, and it is turned head downwards by means of the movable teeth, of the tongue and palate, and one or two shaking movements of the head. All this, of course, happens in far less time than the recital has occupied. When the pike has first taken the fish and turned, then is the exact moment to strike. Let any jack-fisher, at the risk of losing a fish or two, try to determine the exact period by the instant telegraphy of his line and rod, and if he impress the sensation on his memory he will be saved many fish to come, which otherwise would never fall to his bag.

Trolling, though the word is sometimes used for spinning, is more generally applied to the use of the gorge hook, and has been known for many centuries. Oppian undoubtedly refers to it, but its use attained its first considerable popularity during the latter half of the fourteenth century, when Nobbes—so-called the 'Father' of trolling—published his treatise on it. The hook in use for the purpose to-day has been much improved, though the principle remains the same as in Oppian's time. For example, that kind made under my direction is flexible, whilst the ancient style is of a single rigid piece.

This same trolling is not generally looked upon as an art, though old Nobbes himself so called it. It requires many peculiar niceties, however, and the master of trolling may be ranked amongst the 'senior anglers,' as Wheatley terms them always. When a river is choked with reeds, only interspersed with lucid deep lagoons, then is the troll the only means of catching the fish with certainty, and it is far preferable to live-baiting. In the deft hand of a good troller the bait can be urged in amongst the reeds where the somnolent fish are reposing, and instantly the bait touches either of them it is seized and gorged. The great thing is to so work the bait that, though dead, it seems alive to the eyes of the quarry.

Live-baiting is a very deadly method of jack-catching, and is adopted by the champion pike-fisher of the day, 'Mr. A. Jardine,' whose magnificent case of two thirty-six pounders excited so much admiration at the 'Fisheries.' Frankly, I am prejudiced against the ordinary live-baiting. Fancy an English gentleman sitting calmly waiting, pipe alight, whisky-flask a-near, and calmly regarding the agonised movements of a fish, through the skin of which he has previously thrust a long baiting-needle to the extent of a couple of inches, next drawn a foot of gimp, and finally fixed the serried shank of a large double-hook! In addition to this he has just previously made a cast, which has probably torn the skin yet further. 'Oh, the pity of it! Surely it is a mode worthy of the notice of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.' Well might Byron, if he knew of such a practice, term angling 'That solitary vice, whatever Isaac Walton sings or says.' Of course I only refer to the live-baiting which is generally in vogue, for there are several arrangements which are sufficiently merciful. For example, that which is shown in my book, *The Practical Fisherman*. It consists of a pair of india-rubber bands, which are passed round the bait. It requires just a little more careful handling in use, that is all.

Many are the memories I can recall, as I lean back in my chair, of great and dire struggles with *Esox Lucius*, and each is of distinctive features, which impress themselves on the memory with a vivid force ineffaceable by time. There is the recollection of taking the 36-lb. fish from Rapley Lake, at which I assisted, and sent on to poor Frank Buckland, who cast it for the Queen. Query—where is that splendid fish now? I know Mr. Edon, of the South Kensington Museum, stuffed it most beautifully. Then troop up recollections of numberless excursions to private and

public waters, which to even enumerate would swell the limits allowed me for this article. As I write, my old spinning-rod hangs on the wall in front of me, to remind me anew of those great days we have spent together. It has borne the burden and heat of summer, and the frost and snow of winter, for full a decade of years, and its form, though not so straight as of yore, is still sufficiently symmetrical for yet a season or two, barring accidents. One red-letter day that warped third joint reminds me of, and prithee, reader, listen to the story ere I wind up my line. In a certain park, not a thousand miles from the modern Babylon, lies a forty-acre lake, which, at the time I speak of, was said to be glutted to repletion with pike. Permission to fish having been asked and granted, a friend and myself, one fine January morning, found our way thither, and as the wind blew steadily from the south-east we determined to seek the smooth water of the deep recess on the south side of the lake. Our bait-can contained about four dozen prime dace; 'for,' said I, 'for a short day surely there are enough and to spare for the operations of the most insatiable pot-hunter.' The first throw brought a fish, and I can assure the reader that for four mortal hours we got fish with absolutely tiring rapidity. The bait had at last to be economised, and with even *pieces* of the torn dace, fish still came to the landing-net. We took sixty-four fish in all. What they weighed I cannot say, as many were returned to the water; but we took away ten of the best, and they weighed over 90-lbs. My old rod stood the brunt of that day, and a greater recommendation cannot be accorded the faithful old servant.

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## SHOOTING STARS.

By 'SNAPSHOT.'



FOR many years past it has been my custom, at the end of the day, when staying here, there, and everywhere with my different friends in the country for the purpose of shooting, to enter into a book expressly designed for the purpose, full particulars of each day's sport, viz., the amount of game killed, number of guns and their names, and anything remarkable or amusing that has happened during the day.

This book is a constant source of amusement to me.

We'll say that my old friend Dottleton has written to ask me, as usual, to assist at the shooting of his coverts, and his letter finds me laid up with an attack of my ancient enemy, the gout, and consequently quite unable to accept his invitation. It is really too bad, for I don't know positively which I like best, the Dottleton claret or the Dottleton shooting. I look at my swollen foot and use language. Finally, I fall back on my beloved diary, and refer to this time last year, and hey-presto! I am at Dottleton once more—in the spirit, if not in the flesh.

Yes! what a capital day that first one was. Lots of pheasants, lots of hares and rabbits, a fair sprinkling of woodcock, and last, but not least, most goodly company. I wonder muchly if any of the same lot will be there this year. There was General Sir Samuel Shrapnel, K.C.B., the distinguished Engineer officer. Who doesn't remember 'Shrapnel's Battery' before Sebastopol? In my notes on the day I find the gallant officer thus described: 'One of the most cheery and amusing men I ever met, but loses his head when shooting: will *not* let 'em rise, consequently exceedingly dangerous; shot five beaters, an under-keeper, and Dottleton's favourite retriever in the course of the day. *Mem.*—Would rather *drink* with him than *shoot* with him any day of the week. Thank goodness! he has to meet the Duke at the Horse Guards to-morrow, so is obliged to leave early in the morning.

Then there was Augustus Dawdle of the Foreign Office, one of the most genial of dandies, the pleasantest of companions, and an excellent shot. Elaborately got up as became a swell in the F.O., and, to my mind, the very beau-ideal of a budding diplomatist. I can't imagine anyone in the diplomatic service doing any good unless he *is* popular. So, seeing that Augustus is a general favourite wherever he goes, I should say he is, without doubt, the right man in the right place. *Mem.*—Augustus is a man provided with exceedingly high-strung nerves, and was frightened out of his life by Sir Shrapnel and his wild style of shooting. His expression of delight when he came down to breakfast and found that distinguished officer had taken his departure before he (Augustus) was out of bed, I shall never forget.

Mr. Thomas Quiz comes next on the list. What a man he was to be sure! A confirmed old bachelor, spending the whole of the year roaming from one friend's home to another, just as a butterfly flits from flower to flower, and welcome in all. No wonder! for a greater acquisition in a country home could hardly



be imagined. He could act, he could conjure, he could play the piano and sing, he could play billiards (he invariably took the pool), he could talk upon any given subject, for he seemed to have been everywhere and seen everything, and, unlike many men who have travelled, had not forgotten what he *had* seen ; and lastly, he could shoot as straight as Captain Bogendus or Dr. Carver. Never was there such a man, I really believe ; I, for one, never met the equal of this admirable Crichton. If there was a dispute about anything, no matter what, the matter was sure to be referred to Mr. Quiz, whose verdict was law.

When young Gabbler, flushed with champagne, laid down the law one night after dinner, rather noisily, about something—I forget what for the moment—he little knew, poor youth, what a Tartar he had got hold of when he measured words with Mr. Quiz. When that gentleman, knitting his brows, began with a solemn air, ‘I must beg to differ from you *entirely*,’ we all knew what was coming. In five minutes this rash young man was so crushed, smashed, pulverised, that he had not an atom of conceit left in him. For the rest of the evening he was silent, and devoted his energies in a savage manner to the consumption of strong waters and tobacco.

The other three guns that day at Dottleton’s, Major Jumper and Messrs. Heavytree and Slowcoach, being only stolid country gentlemen of the usual cut-and-dried pattern, do not call for comment ; so let us turn over another leaf of the diary and see what we shall see.

*October 18.*—A day with Professor Muddle. Twenty brace of partridges, ten do. pheasants, five hares, three rabbits, and a wood-pigeon. Guns : Professor Muddle, F.R.S., A.S.S., &c., &c., Professor Tozer, Professor Swizzle, Major Mangle, and myself.

*Mem.*—Most amusing day’s shooting I ever had in my life.

It was three years ago I notice, but I remember it just as if it was yesterday. I first met the Professor—a tall, gaunt man with a red nose and spectacles—at dinner at the house of a mutual friend in London, and getting into conversation with him in the course of the evening on the subject of fossils (I’m a bit of an antiquary myself), he insisted on my paying him an early visit at his place down in Buttercupshire to inspect those he had got together, more particularly his flint arrow-heads and other early English relics, of which he was supposed to have the finest collection going. ‘Was I a sportsman ?’ next asked the Professor, beaming amiably at me through his glasses. ‘I was !’

‘Good!’ Then I must bring my gun along with me and have a day at the partridges at the same time.

Accordingly, a week after saw me, in company with my friend Mangle, one evening at Euston Station, *en route* for the Professor’s hospitable mansion. ‘He’s got a capital cook and first-rate shooting,’ said the Major, who had been there before; ‘but wait until you’ve seen the Professor and his scientific pals out shooting, and you’ll say you never saw such a game in your life. Such fun; ha! ha! ha!’ and Mangle chuckled with laughter at the recollection. ‘Keep ’em all to the left hand side of you, I advise you,’ he went on; ‘especially after luncheon, when the Professor generally gets bemused with sherry, and shoots more erratically than ever. His friends, too, are usually of the same breed as himself, and are especially dangerous. One or other of ’em is sure to let his gun off by accident, and shoot somebody or himself, before the day is out; so give ’em all as wide a berth as possible, is the advice of yours truly, William Mangle.

The Professor’s *cuisine* and cellar were all the Major had described; the flint arrow-heads were duly inspected and admired that evening after dinner; and after a lengthy symposium in the smoking-room—for the Professor smoked his cigar like a man—we retired to rest, having spent a most enjoyable evening.

If I enjoyed the evening though, how much more did I relish the shooting proceedings the next day. The Professor and his learned friends were, I quickly found out, utterly ignorant of everything in connection with the pursuit of partridges, or, indeed, any other game, and as in the first quarter of an hour little Professor Tozer loosed off his gun by accident within half an inch of my head, I quickly came to the conclusion that my life was in decided danger if I did not take Mangle’s advice and keep them well on my left hand side.

Our worthy host was not quite so dangerous as the others, as he was busily engaged nearly all day in looking on the ground for fossils, and every five minutes might be seen stooping to pick up imaginary arrow-heads, immediately stopping to closely examine the find. Birds got up under his nose, but he never saw them; but on the other hand, when he would suddenly look up, and spying a covey about half-a-mile off which everybody else had had a blaze at, would fire both barrels at them of course without success. He would then turn round to his next neighbour, and, with the blindest smile in the world, would remark that he was *afraid* he had missed them. The dear old

gentleman was evidently not a judge of distance, for not long afterwards, catching sight of a wretched rabbit sneaking about in the turnips at his feet, as rabbits will, he up with his gun and literally blew him to bits. This, if I remember rightly, was the only thing he killed all day, and he was as pleased as Punch. '*I've got him this time!*' he exclaimed, his spectacled face beaming with delight. He certainly had, with a vengeance.

Professor Tozer, too, distinguished himself by, after repeated blazing away into the brown of 'em, actually knocking down five plump partridges out of a covey at one shot. What an achievement it was thought by the other wise men! Professor Muddle shook hands with him on the spot, whilst Professor Swizzle, who had only succeeded during the morning in making a splendid pudding of a hen pheasant that had risen under his nose in the turnips, turned green with envy; in short, with the exception of Tozer's family shot, the entire bag was made by Major Mangle, who was a first-rate performer, and myself.

When luncheon time came, therefore, it was rather amusing to hear Swizzle say, in a conceited, self-sufficient manner, as he propped his gun, with both hammers at full cock, up against a tree,—

'Well, and how much have we shot up till now—eh?'

'*We*, indeed! That's a good one, hang me if it isn't!' whispered Mangle to me with a grin, eyeing the Professor as he spoke with much contempt.

Though they couldn't shoot, the wise men could eat and drink like good ones, I was pleased to observe, when we all sat down on a mossy bank to enjoy the good things of this world, brought down for our consumption by Professor Muddles' butler. I was rather bored, though, by Swizzle, who insisted on engaging me in a learned discussion concerning the Ichthyosaurus, which I couldn't make head or tail of.

As the sun was hot and talking is dry work, the Professor, as he warmed to his subject, moistened his clay to an alarming extent; and under the combined influence of champagne-cup and brown sherry, Professor Swizzle, I regret to say, began to articulate with some difficulty, so that in process of time the Ichthyosaurus became Hic-hic-hic-thy-oshorus, to the inexpressible delight of Mangle—and, I must add, myself.

The Professor's gait, too, when we once more made a start, was rather unsteady, especially in the turnips, which cheerful roots *would* keep getting in his way, and tripping him up.





Professor  
Well and  
Swing  
le (log)  
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die  
now





At last he let his gun fall, and as both barrels were full of mud in consequence, Mangle and I took his cartridges out for him, and persuaded him with some difficulty to sit down under a hedge, whilst we beat the rest of the field.

We left the butler with him, and after trying to engage that solemn functionary in a fresh discussion anent the 'Ic-ic-icthyosaurus,' now more difficult to pronounce than ever, he eventually went to sleep, and we saw him no more for the rest of the day.

'For which dispensation of Providence let us be thankful,' observed Mangle; 'for the bilious little devil would have shot one of us before long as sure as fate. It's very good fun,' added he, 'this sort of thing, once in a way, don't you know; but I can tell you what it is, old fellow—I don't take the field again with Professor Muddle without first of all insuring my life in the "Accidental."'

And in my secret heart I made the same vow on my own account.

Another glance into my favourite volume, and I come to November. Shot with Mr. Malt, M.P., at a place he has just taken in Hertfordshire. The party consisted of the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Archibald Sprightly; Mr. Edwin George (the eminent Q.C., then at the zenith of his fame); and another wearer of the silk gown in the person of Mr. Flynn—commonly called 'Poacher' Flynn, from a nickname bestowed upon him at Eton—who drove down from town; whilst a sporting parson and one or two of the neighbouring gentry made up the party.

*Mem.*—The best performers of the lot were the parson and Mr. Malt himself; but as far as company went, the lawyers were not to be surpassed. A most jovial dinner that night. The Lord Chief Justice, who got exceedingly cheerful as the decanters circulated, sang a song; after which we adjourned to the billiard-room, where Mr. Edwin George was cleared out for the nonce of all his ready money at the noble game of brag. They are all gone over to the majority, that jovial crew, including their host, Mr. Malt. Why, good gracious me! how long ago was it? Twenty-six years ago as I live!—and there, well, I declare, it is as fresh in memory as if it were yesterday.

*January, 18*—. Staying at Macnamara Castle, the abode of my Irish friend, The O'Kelly, for the purpose of woodcock shooting.

'The cock shooting, me dear boy, is the foinest in the whole

of the west of Oireland,' is mine host's own description of it; and I'm bound to say not an exaggerated one, as far as I could learn. It certainly was very good. The shooting, though, was a trifle wild. I fancy, owing to the *damp* evenings in a great measure.

'What's the matter?' inquired I of a keeper, pausing in my march on the top edge of 'a dell in a little covert we were beating, as a hideous yell came from the glen below.

He went to see, and presently came back, radiant with glee.

'All right, sorr!—the gintlemen's all safe!—it's only one of the *beaters is killed!* It's Pat Maloney. He was *always* bein' shot, yer honour!'

Alas, poor Pat!

And now I must put you on one side, most beloved of volumes, for that rat-a-tat-tat and ring that I hear can belong to no one else but Dr. Bolus, come to inquire how the gout is getting on, and indulge in his usual half-hour's chat with his patient (he's first-rate company, Dr. Bolus, and an ardent sportsman whenever he gets a chance).

'Hang it, Doctor,' I adjure him, as he sits down to write a fresh prescription, 'for heaven's sake, stick the colchicum into me with as unsparing a hand as you like, and get me well right away, for I'm due next week at Sir Roderick Random's (who has the finest shooting in Essex, you know); and if I'm not well enough to go, I'll never speak to you again.'

## VERY MUCH BENIGHTED.

*By* I. E. AYLMER.



HE day had been dark and muggy. We had chopped our first fox (always a bad omen), drawn two coverts blank, when, out of temper and warming to strong language, we at last found a regular goer in Rodham Deane. He was a straggler from the hills, and to the hills he took us; so there we were, after the 'Whoo-hoop!' had been given, four in all—Lord Wemyss, the staunchest old M.F.H. in the kingdom; his huntsman, Treadwell; George Grey; and your humble servant, an ensign in a marching regiment and a comparative stranger to such a country, mounted too upon a borrowed horse, procured for the day by my aged aunt's coach-

man ; but, as I had soon discovered, a regular clipper and a good one to go.

There we were, then—'muirs to the right of us, muirs to the left of us ;' night creeping up from the low grounds ; mists trailing up the valley ; miles away from a turnpike-road ; our horses fagged ; and, as far as I was concerned, not the faintest notion of locality.

Lord Wemyss, who, by the way, had used pretty strong language to me once or twice during the day, now said a few genial words about my horse. Treadwell touched his hat, saying, 'Yetholm's our nearest point, my Lord ; the old horse will soon wind his corn !'

'Then we'll be off. Good day, Grey.' And, looking at me with a twinkle in his eyes, 'We've shown you a bit of rough ground, Sir ; take an old man's advice—don't try to catch the fox yourself the next time you are out. You've a good horse, let him judge for himself ; and,' he added, holding out his hand, 'I hope we'll see you as well forward many a time.'

So, with the 'ladies' at their heels, master and man jogged off across the head of the valley.

'My way lies there,' said Mr. Grey, pointing with his whip. 'Can I pilot you ?'

'Thanks. You know best. I'm staying at Glanton.'

'Then you had better come home with me ; the road will be easier to go in daylight. You cannot ? Well, if you've anxious friends I'll not press you. Our road lies some way together, and then you must trust your horse. I dare say he knows the way to his stable.'

When, after some twenty minutes or so, we parted, and I took the track leading, as I was told, in the direction of a road which would in turn land me on the Great Northern Coach road, I felt considerable misgivings.

For some two miles, as I judged by the light, I followed the 'track'—at least, the little grey horse did, for he seemed to know what he was about. Then came a puzzle. The track divided, one fork going sharp to the left, the other taking a slanting direction to the right. Which was I to follow ? For the life of me I could not remember what directions I had been given. 'Always trust an old hunter when you are in doubt' had been a maxim instilled into my youthful brain. I therefore acted upon the rule, laid the reins on the grey's neck, and felt elated when, with a confident shake of his head, he turned gaily to the right and broke into a trot as if to assure me he 'winded his corn.'



Evening is a sadly deceptive time to travel, particularly in a strange country, or over a brown up-and-down muir, without the sign of a landmark either. My cigar was finished, still no road blessed my vision. I began to have serious doubts as to the instinct of my horse, or his corn 'magnet.' Far from seeing any signs of cultivation, the surroundings, as far as I could distinguish them, had grown wilder and wilder. There were sharp descents into rocky glens, scrambles along ugly hillsides, and nothing in the shape of humanity or its labour to indicate civilisation. And then it was a black, moonless night, too.

At last I got down, partly to stretch my legs, partly to examine the nature of the track. Then the unpleasant fact was realised—the grey was a deceiver; the track had degenerated into a sheep run, and was, I felt convinced, leading me back into the heart of those abominable Cheviots: a conviction which, added to certain internal pangs and the prospect of a night in a bog, was by no means cheerful.

To turn back was my first thought, but this the grey resisted. Having trusted, I must now 'trust all in all;' so, letting him have his own way, I walked alongside, dejected and weary—on up a steep hillside, round a spur; and then, down in the black depths, I saw a small twinkling light. The grey saw it too, whinnied contentedly, and evidently 'winded corn.'

In ten minutes or so, and after several narrow shaves of broken limbs or neck, another twist of the path, and we came to a standstill in front of a low cottage. I could just distinguish the outline of some turf-stacks and outbuildings, but the light streaming from a small window was the best sight, and the volley of yelping collies seemed like music in my ears.

A loud voice silenced this welcome: a man opened the door, and, looking out, asked,—

'Wha the deevil are ye? and whar d'ye come frae at this time?'

I explained to my own satisfaction, though evidently not to his.

'Oot wi' the hunds! That's a bonnie tale; the hunds war miles awa'. Ye'll no tak' me in that gait. What's yur bizness wi' me?'

'To get a guide to the turnpike. I am going to Glanton.'

'Glanton!' he shouted. 'And whar d'ye come frae?'

'I've just told you. Now, look sharp! I cannot be far from the turnpike; and I'll pay you well for your trouble.'

The man chuckled, said nothing, but, stepping out, took a long look at the horse.

'Be job! if it's no auld Jollop! Weel' (he looked me over

as he spoke), 'I tak' it vara kind like o' Strothers. Though ye are but a young chap and a stranger, yur heartily welcome. But what in the name o' gudness made ye try yur jokes on aboot the "pike" and the "hunds," unless ye've been takin' it oot o' auld Jollop on the sly?'

'I tell you I want to get back to Glanton, and off these — muirs. And I don't know more than Adam what you are driving at!'

'Saftly, my man! Saftly wins the day! The gudewife's just as bad as she can be. It's ma opeenion she winna gang through the nicht. But light doon, man; a chap in yur condection mauna be left to his ain devices, even if he has pit himsel' beyond doing his duty. Light doon, au say; gang ben the hoose wi' ye. Jollop maun hae his rest, whatever comes o' sic a chap as he's brought here.'

'But you say your wife is ill?'

'Why shudna she be? It's na yur doin'.'

'I am very sorry for you—really now, I am; and I'll try to find my own way if you haven't a lad to spare. Of course, I cannot expect you to leave your wife at such a time and in such a critical state.'

'Gin her creetical state does na affect ye, there's little mair to be said,' was his dry answer.

'Oh, my good man! don't mistake me. I'm not particular; indeed, I'm regularly dead beat, and could sleep anywhere. It's not that.'

'Nae doot. Ye'll sleep soond, and for that mayter Betsy's just as peaceable as an auld yowe. Get inside wi' ye. There's whusky on the dresser; and if ye'll follow ma coonsel, tak' a good sup, and settle yoursel' for the night.'

'But your wife?' I persisted. 'If she's in danger?'

'For Lord's sake, haud yur tongue, lad! Au'll no tell tales on ye. Get yur rest. It'll be a' right by the mornin'. Get inside!' he said, losing patience and pushing me, neck and crop, over the threshold. 'Ye'll no stir a fut till daylight, that au sweer. Come, Jollop, ma man, it's no yur fault if he's incaupable o' his duty; you've dune yur best. Losh! to talk of collies' instinck! Dang me if aa the collies in the Cheevits cud beat this night's wark!'

For a man with a wife who might not live through the night, my host certainly took things philosophically. He was evidently a character; and, after all, I had no alternative but to go in, and when he was calmer perhaps get him to reason with me.

Besides, he had spoken of whisky. What that meant to a young fellow in my condition can be better imagined than described.

I went in, and the first impression of the snug, warm little dwelling-place was delightful. The next instant a cold shudder ran down my backbone. A long bitter moan came from the interior of the wooden structure known in Northumberland as a box-bed.

Without venturing to turn my eyes towards the sufferer I crossed to the fireside, where a little wizened old woman was rocking herself to and fro, evidently overcome by grief. She looked up for a moment, pointed to the whisky-bottle, and exclaimed, in a high cracked voice,—

‘Oh, Sirs! whaat Strothers was thinking o’ to send a bit callant like you for, the Lord only kens! I niver thocht muckle o’ Strothers aa the same.’

They’ve got Strothers (whoever he may be) on the brain, thought I. I suppose some friend they expected. But there’s no use trying to explain, and here’s the whisky.

So helping myself, not only to a liberal supply of what proved to be first-rate whisky, but a slice of bread and Kebbick cheese, I stretched myself on the settle, glad to find by so doing that I had my back, and, better still, the back of the old-fashioned seat, between me and the poor suffering creature in that awful box-bed.

The whisky, warmth, and rest, told quickly; and before I had finished the hunch of bread I was fast asleep. And let me tell you that, when I do sleep, you might fire a broadside within a yard of me and never stir a nerve!

You know what the sensation of waking up from a sleep such as mine was, is. How your back, joints, and brain ache; how outside sounds become distorted, suggesting mad, nightmareish dreams; how your eyes burn, and the lids refuse to open. So, when my senses began to return, the first impression forced upon me was a shrill, discordant cry, and then, the first object I saw, was a miserable, little, red-skinned, writhing, and stark-naked baby, lying on the old woman’s lap, while mine host, grinning, and almost purple in the face, held the glass of whisky from which, with a teaspoon, the woman fed the little creature.

As I looked, the contents of the glass were tossed down the man’s throat with a loud and exultant toast of ‘Here’s good luck, and plenty o’t!’

‘Mind yur mainners, canna ye, and let the young gentleman get his sleep oot,’ cried a voice from the bed. ‘It’s no often he’ll get a chance o’ sleeping through a lying-in.’

Glancing round the end of the settle, I saw a bright and comely face peering through the door of the bed.

'Your wife!' I exclaimed, starting up confused. 'Then she's better?'

'Oo, aye, but na thanks to you. Weel, niver fash, drink to the lad's health. There's a strappin' bairn for ye!'

He lifted the miserable specimen of humanity up in his hands, holding it towards me. I verily believe, if I hadn't nearly tumbled in the recoil, he would have made me take hold of it.

'Yes, yes!' I stammered, the sweat bursting out on my face. 'Very fine: but—but— isn't it very small? Very young, you know?'

A tremendous laugh, in which the wife joined, greeted my speech.

'Hoo aud d'ye tak' him to be?' cried the man, as soon as he could speak.

'Oh, I don't know much of babies; but, you see, it's got no clothes on either, so I cannot judge.'

'Claes! Why, man, d'ye think they come intil the warld doon here ready coated? Man, ye'll kill hus wi' laughter. Hoo aud d'ye say?'

'Really, now, don't ask me. I never saw a child in that condition before; they've always been much bigger, and had clothes and things on.'

'He's no sober yet, Jock,' tittered the voice of the sick wife: 'tak' him oot bye to the burn and dook his heed. It's a sin to let him mak' a fule o' himself for yur divarshun.'

'Come along,' sniggered the man, laying his hand on my shoulder, guiding me across the floor, out into the dim grey morning mist. 'You div look skeered like. Aw'l get ye a bucket o' watter.'

'No, no, my good fellow! Oh—well—yes—a wash will do no harm. But I say, now we are alone, I am glad you were wrong about your wife's danger; she seems uncommonly lively this morning.'

'Weel she may be. I tauld ye it wad be owre afore sunrise and there's the bairn as cruse as a young bird, and the sun no shawing his face owre the hill yet.'

A dim suspicion of what had really taken place sent the blood to my face and a shudder through my veins.

'You don't mean to say the—the confinement took place while I was asleep?'

'Ye warn a waken, were ye? Oh, man! yur the queerest chap



I iver clapt eyes on, even for a Sooth-country man. There, come in bye and break your fast, ye shall hae the first cut o' the birth cheese.'

This was conclusive, and too fearful to contemplate. Enter the house! return to the chamber of horrors! look upon the sprawling little red atom of humanity! No! I could not! I laughed faintly, and with what, I presume, was an hysterical feeling about the throat.

'If you'll give me my horse, now, I'll get along home, thank you all the same for your hospitality; and—here's a luck penny for the youngster.'

The man stared at the sovereign I put in his hand, then looked hard, but not unkindly, at me.

'Dang it, but yur no sic a bad chap! The wife gat ower it vara weel withoot ye, an' we'll nain o' us let on to Strothers—he's no that strait-laced himsel'; and aw wul say ye war na i' the road, and slept like a babby. But, man alive, dinna try the game again. If Strothers——'

'Who the deuce is Strothers?' I cried, out of all patience, and half inclined to think either the man or myself out of our senses.

'Wha's Strothers? Well! aw'm dingered!' And, without vouchsafing an explanation, he walked off, brought out the grey, and, as I got up, pointed to a road crossing the end of the glen.

'Tak' the first turnin' on the laft for the pike, and tak' ma advice at the same time—dinna practise yur Sooth-country jests doon this gate, or Strothers'll want a new assistant afore yur a week aulder. Good marning t'ye. If ye dune naethin' else, ye've geen me and Betsy a gude laugh.'

A good laugh, indeed. But nothing to the laugh which greeted my adventure when told at my aunt's breakfast-table. The dear old woman nearly had a fit; the ancient butler bolted into the hall, where, from the sounds which reached us, it was evident the maids were having a good laugh likewise. Worst of all, my aunt asked the identical Strothers—parish doctor, of course—to dine, and then I discovered the grey, otherwise Jollop, was his property, and had carried his master, at pretty regular annual dates, to the same shepherd's cottage.

Let me only add that I never showed my face with the North Northumberland pack again, and as I joined my regiment at Malta shortly after the night on the muirs, I believe my own confession is the first publicity the strange experience has had.

## THE BOBTAIL FOX OF THE COTSWOLDS.

By 'A WISEACRE.'

[It may appear somewhat out of gear for a journal well posted in hunting nomenclature to call a fox a *Bob-tail*. It certainly would not sound well to call him a *Bob-brush*. Whether his title be considered right or wrong in sporting parlance, this greyhound fox was known to the country wherein he flourished for many years, as 'The Bobtail,' and for the same reason as the Nigger (mentioned by the old public singer, Charles Russell) was styled *Sambo*, simply because that was his name.]



OLD Sportsmen and Dames who delight in the chase,  
And like to see hounds in front going the pace,  
I sing of a Fox which outstript every pack—  
No matter how good—that was clapt on his track.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Chedworth Dog-fox was a straight-necked old chap;  
He stumbled one night in his rounds on a trap,  
And got caught by his brush; but ere dawn of the day  
He had gnawed it clean off, and got brushless away.

In Chedworth Big-wood, where his parents were bred,  
He took him a mate and a proper life led;  
For he never attended at eve the Fox Clubs,  
But worked to provide for his vixen and cubs.

'Tis true he changed mates—but from no fleeting whim:  
It was only whenever his vixen left him.  
This was never because of love altered or chilled,  
But simply by reason of her being killed.

His dock-tailed condition was grievous to bear;  
So he sat very tight in his family chair  
His mate and her fox-cubs to fondle and spoon,  
Lest they twigged he was bare as a rib-nosed baboon.

Se-dentary habits at home gave him time  
To study the nature of country and clime—  
The help to a fox which a distant earth lent,  
And the curious effect of the wind upon scent.

So, after reflection, he made up his mind,  
Whene'er he broke covert to travel *down-wind*,  
And then to streak off without any delay  
To a shop which at least should be ten miles away.

But above all he practised—and so taught his brood—  
That waiting for hounds to give tongue wasn't good,  
And that ere the vile pack were the covert inside  
The best thing to do was to get up and *slide*.

A golden-beaked Blackbird he kept as a scout  
To let him know quickly when hounds were about,

That, before the smart Whip was sent on for a view,  
He might bid his unwelcome pursuers adieu.

And thus it transpired, when the Cotswolds would come,  
They arrived just too late to find B. T. at home;  
And sportsmen got angry, and oftentimes swore,  
When they found he'd skedaddled five minutes before.

Away swept the pack, like fleet hawks, o'er the plain;  
But they toiled in the wake of the Bobtail in vain.  
And the horses, outpaced—sorely sobbing—stood still,  
As the pack disappeared o'er the crest of a hill.

And Travess, the huntsman, was glad of a check,  
As the Bobtail he viewed, a diminishing speck  
On the distant horizon, hard pegging away  
For his point, where—all open—the friendly earths lay.

For six years and upwards—whene'er he was found,  
At home or abroad, by hounds above ground—  
With the Cotswolds he ever played up this old game,  
And sent them home grumbling, leg-weary and lame.

\* \* \* \* \*

They came with the Vale of White Horse famous pack,  
But the hounds, without blood, to their kennels went back;  
And when folks inquired why they came home dead-beat,  
What the Huntsman replied is not wise to repeat.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morn B. T. sat by his earth, which was stopped,  
When his sentinel Blackbird in haste to him hopped.  
Said he, 'Here's a pack that one don't often see;  
They're some badger-pied, and they're all branded "B."'

Now the 'Giant' of Berkeley that morning had sworn,  
By Castle and Courser, by Hound and by Horn,  
That in front of his fox-hounds the Bobtail should die;  
Or else—(and he swore a big oath)—he'd know why!

The Bobtail was flummuxed: he seemed at a loss.  
'By Jingo!' he muttered, 'they've fetched out the Boss!  
Adieu! my kind neighbours, the Jackdaw and Jay!  
This Peer, it appeareth, means *gimlet* to-day.'

The Jays and Jackdaws were all loud in their wail,  
As they flew to the Peer and unfolded their tale;  
And the Boss of the Bruisers looked grimly askew,  
As he said, 'Mr. Fox, I'll be down upon you!'

The wind was sou'-west, so the Fox made a move  
For a snug little covert yclept Compton Grove,  
From whence he intended to make a stroke bold  
To earths that were open near Stow-on-the-Wold.





He went through their midst at night  
A.C. Howell





This plan of the Fox nearly settled his hash :  
 He met his pursuers ; but, making a dash,  
 He went through their midst without harm to his skin,  
*And made good his point at the end of his spin.*

Though the staunch Berkeley hounds had begun with a view,  
 He beat them for speed—as he always could do ;  
 And his host—Lane the farmer—oft told the glad tale,  
 How the Berkeley were distanced as well as the Vale.

The Baron of Berkeley had pumped out two Gees,  
 And he didn't forget to turn out the big D's ;  
 But he suddenly ceased—though 'as mad as a hatter'—  
 Convinced he had done all he could in the matter.

\* \* \* \* \*


Some vulpicide villains then made a dark vow  
 To settle that terrible Bobtail somehow ;  
 And hired an assassin—a vulpine Jack Ketch—  
 The pelt of the Fox from the Cotswolds to fetch.

They brought the grey skin of that roost-robber old ;  
 But the way they procured it has never been told ;  
 And earthstoppers say that they see of a night  
 Out prowling the veteran's baboon-sterned sprite.

Old Lane sorely grieved when his fav'rite was dead ;  
 And though on the hills his descendants are bred,  
 None e'er has been found of his vigorous breed  
 So dauntless in heart and so matchless in speed.

The high Cotswold Range shall be changed to a plain  
 Ere his like shall be seen in the county again ;  
 And the rocks of Leckhampton shall melt in the sun  
 Ere a Fox like the Bobtail all packs can outrun.

## NOTES ON NOVELTIES.

HE Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, of 64 Cornhill, must be congratulated upon having introduced a novel principle in insurance, whereby those who are entirely disabled by accident from pursuing their ordinary avocations receive immediately the amount that in an ordinary way is only payable at death. The first insurer under this category who has claimed and received payment of the amount insured is a cattle-dealer of Huntingdon, who by an accident lost the sight of both eyes. The advantage of immediately receiving the benefits of insurance under such deplorable circumstances will surely commend itself to many, especially

to those who have only themselves to care for, and to whom similar accidents might occur, and who would probably neglect the ordinary system of death insurance, from which they themselves would receive no benefit.

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WIELDERS of the Rod will assuredly welcome an Album of Fishing Sketches in Norwegian Streams, entitled *Fishing in Strange Waters*, by Mr. Edward Kennard, recently published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. They are evidently the production of a master of the craft, and lose nothing of their piquancy by introducing the lady fisher, hard at work (waders and all) in the pursuit of salmon. The humorous and doleful as well as the joyous sides of angling are cleverly depicted.

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MESSRS. BRAND & CO., of 11 Little Stanhope Street, Mayfair, have recently perfected a food, consisting of dried beef, from which a portion of the solubles have been extracted. It contains in abundance the fat and albumenoids necessary for a food material, and should recommend itself to owners of dogs, pigs, fowls, &c. The following is its food analysis:—Moisture, 4·25; oil and fat, 22·20; albumenoids, 68·69; carbo-hydrates, 2·33; mineral matter, 2·25; indigestible fibre, ·28; total, 100. The addition of 10 to 20 per cent. of this meat, with some salt, to the meal used for food, is a most valuable and wholesome stimulant and flesh former. Houndsmen especially should look to this.

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THERE is no doubt 'The "Alpha" Patent Air Horse Collar' has many advantages to recommend it—amongst others are the following:—Instead of the pad being filled with ordinary stuffing, which is hard, inflexible, and heavy, it is inflated with air. The pad being thus rendered pliable, enables the horse to fit himself immediately to his collar in draught. It resists perspiration, is always dry and cool to the shoulders, and always retains its shape. It prevents sore shoulders, and overcomes all other inconveniences to which horses are subjected in the use of the ordinary collar. It is specially useful in the breaking in of young horses. It is much lighter and far more durable than the old-fashioned collar. It is not more expensive than the ordinary collar, and, where necessary, the air pad can be fitted to those now in use. It may be inspected at 9 Eagle Place, Piccadilly.



The Hunting Parson at Breakfast 1789





# FORES'S SPORTING NOTES AND SKETCHES.

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## THE HUNTING PARSON.

By CUTHBERT BEDE, *Author of 'Verdant Green.'*

**A**LTHOUGH not as dead as the Dodo, yet the old-fashioned old Hunting Parson is well-nigh extinct, and has become the rarest specimen of a rare species. He has passed away from our English landscapes like the Bittern, and gone over to the majority with the Reverend 'Jack' or 'Parson' Russell, of Tordown, North Devon, of whom a very pleasant Memoir has been written by the author of *Dartmoor Days*. True it is that there are Clergymen who still ride to hounds with regularity and workmanlike method; and every Hunt knows more than one member of the profession of Divinity, who will inevitably present himself at certain fixtures; but, I imagine that their number in each Hunt may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Many country parsons may ride or walk to see the hounds throw off when the Meet happens to be in their own parish or immediate neighbourhood; although they may not resemble that white-chokered prig, who, when the Master of the Hounds said to him, 'Glad to see you at the Meet, Mr. Spooner!' replied, 'I make a point of attending the Meet when it is in my own parish, as I consider that my presence lends an air of respectability to the assemblage.' And there are parsons—not a few perhaps, but scarcely to be called Hunting Parsons—who, when the hounds have thrown off, may gallop a few miles with the field and then turn back home, all the better for their little spin and healthy exercise; but it is getting rarer, nowadays, to find the parson who rides to a distant fixture—whether he has his second horse or no—and intends to be there, or thereabouts, when the fox is pulled down.

In these days of clerical activity and supervision, when so much is (very properly) expected of a clergyman,—when he is periodically looked-up and examined by those who are set in authority over him, as to his parochial work and duties, with long strings of questions, to which he is expected to give definite answers,—when he has to attend Episcopal and Archidiaconal Visitations and Conferences, and Ruri-decanal Meetings, Church Congresses, Clergy Retreats, Diocesan Associations, Mission Services, Boards of Education, and what not,—in addition to Schools, Clubs, Societies, Institutes, Mothers' Meetings, and the like,—in a way that was utterly unknown to his bewigged predecessors in the earlier part of the century, there does not seem to be a fragment of time, or the ghost of an opportunity for a town parson, and very little leisure even for a country parson, to devote himself to the pleasures of the chase. And, if he committed himself to indulge overmuch in those pleasures, he might be termed

‘The parson whose parish had gone to the wall,’

as Captain Kennedy sang of him in the first volume (p. 219) of this *Magazine*.

The Dean of Rochester—the Very Rev. Samuel Reynolds Hole—the friend of John Leech, who was his companion in 1859, in that most amusing *Little Tour in Ireland*, and who is the great authority *About Roses*, made one of his effective, witty, thoughtful, and practical speeches at the Manchester Church Congress, October 2nd, 1888. The subject discussed was ‘Gambling and Betting;’ and, in the course of his address, which occupied three newspaper columns of small type, Dean Hole referred to two betting men with whom he had recently found himself in a railway carriage, who had ventilated the question, ‘What can a sanguinary parson know about an ‘oss?’ The Dean subsequently answered that query by referring to his own past experiences in the hunting-field. ‘I have loved the horse,’ he said, ‘ever since I rode a rocking-horse; and I could have told that fellow-traveller to whom I have referred, and who asked what can parsons know about horses, of many, who, like myself, had tested their wonderful power and pluck over the clays of “The Rufford,” the walls of “The Heythrop,” and the huge fences and green pastures of “The Quorn.”’ Doubtless, there were many reverend hearers of the Dean’s impassioned words, and of his eloquent defence of the noble

steed from those who make an ignoble use of its grand qualities, whose hearts throbbed with sympathy, when their thoughts reverted to the hunting deeds of their 'salad days' at college, and, possibly, to later 'Recreations of a Country Parson.' At any rate, the Dean of Rochester is a grand, living example of a man whose past prowess in the hunting-field has rendered him all the more fit for that Catholic knowledge of his fellow-men that enables him, in his sermons and speeches, to bring forth things both new and old from all sorts and conditions of men, and from a wide range of social experience, wherewith to sway his hearers and to recommend his arguments to their acceptance.

Earlier in the same year, in March 1888, the Rev. W. Norton, speaking at a banquet to the Masters of the North Herefordshire Stag-hounds, said that it was not from want of sympathy with sport that Clergymen did not hunt, but that they were shy of exhibiting their weakness in so public an area. He was sure that he could mention one, two, or even three Clergymen in that diocese who would be all the better in themselves and to their congregations if, twice weekly, they had a gallop with the hounds.

To hark back to earlier records that concern the Hunting Parson. Dean Stanley, in his *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, tells us that Edward the Confessor, with ecclesiastics in his train, would spend days together in hawking and cheering on the hounds; and that Edward the Third was so fond of the pleasures of the chase, that, even when he was in France, busily engaged in war, he had taken in his train sixty couples of stag hounds, and as many hare hounds; and that many of his nobles also took their own hounds and hawks, and that they hunted on every opportunity. The Clergy, as a matter of course, took part in all sports of the field; and, despite the prohibition of Councils, they continued to hunt and hawk with a determination not to relinquish their popular pastimes. Mitred Bishops and Abbots gave the lead to the inferior Priests and Deacons; and, as Bishops and Abbots were, at that time, feudal lords, their vassals looked to them to countenance the sports of the field. Walter, Bishop of Rochester, in the tenth century, was a vigorous episcopal follower of the hounds; and, even in his eightieth year, he would not forego his favourite sport, but neglected his diocesan duties in order that he might gratify his



love for hunting. An Abbot of Leicester, in the eleventh century, is recorded to have been an eminent hunter of hares. Abroad it was the same, and, when the Abbots and Monks of St. Denis had been forbidden to waste their time by hunting, they represented to Charlemagne that the flesh of hunted animals was salutary for sick monks, and that the skins of the slain were useful for binding their service-books.

When Bishops, at that early period, made an Episcopal Visitation of their dioceses, they took with them hawks and hounds as indispensable portions of their baggage, so that they might agreeably vary business with pleasure, and mingle the *utile* with the *dulci*. When a Bishop did not take in his train his own hawks and hounds, he looked for them to be supplied to him, either by the leading layman of the neighbourhood, or, failing that, by the local Priest. The Archdeacons did the same at their Visitations, which made the tax upon the country clergy still heavier than the later payment of Synodals and Decretals. Indeed, so burdensome became the grievance, that, when the Archdeacon of Berkshire made his visitation, the Clergy were specially exempted by Alexander the Third from providing him with hawks and hounds. The Archbishop of York, in 1321, was a mighty hunter, and had in his train a pack of hounds and two hundred retainers. The various Abbeys on his route were required to support both retainers and hounds; and the jovial Archbishop enjoyed himself by hunting from parish to parish at the expense of his hosts. It was to guard against such a costly Visitation as this that a law was enacted by the third Lateran Council that Bishops should only hunt when they were at home; and it was forbidden them to hunt when they were engaged on their Episcopal Visitations; and, further, that on such occasions they should not take with them more than fifty horses.

During Lent, hunting was stopped both for Clergy and Laity; and the Grand Serjeanty (as he was called) of the fifteen buckhounds that formed the royal pack in Northamptonshire, in 1317, had to maintain the hounds at his own expense, but was recouped by a grant, rent free, of seventy acres of arable, a house, yard, and twenty-four acres of wood. From the time of King John, the manors of Pitchley and Gidding were held by Serjeanty for the hunting of foxes and wild cats in all forests in Northants, Rutland, Leicestershire, Oxfordshire, Huntingdonshire, and Bucks. But, in 1373, an inquiry had to

be made, that, in consequence of the tenants of the manors of Pitchley and Gidding being ladies who did not hunt, the whole of Rockingham Forest was full of foxes.

When Thomas Becket was sent by Henry the Second as ambassador to the court of France, he took with him hawks and a pack of hounds as a customary portion of an ambassadorial outfit. When Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, held his Visitation, he was very wrath with some of the Canons, whom he found to be professed hunters and sportsmen, keeping hounds and publicly attending hunting matches. He told them that such pursuits occasioned much dissipation, danger to the soul and body, and frequent expenses, and, therefore, wishing to extirpate this vice wholly from the convent (*radicibus extirpare*), he absolutely enjoined the Canons never, intentionally, to be present at any public, noisy, tumultuous hunting, or to keep hounds, by themselves or by others, openly, or by stealth, within the Convent or without. Edward the Fourth would seem to have been as fond of hunting as were Henry the Fourth, and Louis the Fifteenth, of France; and he is represented by Shakespeare as making hunting his 'daily exercise' in the Bishop's deer park, and being rescued 'from the Bishop's hunting men.' (*King Henry the Sixth*, Part 3, Act iv., Scenes 4 and 6.) Bishop Tuxon kept a pack of hounds for his own amusement; and, in the last century, Dr. Twisden, Bishop of Raphoe, was well known in Gloucestershire as a clever negotiator of the stone walls in that county.

In the first volume of *The New Monthly Magazine* for 1821 (p. 451) an anecdote is told that 'A dignitary of the Church, who had made hunting the amusement of his youth, asked an old and respected member of his order whether he might pursue his favourite sport after being elevated to the prelacy. His counsellor answered in these words, "My lord, you may hunt, but you may not holla!"' Bishop Fraser (of Manchester) did neither; for, as Mr. Thomas Hughes has told us in his *Life* of that admirable man, though 'he was a keen sportsman, and made no secret of the pleasure it gave him to come across the hounds in the afternoon, when his college work was done, and in the Christmas vacation he hunted regularly, "yet" it was thoroughly characteristic of the man, that, when he had made up his mind to take orders, he resolved to abandon his favourite sport at once and for all. He held that there were other and higher duties for him, with which hunting was incompatible.'

When Bishop Blomfield held the see of Chester, one of his Clergy put to him the question, 'Does your lordship really object to my hunting?' 'Oh, dear no!' was the reply; 'hunting is evidently what you were made for. What I do object to is, that you should undertake other and higher functions for which God evidently did not intend you.'

The Rector of Clavering, in Anthony Trollope's novel, was episcopally forbidden to follow the hounds. It was expected of him that he should find healthy amusement in other pursuits, and that he should not resemble the parson, mentioned by the clerical poet Crabbe, who gave

'To fields the morning, and to feasts the night,'

and than whom was

'None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,  
To urge their chase, to cheer them, or to chide.'

(*The Village*, Book 1.)

No hunting picture of the past century would be complete without its Hunting Parson, in clerical dress, with bob-wig, and three-cornered or broad-brimmed hat. When Squire Western rode out with his hounds, his Chaplain's duty was to attend upon him—a duty most willingly performed; and he was depicted, as mopping his heated brow, when in at the death, in one of the illustrations by T. Stothard, R.A., to Somerville's poem, 'The Chase.\*' He was a specimen of the race celebrated in the old hunting song—which always is so popular at village concerts—'We'll all go a-Hunting to-day.'

'Then the village bells chime, there's a wedding at nine,  
And the Parson unites the fond pair;  
Then he hears the sweet sound of the horn and the hound,  
And he knows that it's time to be there.  
Says he, "For your welfare I'll pray;  
I regret I no longer can stay;

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\* I mentioned this in my 'Tally-ho Notes' (vol. 3, p. 205) in this *Magazine*. Since its publication, October 1886, I have found out several fresh items concerning the straight hunting horn, and the large curly French horn; and my notes thereon will be found in *Notes and Queries*, August 25th, 1888, and previous numbers therein referred to. The latest representation that I have of the 'Huntsman,' winding a large curly horn that passes round his body, is a coloured print in my possession, drawn by W. H. Pyne, and published in 1827 by R. Ackermann, Repository of Arts, Strand. As no hounds are introduced, there is nothing to show whether the scene represents a fox hunt or a stag hunt.

Now you're safely made one,  
 I must quickly begone,  
 For I must go a-hunting to-day!"

We will all go a-hunting to-day!  
 For all nature looks smiling and gay;  
 So we'll join the glad throng  
 That goes laughing along,  
 And we'll all go a-hunting to-day!

"None were left in the lurch, for all friends at the church,  
 With Beadle and Clerk and all near,  
 Soon determined to go, and to shout Tally-ho!  
 And the ringers all join'd in the rear.  
 With bridegroom and bride in array,  
 One and all to each other did say,  
 "Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
 For we'll all go a-hunting to-day!"

A later poet, and no mean one, Mr. William Bromley-Davenport, M.P.,—how well I remember a witty and practical speech that he made, years ago, at an agricultural meeting at Leamington,—refers to the Hunting Parson, of his own time, in his 'Dream of an Old Meltonian :—

'And, oh! young descendants of ancient top-sawyers,  
 By your lives to the world their example enforce;  
 Whether Landlords, or Parsons, or Statesmen, or Lawyers,  
 Ride straight, as they rode it from Ranksborough Gorse!'

A very good text for what Charles Kingsley called 'a fox's funeral sermon.'\*

The author of *Alton Locke*, when Rector of Eversley, delighted in the sight and sound of a pack running in full cry, when, as he said, he heard that thrilling madrigal among the dark fir-stems of Bramshill Park, that chorus in which there are four parts—deep-mouthed bass rolling along the ground; rich, joyful tenor; wild, wistful alto; and, leaping up here and there,

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\* In the anonymous work, *Lays of the Belvoir Hunt* (2nd Ed., 1874), compiled by Mr. John Earle Welby, Allington Hall, Grantham, the gem of the collection is 'Lowesby Hall,' by W. D. Bromley; a parody on 'Locksley Hall,' beginning:—

'Gilmour, leave me here a little, and when John O'Gaunt is drawn,  
 If you find the raw material, let Jack Morgan blow his horn.'

I have called the attention of Mr. Walter Hamilton to this spirited and highly original poem, and it would be inserted in the fifth volume of his 'Parodies,' published by Reeves and Turner, 196 Strand.



delicate treble thrills of trembling joy. This is an exquisite description of what the poet Gay called 'forest music.'

'The forest music is to hear the hounds  
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry  
Awake the drowsy echo, and confound  
Their perfect language in a mingled voice.'

And it might be quoted in the same breath with Shakespeare, where Theseus, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (iv. 1.), describes his hounds' as,—

'Match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tunable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.'

We may be quite sure that, if we look into George Herbert's *Country Parson*, although we find a chapter on 'The Parson in Mirth,' and another on 'The Parson in Liberty,' we shall not find anything about the Parson in the hunting-field. If George Herbert ever hunted during his earlier gay days at Court, we do not find a trace of it in his writings after he had renounced the poms and vanities of a fashionable life, and had settled down as a Huntingdonshire clergyman. Yet, very probably, he may have been acquainted with that curious old fanatical song, 'With hunts up, with hunts up,' wherein the most sacred names are lightly dealt with, and it is represented that

'The hounds are Peter and Paul;  
The Paip is the fox; Rome is the rox  
That rubbis us on the gall.'

This composition was considered worthy of insertion in 'Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs,' published in 1590, wherein certain 'Ballates were changed out of prophaine Songes for avoyding of sinne.' The profane song which this godly ballad was to improve upon, supersede and paraphrase, was the very old song 'The hunt is up,' which was intended as a song to arouse the party for the chase, and was equivalent to the French *Réveillée*. Drayton knew the old song; for he says,—

'And now the cock, the morning's trumpeter,  
Play'd hunt's up for the day-star to appear.'

So far as my recollection serves me, it was not among his ideas of 'The Recreations of a Country Parson' that the agreeable author of the book of Essays under that title ('A. H. K. B.,' the Rev. Dr. Boyd) should include Hunting, although he gives in his first series a lively description of how he began to write his



The Parson at his Parish Meet. 1889.



Essay, 'Concerning two blisters of Humanity,' sitting on a manger, with his note paper 'spread upon a horse's face, occupying the flat part between the eyes.'

I have heard it said of an old-fashioned Hunting Parson, that, on the first day of the week he was inaudible, and, on the other six, invisible, at least to his parishioners, unless they chanced to meet him in the hunting-field.

More than three centuries ago, Robert Herrick,—who was a Devonshire vicar,—wrote of such a person in the following epigram :—

'Old Parson Beans hunts six days in the week,  
And on the seventh, has his notes to seek ;  
Six days a week, he holloas so much breath away,  
That, on the seventh, he can nor preach nor pray.'

The Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D.D., in 1787, wrote a very satirical letter to a Hunting Parson of his acquaintance, congratulating him on succeeding to a living, 'in a fine sporting country, with two or three packs of fox-hounds in the neighbourhood ;' and adds, 'We are both well-qualified to be cow-doctors, sow-doctors and horse-doctors, for, we have made farriery the study of our lives, and many be-doctored before us never made anything half so useful their study.'

Here I must pull up for the present, as I have filled the space allotted to me. But, in a second and concluding paper, I will bring forward my list of several Hunting Parsons, though, for the most part, they are representatives of the old school, and were well known in the first half of the present century, such as Tommy Allgood, Parson Nanney, Billy Butler, and a score of others. I will also speak of John Leech, who was personally known to me; and of my knowledge of Anthony Trollope, and what he told me concerning the Parson in the hunting-field.

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## BUFFALO BILL'S TOUGHEST RIDE.

*By* WILF POCKLINGTON.



BUFFALO BILL was recently the guest of the New York Press Club. A typical gathering was assembled to greet him on his return from Europe, composed of journalists, actors, authors, men of letters generally, officers of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a number of Western men, some of whom had shared his stirring



life as a frontier scout. After the majority of the guests had departed, a select coterie sought the cosy smoking-room, and during some desultory conversation one of the party mentioned the name of Joe Buckskin, a favourite horse of Buffalo Bill's.

'Ah!' said he; 'that was a horse. I wish I had his like at the present time. It was in May, 1870, that we first became partners. I was acting as guide to the expedition headed by General Thomas A. Duncan, and was also the chief scout for the party. We were in camp near Beaver Creek, on the Republican River, and had our mules raided by the Indians.

'Besides the white soldiers in the command, we had four companies of Pawnee Indians, a friendly tribe, who were under the orders of Major Frank North, as true and brave a man as ever threw leg over saddle. The Pawnees had been for many years bitter enemies of the Sioux, but long since the hatchet had been buried between them; the Sioux had, however, wantonly broken the peace treaty, and raided the lodges of the Pawnees when their braves were absent on a hunting expedition, consequently there was some very bitter blood between them. As I happened to have my horse saddled and standing in front of my tent when the attack took place, I was on his back in an instant. While I was giving orders to the regular soldiers, the Pawnees, as usual, took their own line of action, rushed for their horses, mounted them bare-backed, and went for the Sioux, who broke and ran as soon as they saw them coming; the Pawnees and myself then gave hot chase, leaving the regular soldiers in the rear. The horse I was riding had good pace for a few miles, but had no bottom; consequently I kept up with the Pawnees for a time, and then began to tail off; but on turning my head I saw a huge Pawnee astride of a big buckskin animal, who passed me as if I was standing still. Soon afterwards, with much disgust, I turned and went back to camp.

'As I could not get that horse out of my head, I hunted up the owner, and after a good pow-wow I managed to trade with him for some presents and a Government horse. I called my new acquisition Buckskin Joe, and he was a beauty; for a short distance Tall Bull (my old horse) could beat him, possessing more racing blood; but when it came to distance, Joe could leave him five miles behind in every twenty.

'About six weeks later, General Emery, who was in command of the district, detailed me to make a scout as far as Frenchman's Fork, covering a troublesome, unsettled district of

about eighty miles in extent. It was late in the afternoon when I started, and, as usual, I went alone, taking Joe for my war-horse, and a runner for home if jumped upon by the wild boys. I led him as I went, and rode Tall Bull, who was more easy in the saddle.

'About dusk on the second day I looked about for a place to camp, and found a quiet spot in the bend of the river, where I pegged my horses with a loose half-lariat, and rolling myself in my blanket was soon asleep. About dawn, Joe came nosing me, which woke me with a start, for I could tell by his actions something was wrong, and guessed it was Indians. You see an Indian's horse is more like a human being than anything else, and knows an enemy by instinct just as well as his master does; and Joe was just restless enough for anything, laying back his ears, sniffing at the air, and neighing in the peculiar, noiseless manner these horses have. I climbed up a tall tree close at hand, and reached a bough that enabled me to see over the small belt of timber that grew along the bank of the river; then I saw the faint blue smoke of a carefully made Indian fire circling up through the trees from a clearing not half-a-mile away. I never came out of a tree so quickly in my life, I think I must have dropped from that bough, clear thirty feet, instead of climbing down, for I knew if one of their horses scented mine, as Joe had theirs, it would be touch-and-go for me. Without the loss of an instant, I saddled Joe; then took Tall Bull and tied him to a tree some distance away. I then returned to Joe, lead him around to try and cover the other tracks, and then tied him to a tree whilst I endeavoured to make out the size and other particulars of that village in order to report to the General on my return. With this view I made a detour to the top of a fair-sized hill close by, and looking down got all the information I wanted.

'As I was returning, congratulating myself on getting off so easily, I caught sight of a band of some thirty Indians coming up the ravine in which Joe was tied, and certainly not a mile away. They evidently had not seen me, although if they had been a few minutes sooner, I could not well have escaped, as the hill on their side was almost clear of cover. I assure you I did not let any grass grow under my feet, and was not long in reaching Joe, for in less than five minutes we were cautiously threading our way out of the ravine, the cunning old beggar rubbing his head against my arm, as much as to say he knew

all about it. After getting clear of the rocks I jumped on his back, and let him go for all he was worth ; as I did so, the Indians must have arrived at the place where he had recently been tied to the tree, and perceived the fresh tracks running up the ravine. I could tell by the sounds what they were doing, and when they had picked up the hot trail, like the bloodhounds they are. I also knew they were returning from a buffalo hunt, and would consequently be mounted on their fleetest horses. Everything depended on my getting away from the river, which curved about in all directions and gave them a chance to head me off, while on the open it was simply a question of speed and endurance, and although the Indian has a knack of riding without punishing his horse as much in ten miles as the average white man will in five, I had every confidence in myself and Joe. I knew that as yet they had not seen me, and were only instinctively following the trail ; and yet, although I knew the open country would immediately discover me, I urged my horse to his best pace to reach it.

‘I was fully a mile and a half out in the open before they came out of the timber, and then, as I expected, the cunning devils came from three separate points in the hope of coralling me. As soon as they saw me, a yell of exultation came floating through the air. I suppose they felt confident that they had me ; but they reckoned without their host. I knew it must be a long race, for I was at least eighty miles away from any white man, or habitation ; there was nothing but the open prairie between us and the fort, and, barring the chance of running across a reconnoitring party, I could not hope to see a living soul until I was under the walls of the fort.

‘Hour after hour went past, and I held my own, Joe going along in an easy stretching gallop that meant business ; the sun rose higher and higher, and the atmosphere became oppressive with the continuous movement, but still we went on, both evidently understanding it was a race to a finish. About noon we struck a small patch of damp ground, with some thick, lush, moist grass growing under the coarse prairie herbage, and without really stopping, I jumped from my saddle, cut a thick swathe of grass with a single stroke of my knife, gave Joe a mouthful, which he grabbed eagerly, and bounded into the saddle again. The delay, short as it was, brought them within a mile of me, and again their yells came ringing across the intervening space, and I saw them getting their rifles ready for action. I

suppose they thought Joe was in distress, and that I had been loosing his girths, and it made me laugh when I saw them urging their horses still faster, while Joe kept on at his old pace ; while I was leaning over his neck and feeding him with small pieces of the grass which I had cut. I let them creep up to within about twelve hundred yards, and there I held them until we arrived within about eight miles of the fort. Then they gave up the chase, and turned back ; I turned as well, and by a couple of chance shots emptied two of their saddles, and then rode slowly into the fort. The boys turned out, and found the traces of my dead Indians, but the band had carried them off for burial.

‘I was afraid I had killed poor Joe, for I must have ridden him over seventy miles without a halt, and he was as nervous all the time as it was possible for a horse to be ; he was very sick that night, but two days later, when the troops were ready to go after the Indians, Joe was ready too. We found the Indian village vacated, and only burnt brands remaining. I also found Tall Bull still tied to the tree, nearly dead for want of water ; he had eaten everything within reach, but had been unable to break the rope. He soon got well, however, and I rode him hundreds of miles afterwards. I often wondered the Indians never found him, but guess they had not time for looking, as they knew we should be after them. Joe and I had many a run after that, on one account or another, but never one to equal it in point of toughness ; it made his reputation, and I could have sold him almost for his weight in dollars, but I kept him until he died a natural death on the frontier.’

And Buffalo Bill leaned back in his chair, and gazed dreamily at the smoke wreaths rising from a fresh cigar.

## THE COST OF A TROPHY.

*By G. H. JALLAND.*



**T**HAT'S a fine bighorn's head you have in the hall ; I suppose you brought it from the west ?' I said to my friend L——, with whom I had been dining, and opposite to whom I was now seated in a comfortable armchair, enjoying one of his capital cigars.

‘Yes,’ he replied ; ‘I think a good deal of that head, for, apart from it's being one of the largest ever seen, the procuring



of it came very nearly costing me my life. Haven't I ever told you the story ?'

'No !' I answered, 'I don't think you have. I should like to hear the thrilling episode ; and if it is anything fairly interesting I'll promise not to go to sleep.'

'All right !' said L——, laughing, 'although I don't know what you call interesting ; but I'll tell you the tale, and try my best to keep you awake.'

'I was staying with H——, an Englishman, at his ranch on the Little Missouri, in Northern Dakota, for some antelope-hunting. They were very plentiful, and we had been having capital shooting amongst them for a fortnight ; indeed, I was quite satiated with the sport, and had decided on the morrow to return to my place at Rapid City. However, this was not to be, for that very evening one of the men, who had been hunting for some lost horses, reported he had seen a small bunch of sheep (bighorn), led by a monster ram, feeding among the "doby lands," which were situated about eight miles from the ranch. Immediately I heard this my plans were altered, for I had been pining for a shot at a bighorn, which up to that time I had been unable to obtain, for sheep were almost extinct in that part of the country ; and I longed for a head to add to my collection. So I decided, instead of returning, I would try my utmost to secure the coveted trophy. Accordingly next morning by day-break I set out, mounted on my favourite shooting pony, with my trusty "Winchester" reposing in its sling hanging from the horn of my saddle. H—— steadfastly refused to accompany me, for he said he wished me to have the sole honour of slaying the ram, adding, with a smile, "If you can," for bighorn are reputed to be the most difficult of all western game to stalk.

'In about an hour and a half I reached the outskirts of the "doby lands," a tract of country covered with huge, irregular mounds of dark, slaty-coloured earth, almost devoid of vegetation, and intersected by numerous ravines and gulches. Some of these mounds were of very curious formation—one, I remember, greatly resembled a ruined castle, with its crumbling towers and battered walls ; they varied in height from fifty to two or three hundred feet, some rising almost perpendicularly, others with their sides more or less sloping. It was a wild, desert-looking place—a fitting dwelling for the remnant of those numerous flocks of mountain sheep which once abounded on the North American continent. I soon found it would be impossible to

ride far into this rugged wilderness, for the travelling became more impracticable at every step, so I dismounted, picketed my pony to a stout bunch of sagebrush, and continued my search for the game on foot. I had only left my pony a few minutes when, as I was making my way along a deep, twisting, dry watercourse, with steep, precipitous sides, I came across a pool of water, around which were numerous footprints. I knew at once from the wide space between the cloven hoofs they were sheep tracks and not those of antelope, and they seemed quite fresh. Fresh? I should say they were fresh, for the water was slowly oozing up through the sand and gradually filling one of the footprints near the edge of the pool; the sheep had evidently been there a minute ago, and must have scented my approach. The trail was easily followed for about two hundred yards down the ravine, which at that part was soft and sandy; but soon stones began to give place to the tell-tale sand, the tracks became more and more uncertain, and eventually I lost them altogether.

‘Further tracking was impossible, and as I had heard that bighorn when startled always make for the highest ground, I at once clambered up the side of the ravine. When I reached the top I was rewarded by a sight of my game as they disappeared round the edge of a “doby hill” about half a mile from where I was standing. There they went, six of them, the giant ram, easily distinguished even at that distance, leading at full gallop. After losing sight of them I waited a few minutes, and they again appeared on the same hill, though now on a ledge much higher up; they were going at a slow canter, and had, I expect, almost got over their fright—indeed, while I watched, the trot gave way to a walk, and soon they became quite at ease, some of the females lying down, others picking about amongst the sparse herbage, while the watchful old ram took up his position on a ledge higher than his companions. I was in a great state of excitement at the chance which now opened to secure the long-wished-for prize, and could hardly restrain myself from making straight for my game at once. However, I thought it over, and came to the conclusion, as the wind was blowing from me to them, I should have to approach from the opposite direction in order to make a successful stalk and secure a near shot. So I once more descended into the ravine, and having followed its course for about three quarters of a mile, cautiously climbed the bank, and, as I expected to find, the immense mound was just in front of me, on the other side of

which I hoped my sheep were still browsing. I took my time about the ascent, wishing to have a steady hand when it came to shooting ; but the climb was an awfully stiff one, and when at last I reached the crest of the mound I was fairly pumped, so before proceeding to interview the sheep thought it better to take a good rest.

‘When I had recovered my wind I cautiously approached the edge of the declivity, which on this side descended almost perpendicularly, but with numerous ledges jutting out on its surface, and peered over. What luck! I had hit on exactly the right spot, for there, less than thirty yards below me, lay the sheep. I counted them—two, four, five. “Hullo! where’s my ram?” for he was nowhere in sight. I remembered the last time I had seen him he was on higher ground than the others, so consequently would be nearer to me ; perhaps he was hidden by some projection. Just below there was a narrow platform, and from it I could get a better view ; it certainly did not look very safe, but as there were numerous sheep-tracks on it I judged it would bear me, so stepped down without being observed by the animals below. Still I could see nothing of my ram. I then lay on my chest, and leaned as far forward as I possibly dared. At last I saw him ; he had been hidden, as I expected, by an unevenness on the face of the hill. Luckily his head was turned from me, and I was unnoticed as I feasted my eyes on him. How splendidly he looked ! He might have been carved in stone, for he was absolutely motionless. I calculated the circumference of his massive horns, noted his fat round quarters and his glossy, rich brown hide. He was mine ! Mine now without a doubt—indeed, I debated with myself if I should not frighten him, and give the poor fellow more law than the easy shot of ten or twelve yards would allow him. But, no ! I must have that head without fail, so I reached for my rifle, which had been lying beside me, and attempted to bring it to my shoulder. I was lying half over the cliff, and found as I brought the weight of the rifle in front of me, there was great danger of being precipitated down the declivity. I dug in my toes, and inch by inch brought the rifle forward. At last it reached my shoulder, and as I brought the sight to bear on my unconscious quarry I likened my position to that of a teaspoon balanced on the edge of a cup. It was a great risk, but I must have that head ; in all probability I should never have such another chance, therefore I must take advantage of it, so without reckoning the





"He might have  
been carved  
in stone"

J.H. Pelland





consequences I pulled the trigger. Thud ! The bullet had gone home, but at the same instant, before I could throw myself backwards, the earth beneath me gave way, and I fell headlong down the cliff. In vain I tried to gain a hold on the small ledges and projections ; I went flying on, till at last my head struck something hard, and I remembered no more.

‘ When consciousness returned I found myself in almost total darkness. Where was I ? what had happened ? With a thrill of horror the remembrance of my fearful fall came back, and I thanked God I was still alive. By the narrow slip of light some twenty feet above me I supposed I must have fallen into some crevasse, and to the soft nature of the soil I owed my narrow escape from a horrible death. How to get out of the hole was the next question. I was giddy and faint from loss of blood, for there was a nasty gash, now clotted with blood and dry, at the back of my head, but I hoped to be able to scramble out and reach the ranch before nightfall. I began my climb, and got on capitally for three or four yards, when all foothold ceased, and the wall became perfectly smooth, so had to get down and try another side, but it was worse than the last, for there the wall inclined over me. I tried another and another place, but none were better than my first venture. Phew ! here was a nice fix, buried alive ! I tried to keep up my spirits, but the cold beads of perspiration would break out over me, and I became terrified. Come what would I must escape ; perhaps the men at the ranch would be days before they found me, and in the meantime I should die of starvation. I rushed to the place which I had first tried to climb, and took out my hunting-knife to cut steps in the loose crumbling earth, but it came away like sand, and not a step higher could I gain. In vain I tore at the earth in my frantic efforts to gain a foothold, but it was useless, and, faint and weary, I relinquished the attempt and returned to the bottom of my prison. As I stumbled across its narrow limits my foot struck against something hard. I bent down and felt. Oh, joy ! it was my rifle, which must have fallen with me into the crevasse. Here, indeed, was a chance of escape, and in the delirium of my sudden delight at this new-found deliverance I again became unconscious and fell in a faint on the ground.

‘ When I recovered the stars were shining, casting a faint glimmer through the high window of my narrow prison. I knew it would be no good making use of my rifle at present, for I felt sure they would not search for me till the morning, so

I took off my coat, rolled it in the shape of a pillow, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of anything but being buried alive. I awoke as shafts of light began to appear from the rays of the rising sun, and congratulated myself I was alive to see them. I pictured the men at the ranch just preparing breakfast (how I wished I could join them), and conversing about my non-arrival on the previous night; my friend H—— would be arranging a search-party, wondering whether I had lost myself in the labyrinth of the “doby lands” or lay injured, perhaps dead, from a fall into one of the deep ravines. I made up my mind to wait quite a long time before I began to expend my stock of cartridges—there were only twenty; I counted them carefully twice, both in my belt and in the magazine of my “Winchester.” At last I thought by this time the men will surely have reached the “doby lands” and have commenced the search, so I fired a signal.

‘Crash! What an awful din the report did make in that narrow hole; I only hoped it would sound half as loudly when it got outside. Eagerly I listened for an answer, but none came. I waited until I had counted a thousand and again fired; I strained my ears, but still no answering shot could be heard. Again and again I pulled the trigger, but when the echoes had died away no sound broke the awful stillness, excepting the frightened twitter of some small birds as they swiftly passed overhead. This won’t do, I thought, I must be more careful of my cartridges. I counted them, and found there were now only eight left. What if, after all, they should never find me, and I should die a lingering painful death in this cursed hole? The thought must have maddened me, for I frantically pushed every cartridge of my small remaining stock into the magazine of my rifle, and fired them off as fast as I could work the lever. What a deafening noise they made. The crevasse was choked with blinding smoke, and the answering echoes went smashing, crashing, and rolling into the outer air. When I realised what I had done I threw the rifle from me, and cast myself down in a paroxysm of despair.

‘Had my ears become confused with the echoes of my reckless folly? or was I going mad? It was too good to be true. No! it could not be! Yes! there it was again, and again, and must be now within a few hundred yards! Bang! bang! there goes another and another! I shouted at the top of my voice, “Help! help!” “Where are you?” came in reply. Thank

Heaven ! it was H——'s voice, close at hand, and I was saved. After some difficulty he found me, for the sound of my voice from the bottom of the hole seemed, he said, as though it were a mile away.

'Having ascertained I was not seriously injured, and that I could not possibly be got out without a rope, he told me "to keep my pecker up" until he fetched one from his pony outside the "dobys," and, throwing down a flask of brandy, he left me. In about an hour or so he returned with his lasso, and, with the aid of one of the search party who he had met, dragged me from my unenviable position. When I reached the top I found I must have fallen at least a hundred feet, for there, high above me, was the ledge from which I had slipped, and the marks of my descent were plainly to be seen up the face of the hill. My friend was anxious to know how it had happened, and when I had told him he sent the man to search for the sheep, which I was confident I had killed. In a few minutes a shout told us he had found the ram, and we scrambled down to view my prize ; he had fallen to the very foot of the hill, and there he lay stretched out, shot through the heart, one of the finest beasts that ever ranged this world. We left the man to dress him and amputate the much-prized head, while we made the best of our way to the ponies, and about noon arrived at the ranch, where I made one of the "biggest " meals on record.'

'There, Jim ! that's the tale of the sheep's head. Don't you think it was well worth the—why, you brute, you're asleep !'

'No, old man, I am not,' I answered ; 'but I was thinking I would write out your story and send it up to Fores. Do you mind ? I'll promise not to mention names.'

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## TOM KING, EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

*By 'A WISEACRE.'*



HE death of Tom King, the tall and handsome athlete, conqueror (but not without difficulty) of John Heenan, the peregrine Pugilist who had whilom nearly succeeded in beating the indomitable Tom Sayers, deserves honourable mention, not so much because the subject of record was a boxer of the most superior class, as



because he was undoubtedly a very superior specimen of the *genus homo*, and conferred honour on the profession to which he temporarily belonged, rather than received credit from it. He escaped the Roman ban which certainly affects any less-respected and more modern member of the P. R.—*Hic niger est! Romane, caveto.*

Tom King had several fights; but it will be specially remembered that on the 10th December, 1863, he knocked John Heenan out of time, after he himself had been put *hors de combat* for a brief space by a terrific cross-buttock dexterously administered by his opponent, who threw him about like an ordinary man would a boy. Heenan's fists had not recovered the injuries they received in coming in contact with Tom Sayers' adamantine skull, for no sooner did he plant one or two of his 'pile-drivers' on the person of Tom King, who was his superior in calibre and height, than 'wounds opened afresh which time had nearly healed,' and the bone-conformation of his fists again gave way. Heenan, therefore, trusted to his wrestling powers, which stood him in such good need that he grassed his formidable antagonist repeatedly, and at last succeeded in apparently knocking him out of time. But King's wary second, knowing how fit his man was, and being cruelly expert in his business of handler, bit the senseless fighting-man through the ear. It was a very effectual if a rather reprehensible sort of whisper, for it fetched Tom King to life to answer to the umpire's call of 'time.' After that resuscitation he seemed at once to recover his vigour; but he refrained, by advice, from closing with Heenan, who now was compelled to rely once more on his fists. It was but a fallacious and temporary reliance as it proved, for it was with evident pain that Heenan used his hands at all, and he was no match now for the well-trained Tom King, who, like Antæus of old, rising refreshed from his encounter with Mother Earth, landed him a blow, like one from a sledge-hammer, under his ear. Heenan, whose physique was by no means so integral as King's, succumbed to the assault. 'He fell as fall the dead,' absolutely deaf to the call of time. He not only lost the fight, but he remained for some time in a state of coma. He fought no more in the ring, thereafter. To tell the truth, his two encounters indicated above, particularly the latter, seriously affected his health and constitution; while Tom King seemed—as dear old Jorrocks put it when asked if he was hurt by one of his repeated spills—'*more t'other.*'

As a professional bookmaker—the *métier* which Tom King subsequently assumed, and that with credit and profit—the subject of this memoir was better, and, perhaps, more satisfactorily known to the general public. His tall form, like Saul's among his brethren, had a marked superiority over the crowd of bookmakers in the ring by a head and shoulders, and his *clientèle*, which was a numerous one, had never to complain of the least departure from good faith.

It was at Goodwood Meeting in 1854 that a capital joke was perpetrated upon him by the late Charlie Symonds of Oxford, whose biography in our last March number was so gracefully sketched by his quondam friend and ally, Cuthbert Bede, the author of the never-to-be-forgotten *Life of Verdant Green*. The race for the Cup was just over, and a solemn silence pervaded the scene. The ring-men were busy calculating their winnings, and the talent for a time were lunching with what appetites they had. Just before the saddling bell for the next race rang, Charlie Symonds—always intent on fun and pleasant mischief—was talking to a few turf notables, when he caught sight of Tom King standing, like the statue of Momus, silent and thoughtful. Without hesitating a moment, he left his friends, ran up to King, dashed his hat upon the ground, pulled off his coat, flung it down, and, struck the giant a blow in the pit of the stomach. The great disparity in size between the assaulter and the assaulted was, as a matter of course, remarkable. It was a challenge from a mole hill to a mountain. King looked at his antagonist as a mastiff might do at an attacking Bedlington terrier; but his majestic look of surprise only heightened the interest of the beholders, which was increased when old Charlie called out in defiant tones, 'Defend yourself, you great wall of flesh. Put up your fists, sir! It's a devilish good thing you had not me to contend with when you fluked the championship, or I would have hit chasms into your overgrown carcase. You'll find no baby like Heenan in me.'

Charlie Symonds was but imperfectly known to Tom King, if at all; and the latter was evidently sorely puzzled as to what this sudden attack meant: but before he could put on his considering cap, at him again went the would-be champion-queller, whose friends now seized and prevented him from injuring further the quondam boxer, whilst his struggles to get at and annihilate the object of his hatred were, apparently, superhuman.

Of course, there was a tremendous rush of all the *posse comitatus* to see the fight, for an outcry was speedily raised. Great was the public disgust when the policemen who had hurried up to keep the peace shouted, 'It's all right, gentlemen. It's a barney. It's only little Mr. Symonds of Oxford making a chopping-block of Tom King for a lark.'

The writer well remembers the sensation which this practical joke caused, and the perfect manner in which the great little Oxford dealer acted his *rôle* to the very last act of resuming his hat and coat, declaring the while that if his d——d good-natured friends had not prevented him he would have served King as David did Goliath, or as Achilles did Hector, or as Tom Thumb did Blunderbore; for the apt and copious quotations from all manner of recondite authorities impressed everybody who heard Charlie Symonds's words, not only with his immense erudition and prowess, but with a firm conviction that Tom King had certainly just had a very narrow escape from battle, murder, and sudden death.

## SOME SWEET THINGS IN BONNETS.

By FINCH MASON.

### CHAPTER I.



FIRMLY believe that Stirumupshire is quite the liveliest county in England.

There is a *go* and *abandon* about the Stirumupshire entertainments generally that is positively irresistible.

'Do a thing well, or not at all,' is the old saying, and right loyally do the natives of this light-hearted county act up to it.

The dances they give are simply dreams—moments, I might almost say, snatched from Paradise; their dinners things to be remembered (Stirumupshire has a pretty taste in champagne, and is very fond of it into the bargain).

Their maidens! Well, really, on this point I am quite unable to adequately express my feelings. Talk about your Lancashire witches, or your Kentish beauties, indeed! Pooh!—and if necessary—Psha! Why, they are not to be mentioned in the same breath.

Then, again, they are such a sporting lot ; their country, too, is nearly all grass, and their hounds have the reputation of being the fastest out of Leicestershire.

A friend of mine, an ubiquitous sportsman, who each successive year was in the habit of taking himself and his horses to a different county for the purpose of hunting the fox, at length pitched upon Stirumupshire for his headquarters for the winter. In a letter received from him about a month after his arrival, he thus enthusiastically explained himself :—‘ I have found “ Utopia ” at last, old fellow. These are the happiest hunting-grounds I’ve come across yet (I’ve tried a good many), and I never intend to leave ’em.’ And he never did.

When I mentioned just now that the Stirumupshire damsels are renowned for their good looks, I might just as well have added at the same time that they are about as frolicsome, *larkyish* a lot as one would meet with in a day’s march. Imagine, then, on a certain bright March morning, a body of these fair daughters of Eve, sitting on their hunters, surrounded by numerous scarlet-coated admirers, and chattering and laughing like so many magpies in the principal ride of Oakapple Wood, making such a noise indeed that the Master of the Hounds might well turn to a friend with the laughing remark, ‘ No fox here to-day, I think, but there are “ *voices in the wood* ” all the same, eh, old fellow ? ’

And what is it, pray, that all these neatly-habited, white-cravatted Dianas are discussing with so much animation ? Lady Skyrocket’s *tableaux vivants* last week perhaps, or, maybe, the forthcoming Archery Ball. No, it is neither the one nor the other, but simply the forthcoming hunt steeplechases (always the excuse in Stirumupshire for a great gathering of the clans), in connexion with which that particularly lively damsel, Lady Betty Blanchfleur, has just started a novel idea of her own, which, judging from the laughter and applause that greet it, would appear to have given unlimited satisfaction to her friends around her.

‘ Yes, I really think it’s a capital idea,’ exclaimed her frolic ladyship, her lovely face radiant with fun. ‘ Quite a—be quiet, *do*, stupid, and don’t fidget so’ (this to her horse). ‘ Quite a novelty in spring goods, as the drapers say ; isn’t it, good people ? ’

‘ Deuced original, *I* call it—quite unique, in fact,’ exclaimed Captain Topper of the Bays, who (to use his own expression) was very much gone on her ladyship.

‘ Thank you, Captain Topper, and you’ve hit off the very ex-



pression that was wanted, unique—that's the word, unique,' said Lady Betsy, in high glee. 'So it's all agreed then, is it, ladies?' she continued; 'we are to subscribe amongst ourselves to give a cup, or something equally nice, for the gentlemen to compete for at the hunt races a fortnight hence. Three miles over the steeple-chase course; each gentleman to ride his own horse, and to wear a lady's bonnet; and out of the money we get together I propose to set aside—ten pounds, say, to buy a prize for the wearer of the prettiest bonnet. How does the latter idea suit you all? A show of hands, please, on the spot!' Eight or nine dear little dog-skinned gloved hands were immediately held up in response to the invitation.

'Eminently satisfactory,' laughed Lady Betty; 'not a single dissentient, I declare. Most gratifying to my feelings, I assure you. And now, gentlemen,' went on her ladyship, 'as my poor attempt at oratory has—to use my brother Jack's favourite expression—made my poor little throat as "dry as a lime-kiln," might I trouble one of you to give me a little something out of one of your flasks, for I hear Tom Tootler blowing his hounds out of cover, and we shall have to be off.' A dozen or so of hands were at their holsters in a trice, and orange and cherry brandy, curacao, sherry—all the cordials indeed under the sun were proposed at once. The acceptance—with the most winning smile imaginable—of a silver cupful of brown sherry from Major Sabretache's saddle-flask settled the question, and sent that gallant officer (also 'gone' on Lady Betty) into the seventh heaven of delight; and the fair lady's thirst being quenched satisfactorily, the whole party cantered off after the hounds, who by this time had left the wood, and were now off to try for a fox elsewhere.

The upshot of Lady Betty's brilliant notion was that, on the following Saturday, an advertisement appeared in that old-established country paper, the *Stirumupshire Chronicle*, which not only diverted its readers, but carried a decided sensation throughout the county.

'One of Ju Kittewake's larks, for a pony!' exclaimed one. 'Lady Betty, for a hundred!' chuckled another. 'What fun!' declared all the young ladies. And when the clerk of the course, Tommy Clipster, the sporting hairdresser of Swizzleton, heard how mad every one was to go to the races and see how the swells would look with a bonnet a-piece on their heads, he rubbed his fat hands with glee, and went to church on Sunday,

and prayed most devoutly for fine weather. The advertisement ran thus :—

# STIRUMUPSHIRE HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

## NEW RACE.

THE 'HERE I GO WITH MY BONNET ON' STEEPLECHASE.

A SILVER Claret Jug, value 60 guineas, given by the unmarried ladies of Stirumupshire, added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, ten forfeit if declared by March 31st., for hunters, the *bonâ fide* property of, and to be ridden by, bachelors, members of the Stirumupshire Hunt Club, each to wear a lady's bonnet. Four year olds, 10st. 9lb ; five, 12st. ; six and aged, 12st. 9lb. ; about three miles over the steeplechase course.

N.B.—A Gold-mounted Whip will be presented to the wearer of the prettiest bonnet. Entries to be made on or before Thursday next, the 25th inst., to the Clerk of the Course, Mr. T. Clipster, High Street, Swizzleton.

When, by the early post on Monday morning, Tommy, the sporting barber, received no less than twenty-one letters, each enclosing an entry for the new race, he was fairly astonished, and could scarcely contain himself for joy.

'Dash my wig!' exclaimed Tommy. 'I never knew a race take like it before! Why, 'ang me if I think a single one on 'em will pay forfeit! It'll be the finest game that ever was!

And Tommy, much too excited to cut any one's hair that morning, shouted to his man to look after the shop, whilst he himself stepped out for a few minutes to discuss the matter in all its bearings, over a friendly glass and a mild cigar, with the 'Red Lion' over the way.

Nor was the festive Tommy the only person in the little town of Swizzleton who profited by Lady Betty's eccentric idea. Before the clock at the town hall struck five that evening, Madame Matilde, the French milliner in the High Street (she was born at Wapping, and answered as a child to the name of Tilly Snobbs, but that don't signify), had received visits from twenty-one noblemen and gentlemen, all of the *bo mond* and *tray jonteel*, she said, each of whom had given her an order for a bonnet.

It was, as Madame owed to herself over a cup of tea, out and out the best day's work she had done since she had settled down in *La Veal*, as she was in the habit of calling the town of Swizzleton.

As Lady Betty remarked to her friends over the five o'clock tea-table, it must have been as good as a play to have seen the

twenty-one dandies all trying on bonnets at Madame Matilde's shop in the High Street.

'How she'll fleece them all! and oh! *what* guys she'll make of them, poor fellows!' laughed her ladyship.

## CHAPTER II.

'Here's a bootiful mornin' for the stippelchases!' exclaimed Tommy Clipster, as he jumped out of bed on the morning of the hunt races, and drew the curtains aside, thereby letting in a flood of bright sunshine that quite dazzled him for the moment.

'Here's a bootiful mornin', and as balmy as May, I do declare,' added he, as, opening the window, a gentle breeze fanned pleasantly his fevered brow.

(Tommy was a cheerful soul, and had kept it up to some tune the previous night at the 'Red Lion,' Swizzleton's principal inn.)

'What a day we shall have, to be sure!' he continued, 'and it's all Lady Betty's doing, bless her 'art! That 'ighly original idea of hers of making all the gents wear bonnets were a fust-rater, and no mistake about it. Every 'oss and trap in the county is engaged two deep they tell me. What a lot o' good it's done to the town, too! The amount of business it's brought is reely astonishin'. Shrubby at the "Lion" tells me every bed at his place has been took a week ago—the same at the "White Hart" and the "Goat." Madame Matilde told me, too, that the competition for them bonnets was somethin' hextra-ordinary.

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Tommy, as he stuck his favourite diamond pin in a bran new black satin neckcloth; 'they chaps must have worrited the poor creature pretty nigh to death between 'em last week. All as fastidious, too, about their blessed bonnets as a lot of female women. How jolly jealous, too, of each other! "I say, Madame," says young Mr. Wagtail, in my hearing, when I was there the other day, "what sort o' bonnet have you made for Sir 'Umfrey 'Otpot, heh? I 'ope it ain't better than mine," says he, "or you and me shall fall out." "Oh, Mossu!" answers Madame, "I assure you yours is *sharmong! ravishmong!*" "Well, I'm glad to hear it," says Mr. W., "for I want mine to beat 'em all, especially that conceited hass, Sir 'Umfrey's," he says. "Money's no hobject, recollect," says he, as he left the shop, having previously kissed Madame's prettiest work-gal. And there! he hadn't turned the corner of the street

on his bay pony not two minutes than hup drives another on 'em on the werry same errand—Captain de Boots it was this time! Wanted to know, bless yer 'art, whether his friend, Captain Famish, was going to have a rose in his bonnet. "'Cos, if he is," says he, "dammy, I'll go in for a feather—a hostridge feather with a dash of pink in it—you know the sort I mean, Madame."

'And Madame shows her false teeth, and wriggles, and says, "*Wee Mossu*" to everything the Captain says, and bows him out at last as pleased as Punch with himself.

'And then,' went on Tommy, still talking to himself, 'as I walked down the street, who should I meet but Sir 'Umfrey 'Otpot himself, clattering over the stones on 'is 'ack in a devil of an 'urry. Down he gets at Madame's door! hin he goes! hanxious no doubt to get a better bonnet than any one of the other gents.

'Dash my buttons!' exclaimed Tommy, as he put the finishing touch to his toilet by inducting himself into a bran new blue frockcoat with a velvet collar. 'Dash my buttons! but it's prime!—that's wot it is—prime!'

Tommy Clipster was not in the least exaggerating matters, for when the bell rang for the first race of that day every one agreed that never had such a large crowd been seen before on Swizzleton racecourse. From north, south, east, and west, the cry was, still they come. A special fast train, too, had brought down a lot of people from town, for the railway people, having got wind of the race, promptly proceeded to make capital out of it, and advertised it extensively on their walls and hoardings.

The principal society paper, too, had a paragraph in its pages, mentioning the forthcoming race, and this being read by a lot of Lady Betty's smart London friends, a whole heap of them put themselves into the special, and came down to see the fun.

And it *was* fun, too! the chaff and the shouts of laughter that greeted the twenty gentlemen riders (for only one had paid forfeit) as they emerged from the paddock on to the course, bonnets and all, can be better imagined than described.

The bonnets themselves were, with one exception, indeed, triumphs of the millinery art. The exception was the one worn by Mr. Lacquers, a rich young gentleman with more money than good looks, who, like our friends Major Sabretache and Willy Wagtail, was horribly gone on Lady Betty, who I regret to say, would have nothing to say to him.



The head-gear adopted by young *Mashtub*, as they called him (his papa was a brewer), and which earned for its wearer a shout of derision on his appearance on the course, was a hideous, dowdy black bonnet of the coal-scuttle order, such as might have been worn by that celebrated charwoman, Betsy Waring, or that equally well-known character, Sairey Gamp. Lady Betty again! She had persuaded the wretched young man to wear this hideous black bonnet. It would be such a contrast to the others, and such fun! oh, such fun!

'Confound her and her fun!' growled poor Lacquers, giving his mare a vicious dig with the spurs as he sent her at the preliminary hurdles. 'It's great fun for her, no doubt; but I fail to see it myself.'

He thought it less amusing than ever later on when he fell into the brook, and was lugged out of its muddy depths by his bonnet strings amidst the derisive cheers of the spectators.

Willy Wagtail won not only the steeplechase, but the gold-mounted whip into the bargain for the prettiest bonnet, the ladies' committee, with Lady Betty at their head, having decided unanimously that his was by far the sweetest thing in that line amongst the twenty competitors, if not on the course.

'And not a bad-looking face beneath, either; is it, Julia?' whispered Lady Betty with a sigh to her bosom friend, Julia Kittewake. 'I should not wonder if one of these fine days I heard people talking of Lady Betty "Wagtail," *à la* Blanchfleur.'

## SIR HARRY GOODRICKE.

A MEMORY OF OLD QUORN. *By* TOM MARKLAND.



IN the temple of fame where the men of the field  
Are enshrined, a proud niche to 'Sir Harry' we yield,  
They were troublesome days for the men of the Quorn

When Sir Harry consented to carry their horn.

For the farmers grew cross as subscriptions grew rare,

And used means the old 'thief of the world' to ensnare,

Till it seemed that the day was approaching at last

When the chase would be numbered with things of the past.

All the fences were broken the coverts around,

And the foxes were few where they used to abound.

'Twas in vain that we drew the most favourite haunt,

We had blanks from such strongholds as famed John o' Gaunt;



Mr. Pink Bonnet  
shows the way!

Friedrichsberg



For old Snow with his pitchfork was one of a score  
Who'd so long paid the piper, they'd pay him no more.  
At the market they grinned as Snow made it his boast  
He would 'spit' Dicky Christian and serve him on toast.  
Snow's grand stronghold that stood in the 'premier' rank,  
He just drew with fox terriers and left it a blank.  
They were surly as bears, as unfeeling as rocks,  
Spoiled what chances they'd left us by heading the fox ;  
So the prospect bore aught but a roseate hue,  
Needing courage to face it that's given to few.  
But the 'want makes the man,' and from training a horse,  
To the choosing a site for and planting a gorse,  
From the breeding and training of courser and hound,  
To the bringing the malcontent yeomanry 'round,'  
On each hand 'twas agreed that for all things combined  
Than Sir Harry of Clermont no better we'd find.  
So we met at the 'George,' and though first he said 'nay,'  
We redoubled our efforts and carried the day.  
He consented the post of the master to fill,  
And when once he'd consented he worked with a will.  
He soon melted old Snow ; all the rebels grew tame  
When Sir Harry from Clermont sent lashings of game,  
And the housewives got rid by 'the first' of their bile  
As Sir Harry the poultry bills paid with a smile.  
So take all things together the outlook was gay  
When we met at 'the Gate' on the opening day,  
And those hopes were fulfilled, for when once we'd begun  
We 'screamed' on through two seasons with run upon run.  
There was nothing but frost that could give us a check,  
While our hero and Holyoake rode 'neck and neck.'  
On six days of the week we were out with the hounds,  
And that was not enough, for though spacious the bounds  
Of the Quorn of to-day, they were wider, I trow,  
When Sir Harry's new gorse was beginning to grow.

\* \* \* \* \*


Though the coverts are thriving, stout Goodricke is gone,  
Like a meteor two seasons he brilliantly shone ;  
But the country was more than a man could uphold,  
His good will had no bounds, it was only his gold.  
There was never a master contrived to obtain  
Such a hold on all hearts in so scanty a reign,  
And whenever we're drawing that famous old gorse  
We all picture Sir Harry on Smasher, the horse  
That his love for Lord Plymouth constrained him to yield ;  
For old Smasher was mostly the first in the field.  
Little more than six lustres had passed o'er his head



When the news came to Quorn that Sir Harry was dead,  
 And a great wave of sorrow swept over the land  
 For our favourite cut off by the merciless hand  
 Of the 'Reaper,' before he had come to his prime,  
 Though he'd managed no doubt to crowd into the time  
 As much life, as good work, aye, I'll warrant far more  
 Than full many a man who has lived to fourscore.  
 Of his cocking and coursing how many a tale  
 You still hear down at Melton and all through the Vale!  
 Of his jovial convives, who would gather at night  
 In the old 'Claret Lodge'—they had named it all right,  
 And whenever the close of the season came round  
 Forty guests at Sir Harry's were constantly found.  
 To his honour for ever this record shall stand  
 That he rallied the ranks of our wavering band,  
 Not a Quornite will grudge brave Sir Harry his meed,  
 For he came to our rescue when sore was our need.

## AN INTERDICTED PASTIME.

*By 'CHANTICLEER.'*

OCKFIGHTING, though ostensibly tabooed, is even now anything but an extinct pastime. Dating from the most remote ages, the sport continued to flourish in England as a legal amusement of the people until the present century. Then an enlightened legislature enacted that the pitting of animals one against another must henceforth cease. But the inherent instincts and customs of a people are not swept away by the mere passing of an Act of Parliament.

'A fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time,' no more considered his establishment complete without a selection of fighting-cocks than would the country squire of to-day without his pheasantry and grouse moors. This spirit still had a strong hold on the nobility and gentry in the early days of the nineteenth century, as may be seen from a perusal of old newspaper files. A programme of races held at Preston no further back than the time of our grandfathers, publicly announced that between certain events the Earl of Derby would fight a main of cocks with others; and it is on record that one learned judge, when on circuit, always had a cockfight provided for his especial delectation in an important north-country town,

and this in quite recent years, long after the practice had been interdicted.

When in its palmy days, cockfighting was conducted with much pomp and ceremony; rules and points of honour were observed with as much if not greater nicety than are the details of some of the fashionable sports of the present day. The sport was not, however, confined to the wealthy classes; farmers, artisans, and the lowliest toilers bred birds and fought mains; whilst schoolboys were not only permitted but encouraged to indulge in the favourite pastime of the age. In many cases, indeed, 'pits' were provided as an adjunct to high-class schools, and contributed to the emolument of the headmaster in an annual fee known as the 'cock-penny.' A few years ago the writer visited one such cockpit belonging to a noted grammar school. Though long disused, the form and dimensions of this old battlefield were easily recognisable. Here must have stood, with trimmed and spurred game-cock in hands, many a youth who in after life became famous in the Church, the law, or other honourable professions.

More than one clerical enthusiast of the sport have I known, though, perhaps, the cockfighting parson is now a thing of the past. The late George Eliot in *Felix Holt* shows how stoutly the Reverend John Lingon, while over his second bottle of port, argued in justification of a taste for the 'pit.' 'He was not curious about the manners of Smyrna, or about Harold's experience; but he unbosomed himself very freely as to what he himself liked and disliked; which of the farmers he suspected of killing the foxes; what game he had bagged that very morning; what spot he would recommend as a new cover, and the comparative flatness of all existing sport compared with cockfighting, under which old England had been prosperous and glorious; while, so far as he could see, it had gained little by the abolition of a practice which sharpened the faculties of men, gratified the instincts of the fowl, and carried out the designs of Heaven in its admirable device of spurs.'

The following extracts from newspapers of a hundred years ago show how popular and extensive was this now forbidden amusement. In an advertisement announcing that Lancaster races, then an important fixture, would be held on the 19th, 20th, and 21st July, 1773, appears the clause that a main of cocks would be fought every morning during the races, the names of the stewards being appended. As there was no racing

on the first day, owing to the absence of horses, it may easily be inferred that battles were numerous on that occasion in order to fill up the blank. These races, by the way, were not the two or three minutes' spins of the present day, but hard-fought contests in four-mile heats, requiring stamina as well as 'go.' The following year we are told that 'on Thursday, July 21st, ended the great cock-match at Lancaster between the gentlemen of Westmoreland against the gentlemen of Lancashire. The main consisted of thirty-five battles, whereof nineteen were got by the former, and sixteen by the latter.' On June 6th, 1775, an advertisement appeared in the *Manchester Mercury* of which the following is a reprint:—'To be fought, at the new cockpit in Lancaster, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, being the 26th, 27th, and 28th days of June, 1775, a main of cocks betwixt the gentlemen of Preston and the gentlemen of Lancaster, for ten guineas a battle, and a hundred guineas the main or odd battle; to show forty-one cocks for the main, and fifteen for the byes.'

These are not specially selected examples, for in many cases much larger sums were fought for. In some instances as much as a thousand pounds has been given in one week in public competitions; while, occasionally, even heavier sums were at stake on the issue of a private encounter, when the owners were 'persons of quality.' Formerly, spurs of silver were used; now they are almost invariably of steel.

The breed of gamecocks used in this questionable 'sport' is not the exaggerated specimen commonly seen penned at our modern exhibitions of poultry. The 'old English game' bird should be black red, brown, or bright red in colour; with short and stout thighs, rather long, flat, and clean shanks; and the whole body symmetrical and muscular, the head being narrow, with a slightly curved beak showing much strength at the base. These points, and a prominent, bright eye, with quick and confident expression, are the recognised standard, without which, as a rule, that most essential of all qualities in a fighting-cock, pluck, is absent.

In many portions of the country, but notably in the more northern counties, cockfighting is still carried on to an extent known only to the police and those most intimately concerned.

A private contest may easily and almost at any time be engaged in. Where only a few individuals are interested, a barn or spare room in mansion or farmhouse answers the purpose of

an arena, and affords greater security to the law-breakers. But, in the case of a county match, or when township opposes township, much diplomacy is required. It is then that the cockfighter's resources in subterfuge are brought into play. In nine cases out of ten, the police are almost certain to hear that a great fight is to take place. When and where the contest is to come off is, of course, the all-important point with the guardians of the law; and in eluding their vigilance the 'old hand' at cockfighting frequently exhibits fine generalship.

For instance, a big fight had for some time been arranged between rival districts, and it was well known that the police were aware of the fact. The main must, however, be fought, and that, too, in presence of a large concourse of spectators, of which concourse the men in blue were to form no part. But the police were on the alert. One evening a number of hampers containing gamecocks arrived from various parts at a certain railway-station, and the fact was not long in being reported at the police-station. A watch was set, and word sent round to the rural officers to hold themselves in readiness during the night and following day. By first train next morning two well-known devotees arrived and took charge of the hampers, and, at the same time, a light van appeared on the scene; into this the birds were placed, and the driver ordered to proceed to a certain secluded locality some miles away, the cockfighters themselves booking by train to the railway station nearest that place. This was sufficient. A plain-clothes policeman had heard all that passed, and in a few minutes most of the constables in the district were ordered to concentrate in the locality indicated, only to find, when too late, that they had been ingloriously 'sold.' The *ruse* had acted well; the police were drawn from the part where the fight actually took place, and the birds that had been used as a decoy were simply such as were not required to take part in the tournament, while the two men had left the train at its first stopping-place and 'doubled.'

Again, considerable parties of men have succeeded in passing, unsuspected, police sentinels on the look-out for them, by engaging carriages with horses caparisoned as for a wedding; and, on one occasion, taking advantage of a funeral in the neighbourhood, by driving in mourning-coaches.

But the tables are occasionally turned. Sometimes the rendezvous for a combat is found to be in possession of constables; and, again, a couple of astute officers have been known



to lie in ambush sufficiently near to witness a few battles in a main, and at the same time note the names of the abettors, ultimately making a sortie, and securing cocks, spurs, &c., and creating a general stampede.

In convictions, a smart fine is generally inflicted; but little disgrace is supposed to attach to the transaction, unless, indeed, it is the disgrace of having been outwitted.

The pugnacity of the gamecock is well known, and deaths in the pit are more common than an exhibition of the 'white feather.' Frequently a battle will last until neither bird has strength to stand, and, if allowed, they will simply peck at each other's heads while life remains. Again, an encounter may terminate in the first round if a bird, as sometimes happens, strikes through his opponent's brain at the earliest contact. A noted old follower of the sport—who has, alas! fought his own last fight—used to tell with high glee how, on one occasion, a favourite 'pile' vanquished its adversary in the first encounter, and, hopping on to the body of the fallen foe, crowed lustily.

A craven bird is rarely allowed long to survive a refusal to fight. A twist of the neck, and his body is thrown contemptuously aside.

The last battle witnessed by the writer may be taken as typical of mains in general. Where the scene was enacted matters little to the reader, and need not be stated, for obvious reasons. Strolling last autumn over an extensive moor in hope of an occasional shot or two amongst the grouse, I was suddenly startled by a shrill whistle close at hand. I had scanned the neighbourhood for a mile in all directions but a moment before, and not a living thing was visible. But there, within a hundred yards of where I stood, was a man signalling as if to attract my attention. In something like trepidation the fellow was approached, with certain misgivings as to the possible state of his mind. A moment afterward, and I was greeted with a shout of laughter from a dozen well-known, or at all events suspected, lovers of the sport. There was my sedate friend W— reclining on the sward in a natural declivity; in his hand was a field-glass, and he volunteered the information that my movements had been watched and commented on for the past half-hour. In the end it had been decided that I should be invited to join their party, otherwise I might have passed within a few yards with never a suspicion of their presence. What was going on there was no need to ask. Already a number of

battles had been fought—that was apparent ; and the best birds were just being prepared for the combat of the main. Comb and wattle had, of course, been previously removed, together with a great portion of the natural spur ; and the birds were now being shorn of parts of the hackle. Then the wing feathers were cropped and the tails ‘docked.’ Nothing now remained but to fix the artificial spurs—thin, murderous-looking pieces of fine steel about an inch and a half in length. These are attached to a washer-like piece of leather, through which the stump of the natural spur is passed, and the whole firmly secured around the birds’ legs by fine twine. The ‘setters to’ then each took a bird in his hands, and, facing each other, placed the cocks’ heads together, not allowing their feet to touch the ground. Instantly they seized each other, and, their ire being thus raised, they were placed on the ground about a yard apart. This, I understood, was done that time might not be wasted by the cocks ‘ogling’ so long before commencing the combat. At any rate, in this instance no time was lost. No sooner were the birds put down than the fight commenced in earnest. Stretching their necks to the utmost limit, they flew at each other with deadly intent, striking with heel and wing as they met. At the second encounter both birds rolled over on their sides and were immediately secured. It was found that one had struck its spur through the other’s neck, and in this way they were locked together. The spur being carefully withdrawn, the birds were allowed a few seconds’ rest and were again set down. Now they met, and each was thrown backward ; again they would leap over each other without hitting, and, wheeling about, resume the combat. Then came a seemingly decisive blow. The injured bird drove his spur into the eye of his opponent, entirely destroying that optic, while blood oozed from his beak. Both birds fell gasping to the grass ; but, on being lifted to their legs, ‘went for’ each other again, but in an aimless, dazed manner. Then the blinded bird staggered, turned completely around, and struck with both heels at a foe that was not there. Poor thing ! ’twere charity to have killed it. But no ! After a little careful handling both wonderfully revived, and neither showed the least inclination to abandon the contest, despite the punishment they had received. But the end was near. After each meet the birds lay with outstretched wing and gaping bill until placed on their feet. Then came a lengthened ‘ogle,’ a simultaneous rush, and the cocks lay a dead and

dying mass. The blind bird had driven his spur through the brain of the less injured cock; then, falling on the back of his vanquished adversary, spread out his wings, a quiver ran through his body, and life departed. He had won the main, however, and that was all his owner—the ‘superior animal’—cared.

‘But it’s cruel work!’ afterwards remarked one of the company, a man whose blood was tainted with cockfighting through many generations gone by.

And I heartily endorsed the sentiment.

## A MUFF ON A MOUNTAIN ;

OR, HOW WE ‘DID’ MONT BLANC.

By COULSON KERNAHAN, F.R.G.S.



KNOW it was very very early in the morning—nearer night than day it seemed to me—when we made the start for the mountain ; but, all the same, it *was* disappointing that there was no one about excepting a cow to witness our departure. As Biggs, my companion, said, it was a real pity for that imposing and bristling array of ropes, ice-axes, and other appliances—not to speak of two real, live Mont Blanc guides, men whose names are written in the book of the prophet Bædeker, and one of whom had made fifty-eight ascents to the summit—to be wasted upon an animal that hadn’t the common decency to stop eating as she looked up to see us pass. Biggs tried to console himself and me, however, with the remark that our ascent, after we had reached the glacier, was to be watched by telescope from the village, and that perhaps some of those very pretty girls whom we had admired so much at *table d’hôte* the night before might possibly be sitting on the balcony in front of the hotel when we re-entered it. That this was nothing more or less than ‘vanity’ on Biggs’ part I cannot deny. He *is* vain—little men always are (the writer of this paper, I will hereby casually observe, stands six feet something in his stockings) ; but then, Vanity and its big brother Ambition, which is only vanity disguised under a high-sounding name, and on a large scale, is—but no, I must not begin holding forth on other folk’s shortcomings in

this paper, or I shall have written enough to fill a whole number before coming to speak of the climbing at all.

'The ascent of Mont Blanc'—to return to my subject once more—says every individual who has ever written thereon, 'should be attempted only by those who have the important qualifications of good nerves and a steady head.' We did not ascend Mont Blanc—to the extreme summit, that is—but we got to within no inconsiderable distance of it, and I claim to be the first to have made the discovery of another qualification, the importance of which to intending tourists can never be over-estimated; and compared to which the valueless efforts of an Albert Smith or a Whymper pale into paltry insignificance. 'A steady head and good nerves' indeed! They're well enough in their way, but there is another qualification which Bædeker knows nothing of, and for which one may turn and search the dogseared pages of Black and Murray in vain. To you, dear reader, this secret, never before divulged to mortal ear, shall be made known. Lover of all noble sports and pastimes, as I know you are, you have determined to scale that sky-soaring, soul-fascinating Immensity (capital I, Mr. Printer, please): it is well, it is commendable. But before you make that supreme effort, I would put to you one simple question, a question which I ask you in the name, the hallowed name, of your mother-in-law, of your unpaid tailor's bill, and all else that can affect your peace of mind on earth, to answer me truly; and that question is not, 'Have you a good head and steady nerves?' but 'Have you a good appetite?' If the answer to that question be 'No,' then pause, give heed to my warning, and beware! To begin with, you will have to eat three breakfasts! At the hotel they impress upon you very strongly the importance of laying a good foundation before going into action. This seems reasonable enough, and out of respect to the interest which they take in your welfare, you feel it your duty to consume a breakfast which, in the ordinary way, would be enough for a day's rations, after which you make a start. In two or three hours you reach the cabin called *Pierre-à-l'échelle*, by which time you are just beginning to feel that huge meal getting comfortably settled down. 'Do we stay here long?' you inquire unsuspectingly of the keeper of the cabin. 'Why, certainly,' is the answer; 'it is here Monsieur will breakfast.' 'But we don't want any breakfast. We had one—a lumping one—before we started, and could not eat another crust if our lives depended upon it,' you explain. 'Ah, well!' is



the reply, accompanied with a superior smile as if at your inexperience, 'Monsieur will do as he likes, but he will be very foolish if he does not have some breakfast here. The guides, they are going to have theirs' (Monsieur, be it incidentally remarked, being granted the proud privilege of paying), 'and Monsieur will be very hungry before he reaches the Grands Mulets, which is the only place between Pierre-à-l'échelle and the summit where anything can be had to eat; and time is precious when one is climbing on the mountain.' You think it over for a few minutes, and then, as a picture of certain cold and famished tourists arriving at the Grands Mulets in company with two recently-breakfasted and sleek guides who, not being hungry themselves, are reluctant to waste time taking in further provisions, rises before you, you alter your mind, and determine to have another breakfast, and a good one. The mental picture which you see may be a very touching one, but it is quite imaginary, especially the part about the two guides who are not hungry. My experience is that guides always *are* hungry (more particularly when they are breakfasting at the expense of their clients). I should be loth, indeed, to say an unkind word about guides. They are a brave and noble set of fellows, but I do not consider Orange or Angostura bitters as indispensable articles of their existence—not absolutely so, that is. Well, you do your best to swallow another breakfast (beefsteak, fried potatoes, and other substantialities), and then as you are furtively attempting to loosen the back strap of your waistcoat the keeper of the cabin appears again, and remarks that Monsieur will, of course, wish the guides to take some wine and refreshments with them. By this time you are getting accustomed to it; and if he had proposed a nine-gallon barrel of stout for use on the mountain, you would give your assent quite as a matter of course. After that you make another start, the guides stopping every twenty minutes or half-an-hour to refresh themselves with the wine already mentioned, which they carry in a leather bottle slung behind them. 'The wine,' said the leader to me, as he filled up the cup (a leather arrangement shaped like a boat, and made to fold up in the pocket), 'is to the mountain-climber what coal is to the locomotive—it makes it to go.' I told him as best I could (as Biggs doesn't speak any French, I less, and our guides no English, the flow of conversation was not brilliant) that if the 'coal' didn't make 'the locomotive to go,' the 'locomotive' (as represented by himself in his figure of speech) cer-

tainly made the 'coal' 'to go,' a remark which he seemed to consider as rather complimentary than otherwise.

After several such pauses you direct your energies once more to the ascent, and in another two or three hours are at the Grands Mulets. 'Now,' you say, with a sigh of relief, 'we can sit down for an hour or so and digest that breakfast—those two breakfasts;' but the words are scarcely out of your mouth before the venerable keeper of the cabin walks in and inquires if you would like a sardine or an omelette to begin your *déjeuner*. You are probably too crushed to offer any objection, or perhaps feel yourself becoming light-headed, and reply wildly that you would prefer an 'iced guide' or a 'stewed glacier;' but another breakfast you have to eat—and a very good breakfast it is too, considering that you are more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. These are not all the gastronomic feats which are required of you in the expedition; but I have, I think, said enough to convince the reader how important a qualification is a good appetite to those who intend 'doing' the mountain, and can now pass on with a lightened conscience to tell about our climbing.

That we did not, as I have already said, get to the summit was from no unreadiness on our part to do so, but was the result of circumstances over which we had no control. We had hoped to have made some little stay at Chamounix, but my friend was summoned back to England earlier than he had expected, so that instead of having three clear days to do Mont Blanc in we had only one. To ascend right to the top and back again without a break is very hard work, even for one who is in training; and although both our guides told us afterwards (whether in sincerity, or with an eye to tips, I know not) that we could have done it, and done it without serious exhaustion, we were obliged, on this occasion, to content ourselves with getting to within about a couple of hours' climb of the summit. It was a hard struggle to turn back with the goal so nigh at hand, and once we threw prudence to the winds, and vowed that we would press on at all costs; but when we found that, owing to the heavy mists which were gathering round, it was quite within the bounds of possibility that we might have to pass the night at the Grands Mulets, and so miss the diligence for Geneva the following morning, we let wiser counsels prevail, and turned our face earthwards sadly.

The climbing of Mont Blanc is an undertaking which may

be reckoned—so, at least, it seems to me—among those of the ‘pleasurably-dangerous’ description, which means, that of real or genuine danger there is practically little or none. The only exception I should be inclined to make would be in the case of particularly nervous or timid folk. Such would do well to form their opinion of Alpine scenery from below, for if they climb to any height they will probably be a misery and a nuisance to themselves, and to other people also. A nervous or timid man, our guides told us, is a source of constant anxiety to them. There are slopes to be scaled and ugly crevasses to be crossed that, easy as they may seem to the practised mountaineer, *do* appear very dangerous and difficult to the novice, and to face which at first require some little nerve and confidence. Imagine yourself descending a slope of ice where you have to walk very gingerly indeed to keep your footing at all, when you suddenly find yourself brought up by a yawning gulf some four, five, or six feet wide, over which you have to jump. The sides, which are of glittering ice, pure and pellucid, and of a pale and unearthly greenish-turquoise, stretch away into a swimming blue hell, down which you shudder to look. It is not the sort of place that you would select as the most inviting for long-jump practising, even if it had good, solid *terra firma* on each side of it ; but when, as sometimes happens, you have nothing to land on the other side but a narrow ridge of slippery ice, shelving down into another and still more ugly chasm, you don’t feel altogether sorry when you find yourself and the rest of the party safely across. It is not so dangerous, however, as it appears, for you are of course all roped together, and if one member of the party slip the rope prevents him from coming to any harm. In crossing the wide crevasses, too, the man in front of you holds the rope tightly in his hand, and when he sees you make the spring gives it a jerk to help you over. It is in such places, though (they are not all as bad as that I have mentioned, of course), that one who is lacking in confidence, or, as we used to say at school, ‘funks it,’ is likely to come to grief. First of all he can’t summon up courage to jump, or else makes a feint of doing so, and then stops short suddenly, whereupon the man on the other side, thinking he is about to spring, jerks the rope to help him over, and probably pulls him right into the crevasse. Some of the crevasses being too wide to be crossed have to be skirted and gone round, while in the less formidable ones ladders are used, over which the tourist crawls on hands and feet. Occasionally the farther





“Avancez, s'il vous plaît Monsieur”

(with apologies to the Author!)

1845





side of the crevasse is very much lower than the other, whereas in the next it is perhaps higher. That these are more awkward to cross than the level need hardly be said, but so painstaking and careful of the tourists under their charge are the guides, that there is very little fear of any serious mishap occurring. In the passage of a dangerous crevasse, or snow-bridge, the leading guide first crosses himself, testing with his axe every foot of the way. Of the necessity of this testing we had practical proof on more than one occasion, for several times when he struck his blade into what looked like a perfectly sound ridge or platform of snow, it gave way under the blow, disclosing a yawning gulf hidden below. After the leading guide, behind whom I came, had thus made safe the way, he would turn to me with an '*Avancez, s'il-vous-plâit, Monsieur,*' leaning forward, if the crevasse were difficult, to lend me his hand, or, if it were wide, stretching the end of his ice-axe over for me to steady myself by. There were places in which it seemed as though I were holding on only by my finger-nails, while in others I dared not for the life of me have stood upright, but sidled along in a sitting posture, by no means, I fear, swan-like or graceful. (I don't know whether Mr. Fores intends illustrating this paper, but if so I must particularly request Mr. Mason, Mr. Alexander, or whoever may be commissioned to execute the picture, *not* to select the last-mentioned situation as the text for the etching. The latter gentleman once supplied an illustration to a yachting sketch I wrote for *Notes and Sketches* some time back. The subject of my paper was the late Commodore of a certain club; and there was only one incident in the whole article in which my friend appeared in a ludicrous light. With an artist's unerring eye for 'effect,' however, Mr. Alexander hit upon that incident, and gave an imaginary portrait of the gentleman in question. It was not a flattering likeness—one could hardly expect it to be so, considering that the subject had just been aroused out of a refreshing slumber by a fog-horn, and was represented in a nightcap and a bad temper, not to speak of being in the act of using profane language; but I have no desire to see a fancy portrait of myself in some equally unbecoming attitude by the same artist. He is welcome, however, to do what he likes with Biggs: to that I have no objection.)

The work which, all things considered, 'took it out of me' most was, I think, scaling the ice-slopes. Climbing a mountain-side, even when you have firm rock underfoot, is not always

an easy task, but when that mountain-side shelves down to precipices of unknown depth, and besides being of solid ice, smooth and slippery, is steep and difficult as well, the scaling it is a task of which one is not sorry to come to the end. Each separate step has to be cut with an ice-axe by the leader, otherwise it would be utterly impossible to stand ; and as one has to assure himself very carefully that the next step will yield safe foothold before leaving that on which he is standing, the progress made is painfully slow and tedious. Another part of the programme that I noticed even the guides seemed anxious to get safely over, was the passage of slopes and plateaux liable to the fall of rocks or avalanches. This, I believe, is the only danger which is worth calling such in the ascent. The crevasses and slopes which I have described as appearing, to my unexperienced eye, both difficult and risky, can, with the assistance of efficient guides, be crossed or scaled in comparative safety ; but the falling of rocks or avalanches is a danger which must never be overlooked or slighted. In spite of the fact that serious accidents are of very rare occurrence, the guides hurry you breathlessly by, although at other parts of the route they travel always at one slow, but steady and uniform rate. 'Forcing the pace,' or 'spurting,' they never otherwise allow, for such, they told us, must inevitably end in exhaustion, to which no small proportion of mountain accidents are due. And exhausting work the climbing is at the best of times, and under the most favourable circumstances, as all who have attempted it can testify. In addition to the fatigue consequent upon the exertion, the rarity of the atmosphere in the higher regions not only renders breathing difficult and even painful, but accelerates the action of the heart very noticeably. Of all the discomforts, however, to which we were exposed, none gave me such personal inconvenience as did the blinding glare of the snow upon the eyes. For days after mine felt sore and strained, and my eyelids appeared red and raw, although beyond that I got no serious harm. I tried very hard to get along with the coloured-glass goggles generally worn on the mountains, but they so worried and hindered me in the ticklish passes that I began to get quite irritable and nervous, and was obliged to discard them.

Of such experiences as these, however, my readers have doubtless heard before ; and as I have told all I have to tell of this uneventful mountain scramble, I must pass on to my 'concluding words.' Many of those who read this paper have doubt-

less done some climbing, and climbing compared to which the present writer's insignificant run would be little better than play. It is to those, however, who have done none that I address myself, and to them my advice, reversing that of Mr. Punch, most emphatically is, 'Do.' To stand for the first time (and the 'first time,' as Frederick Robertson says, 'never comes back') away up among the clouds on those 'everlasting hills,' is a moment in the life of man or woman not soon to be forgotten. To you it seems as if, like the lad in the story of 'Jack and the beanstalk,' you had 'clomb' and 'clomb' till you had reached another and a different earth, where the old was lost and left behind. Before you rises one wild and wasteful world of white—a white on which the fierce rays of a summer sun beat and burn with a blinding, blazing, intolerable brilliance. Above you, swimming and soaring away into unfathomable azure, spreads the silent heaven; but around you, about you, beneath you, all is white, white, deathly white, save only where the vast angles of some wild crag or towering column of ice deepen into a strange and lustrous turquoise, or where the pleached purity of the scene is broken by the jagged peaks of black and frowning aiguilles, or by the blue mist that broods athwart the mouth of yawning gulf and cavern. Below you and afar—so far that it seems as if you were cut off from it for ever—lies the sunny Vale of Chamounix, the little village that you left so many toilsome hours ago just visible—a white, wee dot upon the green. There the air is sweet with the breath of flowers and the clover-fields; there, too, are the bees, and the birds, and the butterflies; and the music of rushing waters, and the distant chiming of innumerable cattle-bells from the hillside. But here, where the wasteful snows writhe and wreath around in arch, and cave, and column, vast and wonderful to behold, above you the shining summit, below the sheer abyss and treacherous descent—here, in the solemn solitude and silence of this whited wilderness, you can scarcely believe that you are still on the earth and of it; that the dazzling dome on which you are resting is but the white and swelling bosom of the Great Mother, from whom we all spring; for you have climbed afar up till you seem to stand face to face with the Infinite, and hear, or think you hear, the waters of Eternity 'rushing like an arrowy river' swiftly by.

I don't mean to say that every one feels like that. Biggs didn't for one. He is not what Artemus Ward called his daughter's painter-friend, 'an ethereal cuss;' for when, inspired by such a scene as I have described, I drew his attention to a



magnificent view near the Grand Plateau, and asked him if he did not think it a sublime and solemn spectacle, he intimated that it was 'well enough in its way,' but that personally he shouldn't be sorry when he knew, 'by the sight of a public-house, or a pipe shop, that we were approaching the precincts of a Christian country once more.' It was, however, what might have been expected from him after his behaviour when we had our first glimpse of Mont Blanc. Can you, dear reader, imagine a man of so degraded a nature as to want to eat cherries when he was momentarily expecting the monarch of the mountains to burst, for the first time, upon his view? That's what Biggs did, though! We were driving in a *voiture* from Martigny to Chamounix, and just before we came to the corner where we knew that glorious vision was awaiting us, he bought some cherries, and began to dispose of them. 'I wish you wouldn't eat those cherries now, Biggs,' I said, irritably. 'Why not?' he asked; 'now's the time, when I'm dry and thirsty, isn't it?' I said, 'Yes, but you forget the solemnity of the moment;' and then I began to tell him of the emotion exhibited by some of the greatest of the sons of men when they first beheld the sublime spectacle that we were now expecting—how one had been so utterly overawed and overcome that, all unheeding of the cruel stones, he had fallen on his knees and wept; and how another had stood, bowed and bareheaded, in breathless and silent awe. I was rather at a loss to think of an original and effective way of expressing my own emotion when the momentous moment should arrive, as I couldn't kneel like the first-named, because there wasn't room in the *voiture*; and I couldn't take off my hat like the last, because the wind had already done so for me, and had forgotten to put it on again; so I thought I should like Biggs' opinion on the matter, and asked him what he intended doing. He said he hadn't quite made up his mind what to do, but he knew what he intended *not* doing, and that was making a drivelling imbecile of himself before the coachman, after which the degraded creature laughed.

And at that moment, between the cleft in two hills, we saw swing superbly into view a sky-hung and soaring wilderness of shining, sheeted snow. It was the mountain: we didn't need the driver's pointed whip and '*Viola Mont Blanc*' to tell us that. Yes, it was the mountain; and I owe it to Biggs that I lost for ever the opportunity of telling a grovelling world of the sublime and solemn emotion which one of the sons of men had felt when he first set eyes upon the majestic and matchless Mont Blanc.

## ALLEN McDONOGH.

✱ *In Memoriam.* ✱

By LARKY GRIGG.



ONE of the very last of the old school of Irish sportsmen has passed away in the person of Allen McDonogh, who died at his residence, Park-Gate Street, Dublin, on May 12th, 1888, at an advanced age. For more than half a century no name was more prominently before Turfites on both sides of the Channel than that of Allen McDonogh, who was born at Willmount, co. Galway, in the year 1808, so that at the time of his death Mr. McDonogh was in his 80th year.

At an early age, he was sent to Tullamore College to be inducted into a knowledge of syntax and prosody, but he evidently preferred Diana to all the gods and goddesses he met with in his classical readings, as a few days after his arrival at Tullamore he stole away, and walked the thirty miles which brought him back to his home, where he arrived foot-sore and weary at an early hour in the morning, and fearing to meet his relative, he lay down in the pleasure-ground, where he was found fast asleep. He was then sent to Shinrone, where he completed his education. When a boy, he used to spend most of his time with his uncle, Mr. Doolan, of Derry Lodge, near Shinrone, who owned Paddy from Cork Nabocklish, and other good chasers, and kept a pack of harriers to boot. Mr. McDonogh was ever to be found either in the kennel, the stable, or the pigskin, and from his earliest boyhood evinced the greatest passion for horses and their belongings; in fact, when out of the saddle, Mr. McDonogh seemed like a fish out of water, and I may with strict accuracy say that during his protracted career between the flags, he met with few equals and no superiors, though he was often pitted against such 'cracks' as Jem Mason, Captain Becher, Tom Olliver, and all the great horsemen at his own side of the water; Lord Clanricarde, Lord Howth, Lord Waterford, Mr. J. J. Preston, 'Minor' Power, Tom Abbott, Matt Dunne, Mick Yourell, Mr. Kilkelly, Mr. Denis Canny, Captain McCraith, and, though last, certainly not least, his brother, Mr. William McDonogh, and of all that sporting band

not one survives the subject of this notice but Mr. J. J. Preston, who beat him in perhaps the greatest race ever seen over a natural country, viz: the Kilrue Cup of 1843, which Mr. Preston won on his own mare, Brunette, one of the gamest animals and best jumpers that ever looked through a bridle.

McDonogh had scarcely entered his 'teens' when he got a mount from his uncle—the Mr. Doolan above referred to—on Hugo De Lacy, for the Hunt Cup at Tipperary; but, though the course used on the occasion was a regular 'caution' to get over, he made a most auspicious *début* by winning easily. He wore his, afterwards, well-known jacket on an animal of his own, a mare named Gulnare, at Loughrea, towards the end of 'the twenties,' and again his mount was a winning one. Rakeaway was his next horse of note, and in the early part of 'the thirties' he won several steeplechases on him in the Kingdom of Connaught. His first great hit on the Curragh was at the June meeting of 1836, when he won the Corinthians on a horse of his called Orleans, who beat a large field. He owned one of Welcome's best sons in Sir William, a beautiful chestnut horse, and a most perfect fencer, but a very erratic customer. However, in McDonogh's hands he was a clinker, and he managed to win the Ormond Hunt Cup on him four years in succession. He then took him across the herring-pond, and won several valuable steeplechases with him; notably one near Chester, where he beat a big field, after he had given McDonogh a nasty fall and dragged him half-way across a big field; but he held on to the reins like grim death, and eventually won. Shortly afterwards he ran him for a race at Dunchurch and when going well, one of the contestants ran deliberately at McDonogh and knocked him heels over head, but the plucky owner of Vivian, Captain Lamb, having witnessed the dastardly act, pursued the perpetrator, and gave him a good 'hiding.' In the fall McDonogh broke his collar-bone and two ribs, and sold Sir William the same evening to John Elmore for 450*l.*, who in turn doubled his price to Lord Cranstoun a few days afterwards.

Lord Howth, father of the present holder of the title, was staying at Melton at the time, and was the means of matching Sir William against Lord Suffield's Jerry for 1000*l.* a-side, over four miles of the Quorn country. After the match had been made, they tried Sir William, but he could neither be led nor driven. Many first-class horsemen were put on him, but he mastered them all, and none of them could get him to jump

‘a boss,’ not to say a fence. Lord Howth wrote to McDonogh and despatched a special messenger with the missive to Willmount, when McDonogh made the journey to Melton with all possible despatch to find Sir William in blooming condition, but in his worst temper, and it was with extreme difficulty he got him over a few small fences the morning of the race. The course was an ugly one, post and rails, razor-backed banks, and water, were the principle obstacles to be met with in the line, and, as was generally the case in those days, the course was a point to point one in the fullest acceptation of the term, and there was an immense assemblage of the rank and fashion of ‘the Shires’ to witness the contest, for which Jerry was a hot favourite, having for his pilot the redoubtable ‘Jem’ Mason, who, to McDonogh’s intense delight, sent him to the front the moment the flag was lowered; but at the first fence he refused, and wheeled right across Sir William, who being held as if in a vice, flew it like a bird, and ultimately won in a canter. Jerry afterwards won the Liverpool Grand National.

About this time, McDonogh went to reside in England; and during his absence the Kilrue Cup was established, and for many years held the premier place amongst cross-country events in Ireland. The subject of this notice ambitioned to win it, and to that end brought the noted English chaser, Peter Simple, to Ireland in March ’43, and ran him for the Kilrue Cup, for which he was opposed by eleven of the best chasers that Ireland could produce at the time, and after one of the most desperate struggles on record, could only get third to Brunette, ridden by her owner, Mr. J. J. Preston, and Milo, piloted by that prince of cross-country horsemen, Denny Wynne. Mr. McDonogh made some absurd wagers with regard to this race, one of which was 100*l.* to 20*l.* that he would not be headed after jumping the first fence; but Wynne shot past him at the third fence, and he lost his bet. Shortly after that he came to reside with Mr. J. J. Preston at Bellinter, and won no end of races on his peerless mare Brunette, and was never caught napping, save once at Lucan, when every horse in the race except Brunette fell, and Mr. McDonogh, taking matters easily, allowed the remounted Sam Slick to collar him; as he and his pilot, George Maloney, were covered with mud, they escaped his notice until they shot past him, when he was unable to catch the great leathering son of Cupbearer in the run home. During his connexion with Mr. Preston, McDonogh won something like



twenty-five of the principal steeplechases in Ireland, and some in England, on the beautiful daughter of Sir Hercules, and had the leg-up on her in the Grand National of '47; but she went radically wrong a few days before the race. Still, to save some stable money, she was started, and by dint of sheer stamina was able to struggle into fourth place, though at one period of the contest he was at least a furlong behind every animal in the race.

One of the most marvellous feats of horsemanship on record was performed by McDonogh when riding Sailor for the principal race at Bandon, in the spring of 1835. Ten started, including Monarch and Valentine, both great chasers. Sailor when leading fell at the fourth fence, Mr. McDonogh narrowly escaping being killed by Monarch who was racing in his track at the time. However, he was up and into the saddle again without much delay; but in the struggle to get Sailor on his legs the headstall of the bridle got broken, and the bit dropped out of his mouth, but his plucky pilot determined to go on. The first fence he met after the misadventure was a drop into a very narrow lane,—a borheen as they are called in Ireland,—with a small bank on the opposite side. Fearing the horse would bolt if he allowed him to jump into the lane, he turned the whip on him and sent him at full tilt. Sailor jumped from field to field, and negotiated the two remaining obstacles safely, his plucky pilot steering him with the bridle in his left hand and his whip in the right. Shameful to relate, the rider of Valentine, seeing the predicament he was in, endeavoured to run him out at the last turn, but failed to accomplish his purpose, and Sailor won amidst a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. Then the difficulty was to stop him. The first fence he met after passing the post was a wall, and the next a similar obstacle of higher dimensions; but he cleared both in his stride, and then got into a field surrounded by a thick hedge, where he was stopped; and need I say that horse and man received quite an ovation.

After severing his connexion with Mr. Preston, which occurred towards the end of the 'forties,' McDonogh resided principally in England, where he hunted a good deal and rode and won some steeplechases as well, having for his opponents such well-known men under silk and scarlet as Henry Lord. Waterford, Lord Macdonald, Lord Strathmore, Lord Clanricarde, Mr. G. H. Moore, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Mr. Powell, Mr. Val Maher, Captain Becher, Sir F. Goodricke, Captain Lamb, Mr. Mostyn, Mr. Villiers, Sir David Baird—whom he once bested for

the Foxhunters' Stakes at Lismacrory—John Elmore, Jem Mason, Tom Olliver, and a great many others. When riding a horse of his own, called Cigar, in an impromptu steeplechase, got up by some of the above named coterie of great sportsmen near Northampton, McDonogh jumped a sensational brook—29 feet from where the horse took off to where he landed—and won. He once bought a little cob whom he afterwards called Perfection, for a mere trifle, and performed some marvellous feats on him, eventually selling him with two hunters to 'Goody' Levy, the manager of the notorious Running Rein. Having won a steeplechase at Banbury on Canon Ball, Levy came to him and asked him to ride the pony in the next race, to which McDonogh demurred, knowing well that Perfection had no pace, but on being pressed he accepted the mount and won easily from fifteen others.

In 1850 Mr. McDonogh went to reside at Athgarvan Lodge, on the Curragh edge, and during his long term of residence there he invariably kept a long string in training, both for flat racing and steeplechasing, and his *nom-de-guerre*, Captain Williams, generally appeared in the list of subscribers to any important race in Ireland and not unfrequently in England as well. He compelled his horses to undergo a severe preparation, and consequently many promising youngsters broke down under his severe discipline; but those that went to the post were invariably fit to run for their very lives, and were always freely backed both by their astute owner and the public alike. His mode of recruiting his stud was to buy some eight or ten yearlings annually in England, and his cheery, genial face and well-known figure was generally to be seen near Mr. Tattersall's rostrum during the St. Leger week. He was a capital judge of horses, whether racers, chasers, hunters, or roadsters, but he seldom gave a big price for a yearling. The highest price he ever gave was for Knightsbridge, a colt by Knight of Kars out of Black Cotton by Faugh-a-ballagh. He bought Red Wine when a foal for 100*l.*, but he got so lanky that Mr. McDonogh called him at first Dum Spiro Spero; however, he let down afterwards and turned out nearly the best of his year in Ireland as a two-year-old, but nearly worthless at three.

He bought Cameo, a big, slashing, chestnut gelding, with bad hocks, by Cannobie out of Fabiola by Windhound, for a tenner, and shortly afterwards rode him across the Curragh to where the 15th Hussars were being drilled. The officers of that

regiment began to chaff McDonogh unmercifully on the appearance of his mount, but his reply was, 'He'll beat anything in the regiment for "a pony" at a mile.' The challenge was accepted, and the match came off next day, when Cameo won easily. The lanky chestnut was then put into training, and won several of the most important races in Ireland, including the Downshire Cup at the Punchestown Meeting of 1864, and the Garrycastle Handicap at Athlone the same year, and his winning career lasted for some years afterwards.

Fairy Mount, a chestnut gelding by Warlike, was one of the best chasers Mr. McDonogh ever owned. So highly tried had he been, that at the Punchestown Meeting of '67 he elected to ride him in the Downshire, for which there was a field of thirty runners, and on being chaffed by some of his young friends in the dressing-room, he came out with a lot of them in his train, and when his mount was ready, vaulted clean into the saddle and made most of the running in the actual race, with his twenty-nine opponents clattering at his heels and finished fourth in that big field; a wonderful performance, considering he was in his fifty-ninth year. In the hands of Captain Hutton, Fairy Mount won the Conyngham Cup the next day, and several important races before that year had drawn to a close.

Amongst the best chasers that Mr. McDonogh owned during his twenty-two years' residence at Athgarvan Lodge, where, by the way, Mr. Pallin has now established a most extensive stud farm, were Switch, Vesper, Cameo, Katinka, Wild Deer, Cheerful Boy, Stella, Knight of Australia, Woodbird, Lisbryan, Spanish Lord, Garde, Cinque, Ajax, Glenavon, Rakish, Anxiety, Fairymount, Violetta, and Uhlan, whom he bought from the late Mr. H. Saville, for whom, as Blueskin, he won several important flat races. McDonogh put him to the jumping business, and with Mr. T. Beasley as his pilot, ran him for the Grand Stand Plate at Cork, in May, '71, for which he backed him heavily, but an English mare, Captain Barker's Aurifera, won. There were twenty-nine runners, and Uhlan who had never seen a fence in public, started a red-hot favourite, and ran a good second, and, but for a bungle over the last hurdle, would have won outright.

The last time that Mr. McDonogh sported the once well known yellow-ruby buttons and cap was at the Punchestown Meeting of '72, when he rode a horse of his own in a Sweepstake against Mr. Sadler and Mr. Linde, but he was last of the three,

and soon afterwards gave up his establishment at Athgarvan Lodge, and went to reside in Park-Gate Street, Dublin, just facing the Kingsbridge, and in that quiet home the great horseman breathed his last; having outlived nearly all his contemporaries. He had no end of flat racers during his time, but never a clinker; and, perhaps in his early days, Flyfisher was his best chaser. Even in his palmy days he always experienced considerable difficulty in getting to scale under 11 stone; but he never gave up a mount, preferring always to take off the adipose matter rather than do so, and had often a hard time of it in effecting his purpose, as he was a big man and inclined to be fleshy.

A silk jacket never fluttered on a better cross-country horseman than Allen McDonogh, who had a perfect seat, good hands, a cool head, and was as bold as a lion, while as a judge of pace or condition he never found his master. He may have had his faults—which of us have not?—but as a sportsman, and as a bold, intrepid rider, when steeplechasing was what it ought to be, and not artificial cockpits as it certainly would have come to had not recent turf legislature pointed to a different result, it must be admitted he had few, if any, superiors. Modern sportsmen may talk of the long past when McDonogh and Brunette were performing such prodigies, and say that the pace in those days was slow even in the most important races; but such was far from being the case, as they went ‘a clinker’ even at such formidable obstacles as the ‘crab ditch’ at Caher, or the ‘big double’ at Lismacrory, at which formidable obstacles Allen McDonogh many a time and oft sent his mounts as hard as ever they could nail it.

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## ‘THE MAN WITH THE YELLOW GIG.’

*By ‘FUSBOS.’*

### CHAPTER I.

**I**T was rather more than half a century ago when Hertfordshire—steady, respectable old Hertfordshire, was as sporting a county as there was to be found in England; when St. Albans, under the rule of Tommy Coleman, had the reputation of being as corrupt a borough as was to be found, and was as lively as it is now dull; when No Man’s Land and Colney Heath, besides being favourite



fixtures of the Hertfordshire Hounds, were equally in request with the 'Lads of the Fancy' for the bringing off of their fistic encounters (for at this time prize-fighting was looked upon as more or less in the light of a legitimate sport, and Tom Spring at its head was thought nearly as great a man as the Duke of Wellington), that there dwelt on his estate, which lay not many miles from the old Abbey town, a worthy gentleman named Bunch—'Squire Bunch,' as he was generally called by the natives.

The Squire, who was a little, short, round-about man, of about fifty-five, was a mighty magistrate, and a still mightier sportsman. Hunting he went in for regularly, though by no means a hard rider—his funny, little, short legs, being against his sticking to the saddle quite as closely as is compatible with comfort—racing a little, though he kept no horses; and shooting to any amount—the latter was his favourite amusement, indeed. Prize-fighting, he (being a magistrate) was not supposed to encourage, but if the truth must be told, the Squire dearly loved to look on at a good 'set-to;' and it was a remarkable fact, that not only was he never to be found at home by any chance when John Dumps, the village constable, came rushing up to apply for a warrant to arrest the Lively Kid, or the Bouncing Baker of Bermondsey, or any of the fistic fraternity, when they made a descent in the neighbourhood, as they pretty constantly did when meditating a friendly passage at arms, but was generally to be seen at the ring side himself—having, of course, ridden up to the scene of action *quite by accident*—giving or taking the odds as the case might be, and apparently quite at home and enjoying himself to his heart's content.

When twitted, as he was sometimes, concerning his penchant for pugilism by some of his more decorously disposed brother-magistrates, Mr. Bunch was wont to give his views on the subject in a very matter-of-fact fashion.

'If two men,' he would argue, 'were fools enough to knock each other about for their own amusement, and perhaps other people's' (here there would come a sly twinkle into the Squire's eye), 'why on earth shouldn't they, so long as they fight fair? Besides,' he would add, 'it's not as if I invited the fellows into my park to fight, like Sir John Sebright did not so very long ago, when Gully and Gregson fought. No, no; not a soul can say I deliberately go out of my way to set the law at defiance in any way (if I heard of any one hinting at such a thing I'd call him out

to-morrow) ; but if I chance to be riding, as I often am, in the neighbourhood of No Man's Land when there happens to be a fight going on, it surely is very natural that I should trot up to the ring side and see what's going on—eh ?'

And this was all that the nine law-abiding *Beaks* would ever get out of Squire Bunch—on that particular subject at least.

Well, at the period when our story commences, our Squire was pursuing the even tenour of his way ; prosecuting poachers, attending prize-fights on the sly, shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking port wine and going to church (Mr. Bunch always drank to 'Church and State' with his first glass after dinner), when there suddenly appeared upon the scene a demon on two legs, who was destined for a considerable period to entirely destroy Squire Bunch's peace of mind, lock, stock, and barrel.

This veritable 'old man of the sea,' who thus without ceremony settled himself down on the Squire's shoulders and would not go away, was a man driving a yellow gig, drawn by a vixenish-looking, fast-trotting, lop-eared bay mare, and accompanied by a smart boy dressed as a groom, who would pull up suddenly in one of the lanes adjacent to the Bunch domain, and getting out, armed with a double gun and with a sedate-looking pointer who had crept from under the seat at his heels, proceed to beat the fields near the road in the calmest way in search of game. If he got a right-and-left and no one appeared, he re-loaded and at it again. If any one in the shape of a keeper loomed in the distance he was back again into the yellow gig before you could say 'Knife !' and off like a shot.

Now, whether the mysterious stranger had a personal grudge against the Squire, or whether he merely took a fancy to his ground, we cannot say ; but this it is, he simply was never off the Bunch estate. In vain did the Squire set traps for him—in vain did he set extra men to watch for him and offer substantial rewards for his capture in the most free-handed manner. It was not of the slightest use.

The daring cockney sportsman (for it was rightly supposed he hailed from the metropolis) was a sparely built, wiry customer of middle age, invariably wearing a white hat turned up with green, and top boots, and as often as not a bright bottle-green coat, looking as if he rather courted recognition than otherwise, was not to be caught at any price. Only one of the Squire's myrmidons had ever come within measure of him, and

he was a shepherd—a simple shepherd—who, burning to earn the ten pounds the Squire had offered for the cockney poacher's apprehension, sprung suddenly upon him one fine afternoon just as he was reloading his gun after a successful shot at a cock pheasant, which his clever dog had driven out of the double hedgerow to him.

'I've got yer, my voine' veller, at last!' exclaimed the valiant chawbacon, rushing at his man to collar him just as he was ramming the wad well down on the charge of shot he had just put into the right-hand barrel of his 'Joe Manton.'

'I think *not*, my man,' said Topboots quietly, as, leaving go the ramrod, he let out with his right as the shepherd made his rush, and catching him well under the chin, sent him over on to the stubble on his back like a rabbit; and, by way of adding insult to injury, a hen-pheasant getting out of the hedge close by at that identical moment, he laid it low with his left-hand barrel before the half-dazed agriculturist had raised himself from the ground; and by the time that worthy had recovered his scattered senses sufficiently to bellow for help Topboots had pocketed his brace of long-tails, whistled to his dog, and was rattling away in the yellow gig down Harper Lane before any more bucolic gentry could come to their companion's rescue.

This sort of thing went on for nearly a whole year, and as the Squire, nearly beside himself with rage, very justly observed, it was not to be borne. If he himself happened to be out shooting on one side of his estate as sure as fate in the course of the day shots would be heard in the distance on the other side, causing the Squire to stamp his foot and vow that he was certain the shots came from the gun of the man with the yellow gig.

John Dumps, the constable, wishing not only for the reward but to curry favour with the Squire, essayed to stop the cockney one day, just as he was driving off after a successful fray in a stubble field, was flown at by the pointer dog, and all but driven over into the bargain.

The wretched Squire was at his wit's end to know what to do. His neighbours, too, were beginning to chaff him. 'Well, Bunch,' one would say at the magistrates' meeting, 'how's your friend in the yellow gig—eh? I fancy I heard him at work on your place yesterday.' Or, 'I was over at the home farm talking to my bailiff, and I heard sundry shots over your way,' another would say, and so on, making the Squire mad with rage. He couldn't even sleep o' nights because of him, and when he did

frightful were the dreams, in all of which figured the man in the yellow gig, you may be sure.

At last one night, when the house was wrapped in repose, hideous cries were heard proceeding from the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Bunch. There was a rush of frightened domestics to the spot, headed by the butler in his night-cap with a poker in one trembling hand and a huge horse pistol in the other, fully expecting to find their beloved master and mistress with their respective throats cut.

It was not quite so bad as that though. Mrs. Bunch in hysterics, and Mr. Bunch looking excessively foolish with his face all scored down as if he had been fighting with the cat and streaming with blood. What was it all about? Why, the miserable Squire had been dreaming of his enemy as usual, and in his nightmare had thought he had got him at last—got him tight round the neck, too.

‘Ah-h-h! Scratch away, you cur!’ roared the Squire, as he felt the poacher’s talons, as he thought, scoring down his face. ‘You won’t make *me* leave go in a hurry, I can tell you.’ Mur-der!—gurgle—screech—scream—and then the Squire woke up suddenly alive to the fact that, instead of the man with the yellow gig, it was his unhappy better half whom he was so laudably endeavouring to throttle.

The scene ended in the Squire being banished in disgrace to his dressing-room for the rest of the night, her maid taking his place with the highly indignant Mrs. Bunch; and the reassured domestics having again retired, silence once more reigned supreme.

The next morning, after a bad night’s rest, or rather no rest at all—for the bed in his dressing-room was a decidedly uncomfortable one, and being small, was not adapted for turning about—the miserable Squire turned up in the breakfast-room feeling very so-so indeed. Mrs. Bunch sent word she was too ill to come downstairs, and though he would gladly have got out of the way—*her* way, in short—that was quite out of the question, with his face all covered as it was with black sticking-plaster. Saturday, too—it was his turn to be in the chair at the magistrates’ meeting at St. Albans, and he liked the office much—so it was all the more annoying.

At a loss for amusement, he took his spud and went out on a thistle-destroying expedition, having previously harangued all the men on the place, bidding them keep a sharper look-out than ever for the hated yellow gig and its owner, and increasing



his previously offered reward of ten pounds to twenty if they could only succeed in laying hold of the enemy.

That evening, about five o'clock, as he was brooding all alone in his study, the butler appeared, saying the keeper requested an audience.

Enter Mr. Giles, the keeper, ornamented with a very beautiful black eye.

*The Squire*: 'Well, Giles, have you seen him?'

*Giles*: 'Yeaz, zur, I see 'im vast enough.'

*Squire* (eagerly): 'Then you've got him then! Where is he? Bring him in at once, the scoundrel!'

*Giles*: 'Noa, zur, we hain't got him, though we tried hard tew. He shot a brace o' birds just as we cum up, and jist as we thought we had got him all roight and toight, he turned round on Bill and me, knocked us both hover like skittles, and——'

'Got away, as usual, of course, you stupid idiot! It would have been a good thing if he had knocked your stupid brains out before he went!' roared the Squire in his wrath.

'Yeaz, zur,' submissively responded Giles.

'Go to the devil, and never enter my sight again!' shouted the Squire, mad with rage.

'*Yeaz, zur,*' said Giles, closing the door and stumping away.

That night Squire Bunch drank two bottles of port after dinner to his own cheek, and there was a look of murderous intent in his eyes when he betook himself heavily to bed.

## CHAPTER II.

A HAPPY thought struck the Squire the next morning as he sat at breakfast, feeling a little more lively than on the previous day, for the two bottles of port had made him sleep well through the night. 'I wonder it did not strike me before!' he exclaimed. 'Old Frank Haycock is the very man to help me out of my difficulties, and tell me how to get rid of this top-booted ruffian.'

To Frank Haycock, in Warwickshire, he accordingly indited a letter the moment he had finished his repast. In process of time the answer arrived and ran thus:—

'CHARLCOTT MANOR, *Nov.* —, 18—.

'DEAR JACK,—In answer to yours, just to hand, I think I see a way to exterminate your friend of the yellow gig. If I understand you rightly, you have offered a reward of fifty pounds to the man who wil

capture him, alive or dead. I believe I've the very man for your money.

'If you read your *Bell's Life* on Sunday last you doubtless saw the account of a merry mill in the Midlands between Joe Stump's novice and Tom the Tinker for fifty a side' ('I read it, and a devilish good fight it was, too,' muttered the Squire), 'the novice winning easily at the finish after an hour and twenty minutes' hard fighting. He is in reality one of my under-keepers, and I found the money for the battle in question. He's a fine, strapping chap, stands just six foot, scales thirteen stun, and is a capital keeper to boot. If you like to get rid of your muff, and instal him as head man, you shall have him; or, if not inclined to do that, I'll *lend* him to you; and when he has settled the poacher, you can return him carriage paid. Write me word that you approve, and I will pack him off at once by coach. I am just off to shoot pheasants with Colonel Baker, so you will believe me when I sign myself

'Yours, in a devil of a hurry,

'To JOHN BUNCH, ESQ., J.P.

'FRANK HAYCOCK.'

The Squire was in high spirits on receipt of his friend's epistle, and had the electric telegraph been an institution of those days, would no doubt have wired straight away for the fighting keeper; as it was, he promptly wrote to Frank Haycock begging him to despatch 'Joe Stump's novice' with the least possible delay.

Three nights afterwards the London coach deposited at the Squire's gates a heavily-built young man answering to the name of Tom Smith, who, having informed the people at the lodge with a grin that he was the young man from Squire Haycock's arter the keeper's place, was promptly escorted up to the house, to be immediately interviewed by Mr. Bunch, who was anxiously expecting his arrival. It was forthwith arranged between them that the novice was to be looked upon from henceforth as the Squire's head keeper, and that he was to do his best to capture and thrash, within an inch of his life (if possible), the man with the yellow gig, for which he was to be rewarded with fifty pounds.

'And if we don't settle his hash within a week,' chuckled the Squire as he felt the new keeper's biceps just before dismissing him to the servants' hall, 'why, my name isn't Bunch.'

'No, Squire, nor mine bain't Tom Smith,' grinned the novice as he left the room.

Matters were soon to be brought to a climax. The very next day the Squire, accompanied by his new keeper—the

latter looking bigger than ever in a brand new velveteen jacket ; Mr. Giles, reduced to the ranks, and consequently sulky ; and two or three more underlings, sallied forth, ostensibly in search of game, but more especially with a view of catching hold of the cockney poacher, who, it being a fine, bright day, they thought it very probable would pay them a visit.

They were right. The whole party were just finishing their luncheon just inside a copse, so as to be out of the wind, when ‘*bang, bang,*’ close by, made every one jump upon his legs at once. A large, ragged double hedgerow, ran right up to the copse from the adjacent road, and the indignant Squire and his army as they rushed forth in a body into the open ran right into the arms, as it were, of the very person they were in search of, top boots, white hat, and all, who, having shot a brace of pheasants right and left, was now reloading his gun as cool as a cucumber.

‘That’s him!’ shouted Giles.

‘Lay hold of him!’ shouted the Squire. ‘Ten pounds to the first man who has him!’

The valiant Giles, slightly in advance, and inspired with strong beer, rushed in, and in another second was down on his back, floored by a straight right-hander from top boots.

‘Now then,’ said that worthy, as he took advantage of the confusion to put two caps on the nipple of his gun, ‘the next one of you that comes a-nigh will have a charge of shot in him if he don’t look out ; so be careful. And Squire’ (addressing Mr. Bunch), ‘a word with you, if you please.’

‘I have no business to bandy words at all with a poaching vagabond like you,’ replied the Squire, pompously, advancing as he spoke ; ‘however, I will hear what you have to say before my men take you into custody, only I must recommend you to be quick about it.’

‘Well, sir, it’s just this,’ replied Topboots. ‘I understand that you’ve hired a chap—not an ordinary chap, mind ye, but a professional pugilist—expressly to thrash me and pop me in limbo, because you haven’t got a man on the place capable of doing so. Is that so?’

‘*Quite* correct,’ returned Mr. Bunch, ‘and here he is (pointing as he spoke to Tom Smith, who stood by, grinning double) ; ‘and a nice tanning I intend he shall give you, you scamp, before he walks you off to St. Albans’ gaol. Have you anything more to say ? because time’s up.’







‘Well, just this, Squire,’ replied the man; ‘I know you like a bit of sport, so do I. Now, I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ve a fancy for having a round or two with that big ‘un of yours, and I’ll take sixty to forty, Squire (and post the money, too), that I beat him. If he licks *me*, you shall do what you please with me, and I’ll give my word never to fire another shot on your land as long as I live. What do you say, Squire? is it a bargain, or are you going to set your men on?’ There’ll be bloodshed if you do, recollect.’

The Squire was in a dilemma. As a magistrate he ought not to dream of such an arrangement, he knew; but then, on the other hand, he loved a good fight: he was also not averse to landing a little money. His weaker nature prevailed.

‘What do you say?’ said he, turning to Tom Smith.

‘Why, I could lick ten such chaps as he with one hand, Squire,’ replied that worthy, contemptuously. ‘I’ll fight him though for all that, if it’s only for that there fifty-pun note as you promised, Squire.’

‘Only if you did the trick though,’ responded Mr. Bunch.

‘Not much fear of that, sir,’ said the man.

‘Very well. I have no business to, I know,’ said the Squire, once more addressing the poacher; ‘but just to give you a chance, you know, it shall be as you propose: I’ll lay you sixty to forty, and I deposit this ten-pound note (all I happen to have in my pocket), and my gold watch (worth fifty) with Giles here; and you can give him *your* forty to hold as well. If you win I will redeem the watch afterwards.’

‘I suppose *if* I win you’ll give me leave to shoot here every now and again, won’t you?’ inquired Topboots, smiling, as he handed four ten-pound notes to Giles to take care of.

‘If you win,’ rejoined the Squire, with an air of supreme confidence, ‘you shall shoot here every day in the week—Sundays included. *If* you win, indeed!’ chuckled he to himself. ‘What impudence the fellow’s got, to be sure!’

No more time was wasted in words, the stranger divesting himself of his green cutaway and white hat; whilst Tom Smith peeled to his shirt, tucking up his sleeves so as to well display his brawny arms.

Giles knelt on the ground to give him a knee, whilst one of the other men, at the Squire’s bidding, did the same for the stranger; who, by-the-way, had previously handed his watch to the Squire, to hold in his capacity of referee and timeholder.

'Are you ready?' inquired that gentleman, his face perfectly crimson with excitement.

'Ees, zur,' grinned Smith.

'Right, Squire,' said the poacher.

'Then *Time!*' roared he. 'Fight fair, mind, and may the best man win.'

The next moment they were at work.

As far as looks went it was a horse to a hen on the big 'un. The stranger probably did not scale more than eleven stone—if that—against his opponent's thirteen; and did not stand more than 5 ft. 8 in. at the very outside, to the other's good 6 ft., but he was a wiry fellow though for all that.

As for the fight, it may be described in very few words. Topboots had it in hand from the beginning, and very quickly, to the Squire's infinite chagrin, showed that what he lacked in size and strength, he made up for in science. He leathered the unfortunate novice, in fact, just exactly as he pleased; and at the end of fifteen minutes had him dead settled—blind of both eyes, and quite unable to come up again; though, to do him justice, he was as game as a pebble, and would have gone on as long as nature permitted him had not the Squire interfered.

The latter gentleman did indeed look blue. Sixty pounds to the bad, his showman beaten to a standstill, and the poacher with not a mark to speak of about him! The latter had, indeed, done a good day's work.

'Well, you can fight, it appears, as well as shoot; might I ask who and what you are?' said Mr. Bunch, more politely now that the other was master of the situation.

'Certainly, Squire. My name is Dabchick—Gentleman Dabs they call me—landlord of the "Three Tuns" in Crown Court, Holborn, where I shall be pleased to see you and give you any information I can on coming events, whenever you will honour me with a call. I began life as a pugilist, and fought twice in the ring, beating my man each time; but my hands gave, and I was obliged to chuck it up as a profession. They're nearly gone now you see,' added he, 'and if I hadn't blinded your man as soon as I did, my mauleys would have cracked up altogether, and I should have been done. And you'll excuse me, Squire, I know; I happened to see the fight a fortnight ago, when the big 'un yonder beat Tom the Tinker, and I knew that I could do what I liked with him. Bless you!

if my hands warn't so gallus soft I could lick half-a-dozen such as him and Tinker Tom in an afternoon. And now I'll wish you good day, Squire, and many thanks. Here's your watch, and here's my card; you can send me a cheque for the odd fifty any time. The tenner I'll give to you for the beaten man. It was part of the agreement,' he went on, 'that if I won I was free to shoot here whenever I pleased; but I'm the last man to take a mean advantage, and you shan't be bothered by me for the future: though if ever you like to invite me, Squire, that's a very different pair of shoes.'

And with that the gallant poacher, who had by this time resumed his garments and his Joe Manton, shook heartily the Squire's hand, which that gentleman now held out to him, and calling his pointer to heel, walked off to the lane where his youthful groom was in waiting with the yellow gig, wondering what on earth had happened to his master.

We may add, in conclusion, that the result of the day's adventure was that the Squire and the ex-pugilist became firm friends.

Many a good day's shooting in the course of each year did the latter enjoy at the Squire's special invitation; in return for which, whenever Mr. Bunch wished to be in the 'know' concerning any great event coming off in the sporting world—racing, fighting, or what not—you may depend that the first person to put him right was his poaching friend and quondam enemy, the 'Man with the Yellow Gig.'

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## SENSATIONAL CRICKET OF 1888.

*By* SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

**T**HE cricket season of the year 1888 will not be handed down to posterity with a particularly good character. It will long be remembered as the wettest season for well-nigh twenty years. Again and again matches have been drawn on this account, the University match, after being prolonged to four days, being one of them. It has been what may be called an unequal season in the way of scores: owing to a preponderance of wet wickets they have been below the average, and a casual observer might have imagined that the skill of our leading batsmen was on the wane, or that the bowling was again getting the upper hand; but directly fine



weather came another state of things prevailed, and enormous scores appeared. It is not my intention here to review the season critically, but rather to glance over it, and jot down a few remarkable incidents that have happened, which stand out from the ordinary doings with bat and ball.

Owing to the wet, 1888 has been a bowler's season for the most part, and some wonderful things have been done with the ball. The veteran Emmett has been again to the fore, though early in May, when playing for C. I. Thornton's Eleven *v.* Cambridge University, he commenced his first over with three wides, but he bowled Buxton in the next. One of the earliest 'hat tricks' this season was performed by A. Hearne, playing for Marylebone *v.* Yorkshire, when he bowled Wade and Denton, and got Hawke l.b.w. Another remarkable piece of bowling happened on the 30th of May, when Mr. Price, playing for Oswestry Grammar School *v.* Grove Park School took seven wickets for six runs, performing the hat trick with the last three. While we are on the subject of school cricket we may make a note of the doings of a member of the South-Eastern College team, Cuming by name. When playing against the Clergy Orphan School, on the 30th May, this young player secured the whole ten wickets in the first innings for nine runs, and eight of them in the second for eight runs. Later on in the season, on the 23rd June, again playing against his old antagonists, he performed the 'hat trick' for the fourth time during the season. Of course school cricket cannot be reckoned first class, but we have no wish to depreciate this young player's performances, and the results show that at any rate he can bowl straight. We should hear of him again. Still dealing with school cricket, there was a remarkable period during Eton's second innings against Harrow, when eight wickets were down for seventeen runs. But as a set-off against this we must state that the light at that time was wretched, and 'a funk' had set in. The boys had seen their best wickets falling like ninepins, and those who followed, with the exception of two, seemed to have lost heart and nerve. There was some notable bowling in the match played on the 6th of June between the 2nd Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment and Weymouth College, when Captain Cronyn secured seven wickets, and Lance-Corporal Reed three, in the first innings, and in the second, Reed took the whole ten for fifty-six runs. Perhaps the most remarkable bowling of the year, outside county cricket, was witnessed at Chichester on the 23rd August, when Priory Park opposed the University Wan-

derers. The Wanderers scored a first innings of 236, and Priory Park followed with 87. They went in again, with two men absent, and were dismissed a second time for 6, *three of which were extras*. The bowlers were A. H. J. Cochrane, of this year's Oxford eleven, and C. W. Parry. Their analysis read as follows: Cochrane, 6 overs and 2 balls, 6 maidens, no runs, and four wickets; Parry, 7 overs, 5 maidens, 3 runs, 4 wickets.

Another good piece of bowling was performed by Mr. Walter Barker when playing for Greywell C. C. against Hackwood Park C. C. on the 4th of August. He effected the 'hat trick' twice in one innings.

Turning to first-class cricket we find on Thursday, the 2nd August, in Lancashire *v.* Surrey, Lohmann taking four wickets in five balls in the first innings, which performance seems to have put Beaumont, his colleague, on his mettle, as in the second innings he captured three wickets in one over. Attewell did a grand piece of bowling on the August Bank Holiday when playing against Surrey, though it was hardly of the kind to be appreciated by a Bank Holiday crowd. He sent down 73 overs, 57 of which were maidens. A good captain changes his bowlers frequently whenever he sees a chance of the change being effective, and on this ground the captain of Sussex must have been a remarkably good one when playing against Surrey in August, for he put the whole of his eleven men on to bowl in turn. We shall have to revert to this match later on.

Thus far we have been regarding cricket from the bowler's view. Now let us look at it from the batsman's. First, taking the doings of the teams as teams, and then individual performances; or where it is more convenient both together. We shall find some enormous scores have been compiled in spite of the wet, and, on the other hand, there are some of infinitesimal proportions. Going back to the early part of the season, on the 12th May, Thornbury tried conclusions with Westbury, when the former scored 333 for two wickets, E. M. Grace making 164, and F. Townsend 139; and on the same day, in a Brighton College match, 471 was compiled for the loss of three wickets, two of them scoring 160 each. As a contrast to this, also on the same day, in playing against H. M. S. *Ganges* at Mylor, the Western Division Royal Artillery made 25, and 3 in their second endeavour, Mr. Youll scoring 2, and Mr. Eustace 1. But this total quite eclipsed the efforts of Mr. C. A. Chilton's side in a match at Waynflete, Bristol, when they were all dismissed for 0. It would be impossible to find a more feeble performance than this.

The Whitmonday match at Brighton, Sussex *v.* Gloucestershire, gave the spectators something to look at in the way of hitting, for the western county put together 428, of which W. G. Grace made 215; while Sussex nearly ran up to them with 354, J. Hide making 130. Another heavy scoring match was 'Gentlemen of England *v.* Australia, on 28th May, when Australia commenced with 179, followed by England with 490, which was answered by the Colonials with 213 for one wicket. This made the gigantic score of 882 for twenty-one wickets, giving an average of 42 runs per wicket, and the rate of scoring over 70 per hour, an extraordinary performance. Another case of rapid scoring was when, on the 28th May, Durham University made 442 against Sunderland for eight wickets in four and a half hours.

Big scores have been plentiful this year at certain times, and it would be only tiresome to mention them all; but 468, made by the modern side playing against the classical side of Brighton College, is a big thing in school cricket; and Surrey's 650, including W. W. Read's 338, against Oxford University, must not be overlooked. Nearly all the largest scores stand to the credit of the champion county, as witness the match against Sussex on 9th August—Surrey, 698 (W. W. Read, 171; M. P. Bowden, 189 not out). This was when all the Sussex bowlers went on. Surrey *v.* Yorkshire, on 20th August—Surrey, 455 (M. Read, 109; K. J. Key, 108). Surrey *v.* Gloucestershire, 27th August—Gloucester, 39; Surrey, 269 for eight wickets.

The week commencing 13th August was a remarkable one for long scores, Notts making 441 against the Australians, and Yorkshire 461 against the 248 and 316 of Gloucestershire. It was in this match that W. G. Grace scored over a hundred in each innings, viz., 148 and 153. Surrey also made 294 against Lancashire's 376, and England put together 317 against Australia's 80 and 100. M.C.C. also made the enormous score of 735 against Wiltshire, and Warwickshire scored 569 against Staffordshire. As a contrast to this tremendous epidemic of run-getting we may mention the match between Minehead and Lynton on the 25th August, when the former's first innings amounted to 6, one batsman making 5, another 1. Another small-scoring match was that of Notts and Yorkshire, when the former could only amass 24 and 58 against the latter's 46.

Apart from individual big scores there have been some hard-hitting exhibitions, always appreciated by the spectators; for in



out

R.M. Saunders





the Australian match against C. I. Thornton's Eleven in May, Jones hit Grace three consecutive drives for four each, and was caught the last ball of the over. Grace has this season hit a ball out of the ground at Lords, but the wicket was pitched towards the top end. While playing for Trent College *v.* Knickerbockers, Mr. H. G. Owen scored 21 in one over, and was not out until he had made 106.

When Lancashire opposed Oxford, Jowett hit Croome for a dozen one over, and Briggs made ten fours in succession, but the biggest piece of hitting of the season was that performed by Bonnor when playing against Surrey in September; he made 25 runs in two successive overs off W. W. Read's slows. In the first there were three drives for four each, and a two to leg, and in the second, two fours, a two, and a single. W. Read retired after this, giving place to his namesake; but for a time Bonnor treated all bowlers alike, and scored 52 in thirty-seven minutes, a rate of scoring not often beaten. A curious incident happened during the Surrey and Hampshire match on the 28th June. At the end of the Hampshire innings, Young played a ball to short slip, and walked away thinking he was caught; the other batsman and the Surrey eleven followed towards the pavilion, when the captain of Hampshire appealed to the umpire as to whether it was out, and it was found he had given him 'not out.' The batsmen returned and added 33 runs.

There was an exciting finish in the Gentlemen and Players match on the 9th July, when the former won by five runs.

Among the curiosities of the past season may be included the fashion of teams of ladies opposing gentlemen, when the latter have to play with broomsticks in the place of bats, and have to bat, bowl, and field left-handed. This originated in the contest between actors and actresses on these terms, played at the new Paddington recreation-ground, and was imitated in various parts of the country. But these exhibitions can hardly come under the head of real cricket.

There have been wonderful things done in the field and behind the stumps, but these performances hardly claim the same attention as the doings of batsmen and bowlers.

No doubt in this brief record I have missed many worthy performances, but I have mentioned enough to show that the past season has been one containing sufficient sensation to interest those who look for something out of the common in the doings on the cricket-field.

## FROM THE PAST.

*By H. CUMBERLAND BENTLEY.*

YES! that's his last letter, poor fellow!  
 The last ever written by him;  
 The paper with age has grown yellow,  
 The writing seems faded and dim.  
 You wonder perhaps why I keep it,  
 Why here in my room all alone,  
 With his letter laid open before me,  
 I dream of the days that are gone.

What a seat on a horse! in his saddle  
 He looked just as firm as a rock:  
 'Head of ice,' 'hands' like silk, nerves of iron,  
 That nothing could ruffle or shock:  
 And when horse and man grown together  
 Into one—down the straight he swept past  
 On the favourite—the ring seemed to tremble,  
 And backers came on thick and fast.

And when from the gorse-shaken covert  
 He broke limber, wiry and gray,  
 And the Vale to 'Will's' musical holloa  
 Re-echoed to 'Forrad away;'  
 As the falcon's down swoop on her quarry,  
 From the crowd he came out 'like a dart,'  
 And the swells muttered, 'Bother the fellow!  
 He's always the best of the start.'

And when without check '40 minutes,'  
 O'er pastures all sodden with rain,  
 The oceans of deep ridge and furrow,  
 The old story told once again;  
 Of horses in sorrow and labour,  
 And riders half-breathing a prayer  
 For the end, in the first half-a-dozen  
 'Twas a certainty HE would be there.

Or when, from the hill to 'the sky-line,'  
 One dense stream of grouse seemed to last,  
 Or when high, above highest plantation,  
 The rocketeer came thick and fast:  
 Collapsed!—in a puff of small feathers  
 'Right and left' dropped the 'tallest of tall,'

And 'the guns' on each side left off shooting  
In wonder to see how they'd fall.

Small difference it made what the game was,  
He took in their turn one and all;  
Rejoicing in life and in laughter,  
Success at his feet placed the ball.  
In the vigour and promise of manhood,  
Life's morning scarce turned into day  
Ere it ended: I tell you 'twas cruel  
That he should be 'taken away.'

How it happened? It's quite an old story.  
The sharp, bitter sting of the Past  
Has gone with the years that are vanished.  
The tears used to flow thick and fast  
When I told it, but Time's healing fingers  
Have deadened the past and the pain,  
Till I take a strange, sad sort of pleasure  
In telling the story again.

He was riding, and riding a 'good one,'  
And knew he'd a 'good bit in hand,'  
And loud as they neared the last corner  
Rose the hoarse muffled roar of 'The Stand!'  
'The Field! See, the favourite's "riding!"  
The Field! An outsider will win!  
The favourite's "beat!" Black and Crimson  
In the commonest canter "walks in!"

A slip, and a desperate endeavour  
To recover—"The outsider's down!"  
And over her roll in succession  
The chestnut, the bay, and the brown.  
Three riders are up, but the other  
Lies there at the foot of the hill,  
Huddled up, one blurred patch of bright colour,  
All motionless, ashen, and still.


\* \* \* \* \*

Times are changed, and a sea of fresh faces,  
Replacing the vanished, press on,  
Little thinking that they, too, must tread in  
The footsteps of those that are gone—  
And go, too, as he went. Nought's certain,  
The Future's dim, misty, and gray,  
But the Past brings his face back as clearly  
As though he'd but died yesterday.



## A REMINISCENCE OF PUNCHESTOWN.

By 'W. McIVOR MORISON.'

 O you think that was a grand finish,' said Mr. O'Gallagher, with a certain tone of sadness in his voice; 'won by a length and a half, and any number of lengths between the second and third? Maybe, you'll be afther telling me it was a fine race now?'

The speaker and the two gentlemen he was addressing were seated in a dry ditch at Punchestown, discussing cold fowl and champagne with evident relish. One of the steeplechases at the great meeting of 187— had just concluded, but not to the satisfaction of Mr. O'Gallagher, who claimed to be, and really was, an authority upon racing matters. One of his auditors hailed from the remote north of Scotland, and had never witnessed a steeplechase before. The other, a lively French Count, had oft looked upon, in his own country, what the natives there were pleased to call steeplechasing—indeed, had sometimes ridden in the same. After a pause he spoke thus:—

'Ma foi, he was not fine race, but he was grande! sublime! Moi! jes zuis ze bold jocko myself, and have tumble before now at ze big jomp' ('Divil doubt ye,' murmured Mr. O'Gallagher.) 'and have come ze—ze—topper.'

'Cropper, *we* say,' rejoined the racing authority.

'Ah, oui, croppare. Crop my collar-bone, two, four time.'

'And he calls that a grand race,' muttered Mr. O'Gallagher; 'where there's nobody hurt, not a horse killed, not even a spill at the double, and no riding required at the finish! A hands-down business, and the winner winking at the girls in the grand stand as he canthers past, fair an' asy! Bedad, Count De la Roche, but you have a power to learn yet about racing matthers.'

The Count bowed politely in answer.

But the Scotchman burst out with: 'I'm awfu' glad yon race is weel ower. Man, at ilka fence ma hairt played loup wi' the horses. 'Od, gin ony o' them had faa'n doon, I'd hae swarfed awa! It's a fearsome sicht—it's a' that!'

Mr. O'Gallagher gazed with undisguised astonishment at the last speaker.

'Faix, Misther Ramsay, thim that had the education of you

didn't do their duty, I'm thinking. Tell me, now, can ye sit a horse at all, at all ?'

'Never tried, and have nae wish to begin,' was the answer. 'It's ower late in the day for Jock Ramsay o' Crig-nu-Creish to be trusting till ony shanks but his ain.'

'We will have long wait before next race,' observed the Count. 'Suppose, Monsieur Gallagher, that you dictate to us some leetle experience about ze steeple riding. You have frequent ridden for ze large cup, and won him, *sans doute*.'

'Oh, I have pulled off a few races in my time,' modestly answered Mr. O'Gallagher, 'and have two or three nice bits of plate at home in consequence ; but to tell about myself, gentlemen, isn't my way. It might appear a consated thing to do, and I'm rather bashful,—naturally, you sec, like most of my countrymen. But if you'd like to hear a story about a cousin of mine, and a steeplechase he once rode in, you're welcome to it.'

This proposal being eagerly accepted, Mr. O'Gallagher commenced his tale :—

'My cousin was a Blake, a Galway Blake, and *that* tells he was a gentleman ! Or if it doesn't, the devil's in it.'

Here Mr. O'Gallagher looked defiantly at his audience of two, and as they did not appear inclined to contradict the statement he proceeded :—

'My cousin was a splendid horseman, a dead shot, a great angler, a beautiful singer, and as wizened-looking a little creature as you ever seen in your born days. He stood five feet five inches in his boots, had a pair ov eyes that looked through you, and through any one standing behind ye. He had a mouth that never said No ! to any amount of good dhrink, and the colour ov his nose bore out the character of his mouth. Then he was as bowld a swearer, and as ready with his fist, as any man in the country twice his size and weight. Oh, he was a rale gentleman !'

'Aweel,' here remarked the Scotchman, 'was your cousin a useful mon in his day and generation ?'

'What's that ?' exclaimed Mr. O'Gallagher. 'Useful ! is it ? Didn't he always encourage sport ? There wasn't a cock-fight, or a dog-fight, or a badger-dhrawin', or a bull-baiting, or a race, within fifty miles—aye, or a hundred miles—ov him that he would not pathronise by his presence, and, maybe, assist the divarsion by a contribution out ov his own pocket. There wasn't a horse in Ireland he couldn't ride or pull, as the case might require it, to oblige a friend. Useful ! Ho ! bedad, he's a

giniral in the American Army now ; but if he was to come over to Galway to-morrow, and shout " Dhoul Blake aboo ! " there isn't a man in the county that wouldn't die for him ! ' "

Mr. Ramsay's only answer to this exordium was a long-drawn sigh.

' What was that name you did say ? ' eagerly asked the Count. ' Towel Blake, *n'est-ce pas ?* Am I in ze right box this time ? ' "

' No, no ! ' replied Mr. O'Gallagher, laughing ; ' he was christened Dowell, but he was such a divil at everything, that the people nicknamed him, out of pure love for him, Dhoul. ' "

' And that is — ? ' "

' The owld boy himself, below ; don't you understand ? ' "

' Ha, ha ! ma foi. Monsieur le Diable. Good ! ' "

' Faith, and I must be starting with my story, ' said Mr. O'Gallagher, ' or I'll tire myself in the preliminary canther. So here goes, boys ! I'm off ! ' "

' Ye must know that some sasons back, in the month of May, there was big steeplechases fixed to come off in the co. Galway, at a place they used to call then Lisnakilleen. Myself and Dhoul Blake, and a lot ov prime ganiuses, were spending a few days in dhrinking and gentlemanly amusement generally at one Misther Garrett Cody's of Phookstown. Dhoul Blake wasn't goin' to ride at the races, and not havin' to train, he med pretty free with the liquor, rale potheen, too, from a still up in the mountains. Well, thin, on the night before the race, when we were about gettin' up another keg ov the Balm ov Gilead, as my cousin christened the potheen, Garrett Cody up and says, " Blake, " says he, " I'm in the divil's own fix for to-morrow, " says he. ' "

' " How's that, ye owld puckaun ? " says Dhoul Blake, making a lunge at Cody's eye with a toothpick, for they were on mighty intimate terms, like two brothers, barrin' the fighting. ' "

' " I expected a great gentleman jock from England, " says Cody, " one Captain Snaffle, to ride a horse for me to-morrow, and he sends me word he's broken his leg out hunting ; and professionals won't be allowed up in the race my horse is entered for ; and what am I to do at all, at all ? " says Cody, lookin' very hard at my cousin. ' "

' " Blood and thunder ! " roars Dhoul Blake ; " why didn't ye ask *me* to ride the horse for ye, Garrett ? " says he. ' "

' " An owld promise, " says Cody, mysteriously ; " the Captain

thinks that he is the only man can ride the horse : but I'm free to ask ye now," says he. "Will you ride him?"

"To be sure I will!" shouts Blake, slapping Garrett on the back. "Get me the boots and the breeches, and the owld green jacket with the harps on it, and with the help ov the Vargin and a pair ov persuaders I'll land your horse first av it's in him," says he.

'Well, we had a royal night ov it, and about seven o'clock the next morning I awoke with hearin' Dhoul Blake cursing rings round him, and roarin' for shavin'-water like a lion. He was afther takin' his cowld plunge, and looked as fresh and as ugly as a young monkey. So about twelve o'clock we drove over to the coorse, and Cody comfoostered my cousin into the weighing-stand, and cut off with himself like a red shank. The weights were all right, and says Blake, getting up, "Where's my horse?" says he. With that a sleeky-lookin' sarvin' man of Garrett Cody's steps up, and says,—

"Av it's plasín' to ye, Misther Blake, will your honour be afther followin' me?"

"Blur and ages, man! where's my horse?" says Dhoul Blake, making a wicked cut at the fellow with his whip.

"Just down the coorse, sir, your honour," says the sneaking-lookin' blaggard, keepin' about ten foot of distance between them.

"Down the coorse?" says my cousin. "By the hundred and fifty vargins of Clonmacnoise, but this is pretty tratement!" says he, "for a gintleman rider, to walk him to his horse, as if he was a common professional jock!" says he. "By the hind leg of St. Patrick!" says he—"I mane the hind leg of St. Patrick's tom cat" (for he was in such a rage he didn't well know what he was saying)—"I won't be insulted this way," says he. "Where's Misther Cody?" says he, giving his whip a flourish; "I want to be talkin' to him."

"He's gone home, sir, wid a bad colic," says the sarvin' man; "but he towld me to say that the horse couldn't bear a crowd."

'And all the while the fellow was spakin' he had that asy, deludherin' way with him, that he schamed Dhoul Blake out on, and a piece along, the coorse.

'I kept at a little distance, for my own rasons, seein' a wicked look in my cousin's eye, and knowing from experience that when he was fairly roused he had an ugly habit of hittin' the man next him a polthogue in the ear that would be apt to



bother most people for some time. But, bedad, we got sight of the horses and their jocks all at once, and the starter with his flag, and they were all keeping clear of a grey horse as big as an elephant, with his clothes on, kickin' like sivin divils, and four men holding on to him with fair desperation.

"Is that the horse?" says my cousin, quite asy.

"Yis, sir, your honour's worship," says the sarvin' man, looking behind to see that *his* coorse was clear av he had to make a bowlt for it.

"What's his name?" says Dhoul Blake, giving his tops a pull and tightening the waistband of his breeches.

"We haven't named him yit, sir, your honour," says the man.

"Troth, I'm thinkin' that horse 'll make a name ov some kind for himself before the day is over," says my cousin.

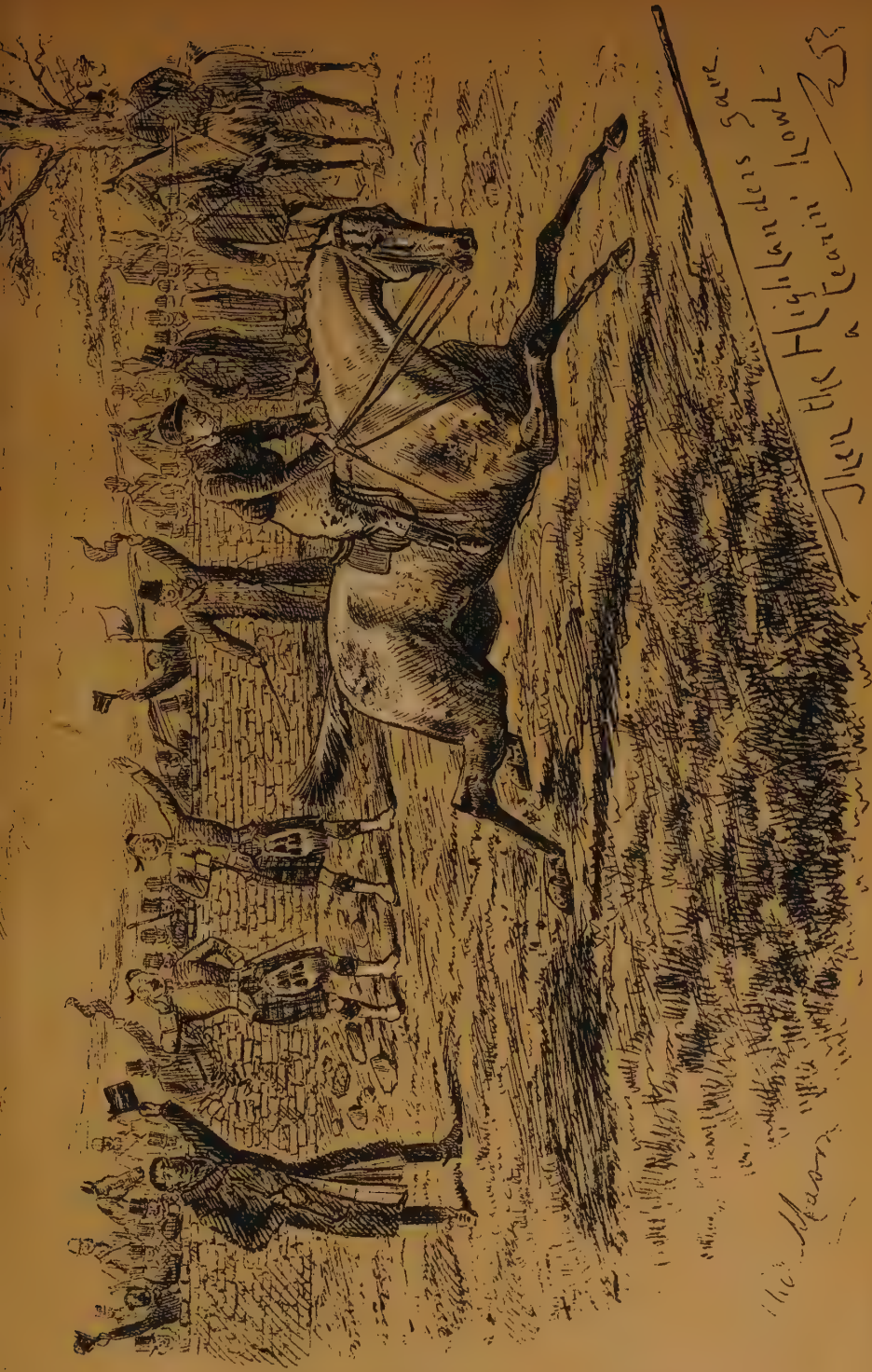
'And to see him watching the eye of the grey horse before he'd mount him! "Now!" says he, all ov a sudden. And the sarvin' man gave him a leg up.

'Then, my jewel, to hear the cheers of the people when they saw Dhoul Blake in the saddle!

'And the grey horse stood quiet for a minute or two, as if he was bothered or hadn't exactly made up his mind what he'd do with the man on his back.

'There was five other horses in the race, and their jocks were "foozlin" about with them to make them face the starter. But Dhoul Blake sat still like an image, bedad. But, faith, I didn't think much of his chance. He had five good horses against him—all ridden by their owners. And one of them, Major Potterton Bagshot, had backed his brown horse for a mint ov money, I heard the people saying. They used to call the Major Pot Shot in the country, by rason that bein' a half-pay, and havin' thirteen of a family, he couldn't afford to shoot for sport, but must fill the bag. And I knew the Major was a darin' rider, and thought that my cousin would have so much to do to bate him that maybe he wouldn't be able to do it.

'But everything must fall sometimes, even a starter's flag. And all of a sudden Mr. O'Donohoe dropped his like a shot. There was a shout from the crowd, and five horses got a beautiful start. But, ye see, the moment the flag fell the four fellows attinding on the grey horse whipped his cloths off. But well become the grey; he indulged himself with five tremendous leaps in the air, regular buck-jumps, and then off he went like the



Give the Highlanders a  
Low!

the Moor



wind, Dhoul Blake sticking on as if he was pinned to the saddle. The coorse was four miles with a variety of jumps in it. But I ran across to the stone wall; it was counted a mighty ugly leap intirely, and was the eighth jump afther starting. So I got up on an owld stump ov a tree and had a great view of the race. At the double before the wall one of the horses bungled, and came down a regular cropper, but the remaining five came tattherin' along like mad to the stone wall. The Major was leading, Dhoul Blake close up to him, and the other three close behind. There was a desperate lot ov people gathered round the wall. And to hear them shoutin' "Ride out, Dhoul Blake! ride out, your sowl! Hurroo, Pot Shot! let the spurs into him!" Oh, it was divartin', I can tell ye. The grey horse, I noticed was pulling hard and shaking his head as if he wanted a little more ov his own way than he was gettin', and he swerved a little coming up to the wall. The Major flew it like a bird, but my cousin let a curse out ov him, stuck in his spurs, gave the grey a cut ov the whip and a lift of the bridle all at once. Be jabers! the next minute the horse and Dhoul Blake were rowling on the grass the other side of the wall. Well, in a brace of shakes two strapping Highland soldiers ran out of the crowd, one ov them caught the horse, and held him fast, and the other fellow picked up my cousin like a ball of cotton and threw him into the saddle. Then the Highlanders gave a tearin' howl, and the grey wint off as if the divil was afther him instead of on his back. Well, that horse lepped like a Trojan afterwards, and Dhoul Blake and the Major came into the straight neck and neck, the rest nowhere. And that was a finish! You could hear the cracks of the whips above the shouting of the crowd, and my cousin just managed to pass the judge's box first by a head. But he couldn't stop the grey, and after running half the coorse over again he had to be captured by four mounted policemen; and, bedad, that was the most exciting race ov all. To see the Peelers riding out at the jumps! But they sat well, to do them justice. Poor Dhoul Blake hadn't a breath to dhraw when he was caught, but the grey looked as if he had only been out for exercise. However, when the weighing was over—and it took the bridle in—before my cousin could dhraw his weight, "Saddle that horse again!" says he. "Where's them two Highland Scotchmen?" So, faith, the two bowld fellows were marched up to him. And says he, putting his hand in his pocket,—

"My hairios," says he, "what was that unearthly yell ye gave



when ye put me up on my horse? Be the shinbone ov St. Bridget, but it won me the race."

"That's the war cry o' our clan, the MacPhairson," says one of the Highlanders, looking mighty fierce; and the other fellow said nothing, but he puffed himself out as if he'd burst, and snorted like a wild baste.

"Here's a five-pound note for ye," says Dhoul Blake, "and may your enemies always run as fast from ye as the grey horse did to-day."

'With that, my jewel, the people gave three cheers for the Highlanders; and as for my cousin, sure he was nearly pulled in pieces amongst them. But at last he got his topcoat and threw it on him, then he went over to where the sleeky-faced blaggard was standing howldng the grey.

"I've got a name for the horse," says Dhoul Blake; "I'd call him 'The Divil,'" says he.

"Bedad," says a fellow looking on, "I'd call him Banagher, for he bate the divil." And he looked straight at Dhoul Blake.

"You're right," says my cousin: "I'll call him Banagher."

'Then the sarving-man up and says, "I hope, sir, you're not hurt by the spill at the stone wall?"

'With that Dhoul Blake sprung into the saddle. "Tell Mr. Cody," says he, "that I'll keep the baste for the damage." And he rode the grey off the coorse there and then, and such hurrayin' and "shillooin" from the people I never heard before or since.

'But I see they are about starting for the next race, and I think, gentlemen, we had better go over to the big double this time.'

'But say, *mon ami*,' said the Count, 'what did Monsieur Blake do with ze horse? he did not keep him? Impossible!'

'He didn't keep him,' said Mr. O'Gallagher. 'Do ye think my cousin was a fool? He sowld the horse to an English dealer for 500*l.* in a week after he rode him home.'

'Sold ze horse!' exclaimed the French Count.

'Dootless the transaction was for the benefit of Maister Cody?' remarked Mr. Ramsay.

'Divil a bit!' retorted Mr. O'Gallagher. 'My cousin didn't consider himself well treated in the matter. Mr. Cody lost a friend and a horse by not bein' fair and above board. Dhoul Blake was a gentleman every inch ov him, and, as I towld ye before, he is a Giniral in the American Army now. But look out, the horses are off and we must make a run for the hill.'

## NOTES ON NOVELTIES.



RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, New Burlington Street, have just published the most recent work by Mr. William Day, entitled *The Horse: How to Breed and Rear Him*. It treats exhaustively on this very important subject, dealing as it does with the Racer, Hunter, Hack, Troop, Draught, Shire, and Carriage Horse, also the Pony, and will repay a careful perusal by all who are interested in any of these breeds. In all probability the chapters that are devoted to the Hunter and Thoroughbred will receive the closest attention, at any rate from sportsmen, being replete with new ideas and practical advice, many valuable hints, and fresh suggestions. It forms a worthy pendant to his earlier volume, published by Chapman & Hall, of *The Racehorse in Training*, and both are the outcome of a life's experience as jockey, breeder, and trainer.

IT must of necessity be a 'bad quarter of an hour' for the occupants of a vehicle when the horse to which it is attached determines to take charge of the same, and has fairly started 'on his mad career.' In an ordinary way there is little to be done, but harden one's heart, hope for the best, and await the result; but a recent invention has rendered it possible, by pulling a lever, to instantly liberate horse, shafts (or pole, as the case may be), and traces; the same movement also locks the front wheels, so that they are prevented turning under the body, thereby minimising the chance of the carriage turning over. This, of course, is eminently satisfactory to those immediately jeopardised, but what the result would be to surrounding things and people with whom the liberated animal and its impedimenta came in contact is an entirely different question. The invention is on view, by presenting address card, at Mr. Woods, Optician, 185 Oxford Street, London.

FEW things are more tormenting to men who like to dress well than the ungainly creases and bagginess at the knees that speedily distort the best made trowsers. To remedy these defects, and renew the shapeliness of the garment, Messrs. Whitaker & Co., the well-known Army Tailors, of 43 Conduit Street, London, have recently in-

troduced a machine called 'The Repressus' (awarded the Silver Medal at the Brussels Exhibition, 1888), which combines with simplicity and efficiency the further advantage of inexpensiveness. It is calculated to encompass sixteen pairs, but is equally effective when applied to a single pair. That this ingenious machine will come into general use may be confidently predicted.

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FOR a long time it has been the practice of horse and stock breeders and feeders to place in their mangers a supply of rock salt, which experience has shown to be almost a necessity. It remained, however, for Messrs. Spratt, Limited, of Bermondsey, to improve upon this old system by introducing an ingenious contrivance which obviated several objections to the old plan, the principal one of which was the certainty of the salt becoming dirty and impure. They take dairy salt (itself free from the natural impurities incidental to rock salt) and compress it into a solid roller, which, when fitted with an axle, revolves in a pair of brackets as the animals lick it. It is placed slightly above their heads, thus being easy to reach, and, being protected by a cover, keeps clean and fresh.

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WELL worthy of attention is the new prospectus issued by *The Imperial Live Stock Association*, 48 Pall Mall, a prominent feature of which is insurance against accidental disablement of hunters in the field. Considering the frequency of, and constant liability to, such accidents, the new departure savours somewhat of boldness; but doubtless the data and experience at the command of the Association (which has been established many years) is sufficient to enable it accurately to estimate the nature of the risk. Should the scheme prove remunerative to the Association, it is almost certain to meet the requirements of the numerous devotees of the chase. Farm, trade, and stud horses are likewise insured by this Association, who also offer the liberal sum of 200*l.* as prizes for insured horses of the latter class to exhibitors at the Shire Horse Society's Show, to be held in London next February. Prospectuses may be obtained on application.

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### THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

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Introduces us to a charming young lady on a well-bred chestnut, preceded by a gentleman, who is a type of the old English Sporting Squire, well mounted on a clipped bay, who is opening a gate into a lane, in which are seen entering a field on the opposite side, on their way to cover, the Huntsman, Whips, and Hounds.

Size, 30 by 14 inches.

Coloured Print, £1 11s. 6d.

---

### 'HALF-A-MINUTE! AND THEN, TALLY-HO!'

By A. C. HAVELL.

Companion to the above. Here we see 'Charley' stealing out of cover. So also does the Whip, who is holding up his hand to warn the advancing field against heading him.

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### A BREAST-HIGH SCENT.

By F. CECIL BOULT.

Shows a Lady and Gentleman in a tandem dogcart pulling-up, whilst a pack of hounds in full cry crosses the road, followed by the Huntsman and field.

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### THE END OF A LONG RUN.

By BASIL J. NIGHTINGALE.

Presents us with the ultimate of the Noble Sport, 'The Death of the Fox,' who has just been rescued from the Pack with Brush, Pads, and Mask intact, the former doubtless intended for the Lady on the blown, thorough-bred-looking Hunter, which forms the centre of the picture. The Huntsman's bay and Hounds possess quality and character.

Size and price the same as above.

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### 'HOLD HARD, GENTLEMEN!'

By F. CECIL BOULT.

Shows Hounds streaming out of covert, with the Huntsman emerging therefrom, followed by an impatient field, to whom he turns, with uplifted hand, imploring them not to overrun the hounds. Two ladies in a mail phaeton have pulled up to see the sport.

Size and price the same as above.

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A Pair of upright Hunting Prints, highly coloured, from Paintings by  
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## GONE AWAY! and RUN TO EARTH!

Size, 24 by 14 inches. £2 2s. the pair.

'In "Gone Away," we are glad to find that the artist has broken the traditional method of representing the pack in a wedge-like form. There are only two and a half couple of hounds in the foreground, and they are not in conventional attitudes. The huntsman's horse is coming nearly straight on end at the spectator—a position that renders the representation of animals additionally difficult. In "Run to Earth" the master is up at the drain before the huntsman, notwithstanding an evident fall. These pictures are well coloured, and will form an acceptable addition to the hunting-man's picture-gallery, should he have any wall space to spare.'—*The Field*.

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